

# Songs of the New Crusade

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A COLLECTION OF STIRRING  
Twentieth Century Temperance Songs

*Compiled by*  
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

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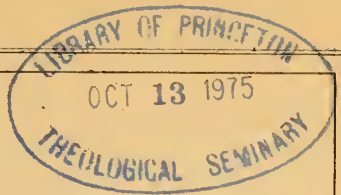
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# SONGS *of the* NEW CRUSADE

A Collection of  
Stirring Twentieth Century  
Temperance Songs

✓  
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN



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## FOREWORD

THE sale of two hundred thousand copies of "Anti-Saloon Campaign Songs," together with requests from all over the land for another and a larger collection of Temperance Songs, has inspired the publication of "Songs of the New Crusade." The book goes forth on its mission of helpfulness in the name of Him who is the Captain of our salvation, and is dedicated to the great and worthy cause of Temperance Reform.

If it shall nerve to courage, and stimulate to earnestness, and stir to zeal, and inspire with enthusiasm, and fire with ardor, and contribute to victory in the pending Armageddon fight, to God will be given the glory.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN



# No. I.

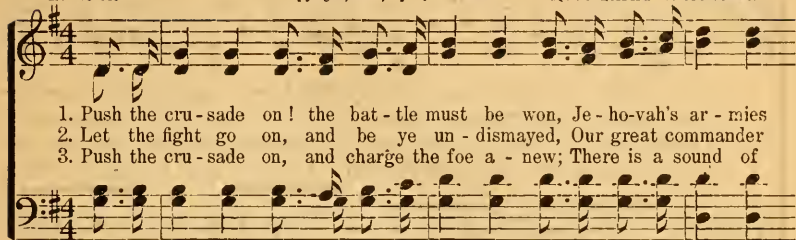
# Let the Fight Go On!

(CRUSADE BATTLE SONG.)

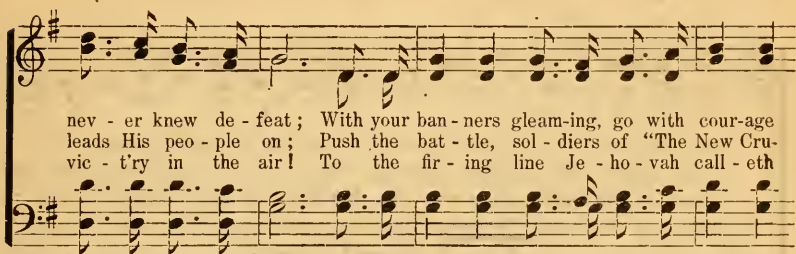
E. A. H.

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Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

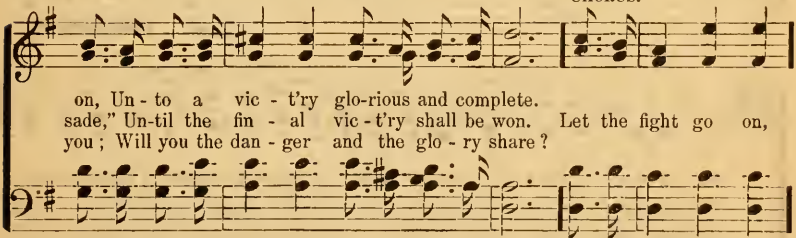


1. Push the cru-sade on! the bat-tle must be won, Je-ho-vah's ar-mies  
 2. Let the fight go on, and be ye un-dismayed, Our great commander  
 3. Push the cru-sade on, and charge the foe a-new; There is a sound of

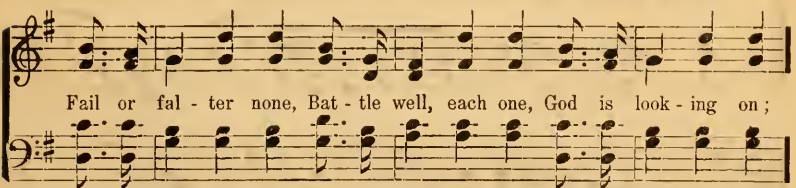


nev-er knew de-feat; With your ban-ners gleam-ing, go with cour-age  
 leads His peo-ple on; Push the bat-tle, sol-diers of "The New Cru-  
 vic-t'ry in the air! To the fir-ing line Je-ho-vah call-eth

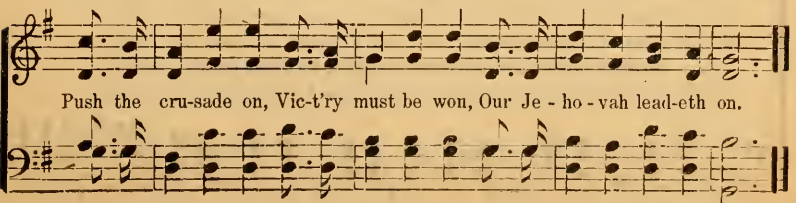
## CHORUS.



on, Un-to a vic-t'ry glo-rious and complete.  
 sade," Un-til the fin-al vic-t'ry shall be won. Let the fight go on,  
 you; Will you the dan-ger and the glo-ry share?



Fail or fal-ter none, Bat-tle well, each one, God is look-ing on;

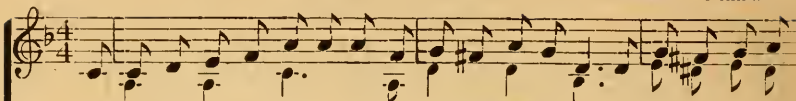


Push the cru-sade on, Vic-t'ry must be won, Our Je-ho-vah lead-eth on.

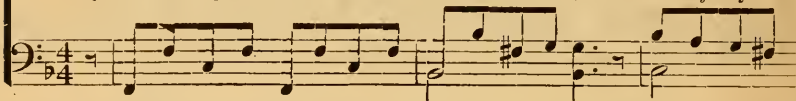
## No. 2. Thank You, No Drink for Me!

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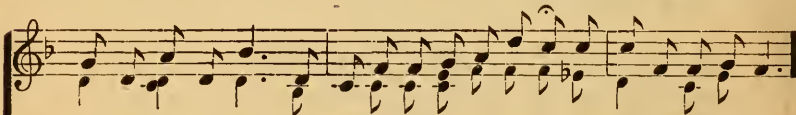
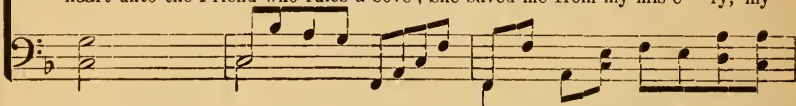
Rev. Ellsha A. Hoffman.



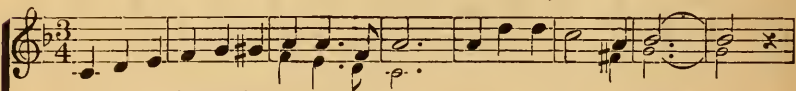
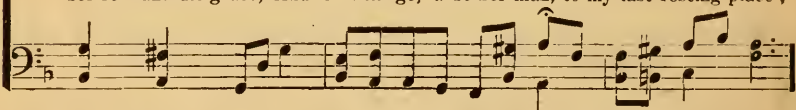
1. No, comrades, no, I thank you, but no drink from hence for me! The chains at last are
2. Can you believe, my comrades, as you look up - on me now, A lov - ing mother's
3. I reeled home last night, comrades, and I saw my six year old, Her body faint with
3. My little darling saved me thro' her faithful, tender love, And turned my wayward



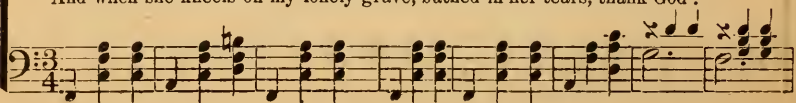
riven and, thank God, my soul is free! I go to wife and children, not to  
gen-tle hand had ever pressed my brow, As once she kissed and blessed me, her own  
hunger, chilled and shivering with cold, Her pale blue eyes so beau-ti - ful, so  
heart unto the Friend who rules a-bove; She saved me from my mis-e - ry, my



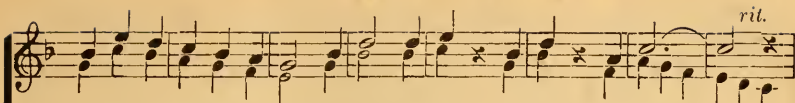
the sa-loon to-night; No fumes of liquor e'er again my saddened home shall blight;  
dar-ling and her pride, Ere she laid down to rest at last by my dead father's side?  
soft her gold-en hair, I saw her thro' the window-pane, upon her knees in pray'r;  
sor-row and dis grace, And I will go, a so-ber man, to my last resting-place;



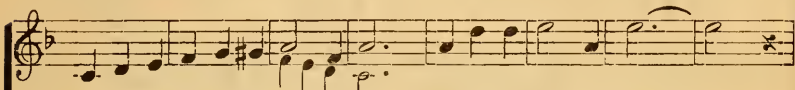
See, there are hot, scalding tears in my eyes as I go home to wife,  
But with the tenderest love in her eye, look-ing to - ward the sky,  
And as she knelt there she earnestly prayed for a small crust of bread,  
And when she kneels on my lonely grave, bathed in her tears, thank God!



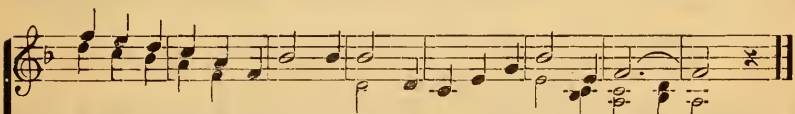
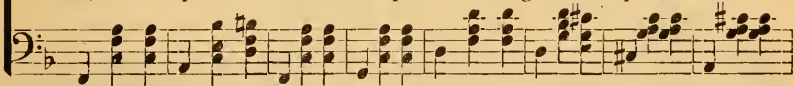
# Thank You, No Drink for Me!



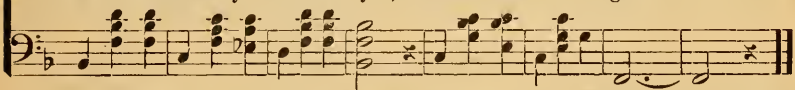
Ask her forgiveness for my neglect and ru - in of her life;....  
 She bade me follow and meet her there, whisp'ring a sweet "good-bye!"  
 For just a crust of dry bread from God my lit-tle dar - ling plead;  
 She shall not feel that a drunkard lies under the flower-strewn sod;....



Though I have never refused, my boys, let the red liq - uid pass,....  
 And I will do it, God help-ing me! so let the wine-cup pass,....  
 I heard her prayer to the throne above with not a dime, a - las!....  
 No, not a drop more of drink these lips ev - er a - gain shall pass,....



For I have drained my last treat with you, I'll ne'er drink another glass.....

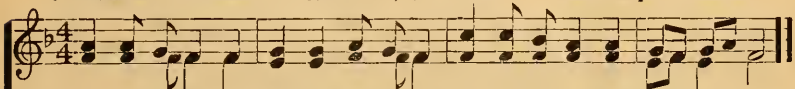


## No. 3. Who Wants a Booze Town?

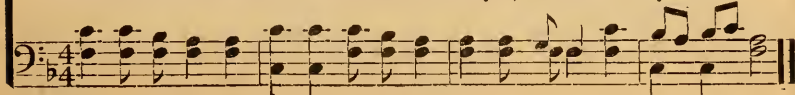
Rev. Ellsha A Hoffman.

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Jean Jacques Rousseau.



1. Hush, little wet town, Hush you, do not cry, You'll be a dry town By and by.
2. Think you your taxes Are extremely high, Give up your wet town, Make it dry.
3. For bet-ter busi-ness Do you oft-en sigh? Just vote your wet town Dry, dry, dry.
4. With other good towns Do you hope to vie? Don't have a "Booze" town, Vote it dry.
5. Who wants a "Booze" town? No one answers "aye"; Who wants a dry town? I, I, I.

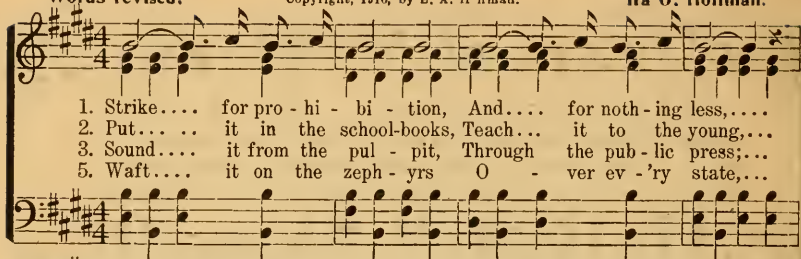


# No. 4. Strike for Prohibition.

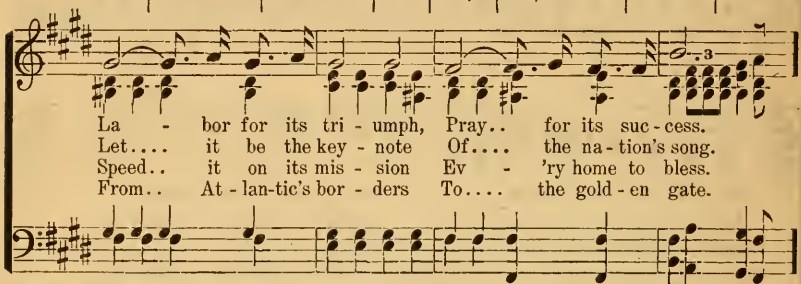
Words revised.

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Ira O. Hoffman.

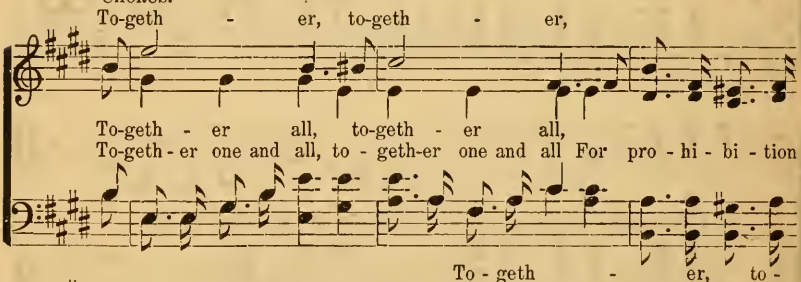


1. Strike.... for pro - hi - bi - tion, And.... for noth - ing less,....  
 2. Put.... it in the school-books, Teach... it to the young,....  
 3. Sound.... it from the pul - pit, Through the pub - lic press;...  
 5. Waft.... it on the zeph - yrs O - ver ev - 'ry state,...

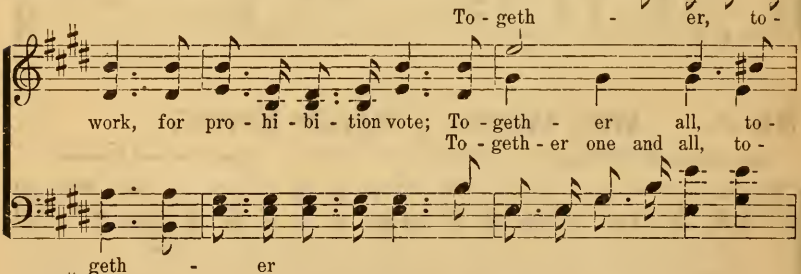


La - bor for its tri - umph, Pray.. for its suc - cess.  
 Let.... it be the key - note Of.... the na - tion's song.  
 Speed.. it on its mis - sion Ev - 'ry home to bless.  
 From.. At - lan-tic's bor - ders To.... the gold - en gate.

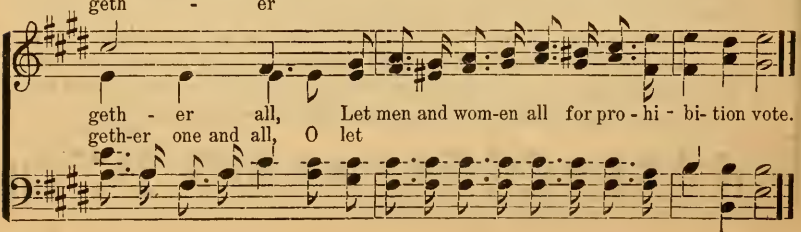
## CHORUS.



To-geth - er, to-geth - er,  
 To-geth - er all, to-geth - er all,  
 To-geth - er one and all, to - geth - er one and all For pro - hi - bi - tion



To - geth - er, to -  
 work, for pro - hi - bi - tion vote; To - geth - er all, to -  
 To - geth - er one and all, to -  
 geth - er



geth - er all, Let men and wom-en all for pro - hi - bi - tion vote.  
 geth - er one and all, O let



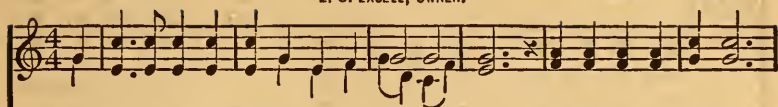
# No. 5.

# As a Volunteer.

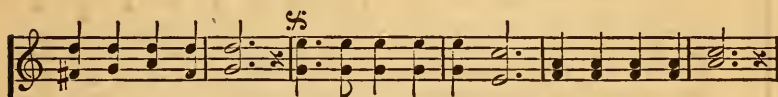
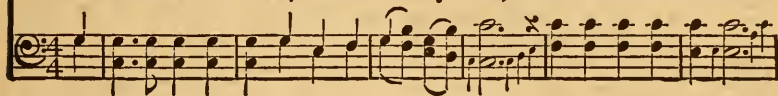
W. S. Brown.

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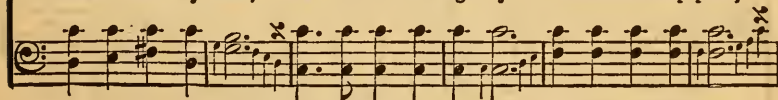
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Soldiers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faithful

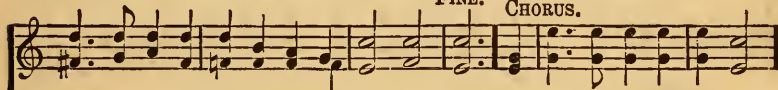


Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,  
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;  
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,  
Gather one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;

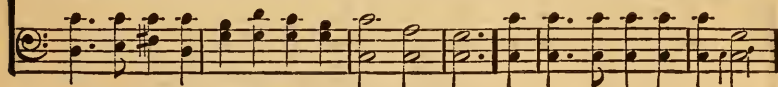


D. S.—Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;

## FINE. CHORUS.



Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,

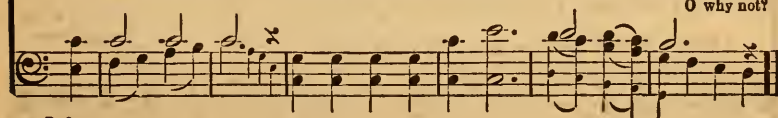


Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer?



D. S.

A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?



O why not?

# No. 6.

# Never Mind Reverses.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

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WILLIAM J. RAMSAY.

1. Nev - er mind re-ver - ses when they come to you; Up with dauntless
2. Nev - er mind re-ver - ses! Fret not o'er de - feat! From the field of
3. Nev - er mind re-ver - ses! Yield no place to doubt! You may be de-
4. Nev - er mind re-ver - ses! Why dis-heart-ened be? Great displays of

cour-age and the fight re-new;  
con- flict you must not re-treat!  
feat - ed, but our God is not!  
pow - er soon your eyes shall see!

It is al-ways dark-est just be-  
God is pledged to help you, then cour-  
In His name go for-ward and the  
For the Lord Je - ho - vah, from the

fore the day; Wait the Lord's arrangement, Right will have its way.  
a - geous be, You will soon be sing-ing songs of vic - to - ry.  
fight re - new, And the Lord Je - ho - vah won-drous things will do.  
great White Throne, Will to all the na-tions make His glo - ry known.

## CHORUS.

Nev-er mind re-ver - ses! Put your fears a - way!  
Put your fears a - way!  
Put your fears a - way!

Buck - le on the ar-mor for an - oth - er fray!  
for an - oth - er might - y fray!

## Never Mind Reverses.

God will with the mor - row prom - ised help dis - play,

With his wise di - rect - ing Right will win the day.

## No. 7.

## In God We Trust.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. In God we trust! He is a strong de - fense, And shields his  
 2. In God we trust! He is a might - y rock, Firm and un-  
 3. In God we trust! He giv - eth vic - to - ry; Fet - ters he  
 4. In God we trust! For just and true is he; He will al-

### CHORUS.

own with his om-nip - o - tence.  
 moved by an - y earth - ly shock. In God we trust,  
 breaks, and makes the peo - ple free. In God we  
 way our strength and help - er be.

In God we trust, For help and strength In God we trust.  
 trust, In God we trust, For help and strength

# No. 8.

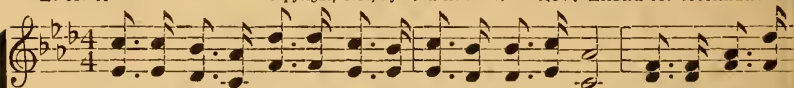
# Down With the Saloon.

"The products of the liquor traffic are: drunkards, ruined boys and girls, blasted hopes, wrecked homes, poverty, increased taxes, murders, crime of all kinds, insanity, physical wrecks, death and eternal despair. Do you stand for this fearful waste?"

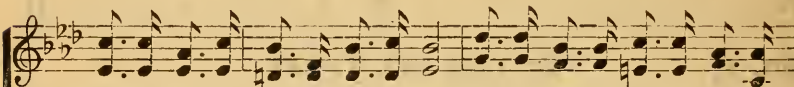
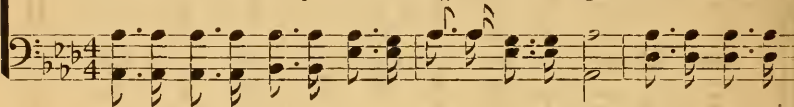
E. A. H

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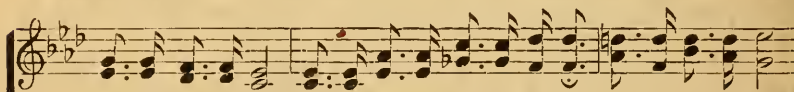
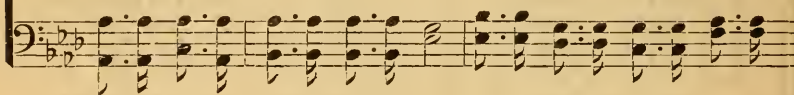
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



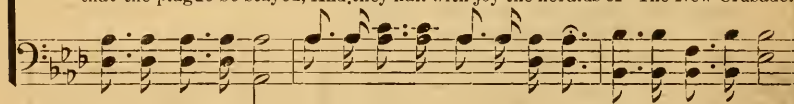
1. Ev - 'ry-where are bro-ken hearts and sad and weeping eyes, Out of homes once
2. Vil - la - ges it fills with drunkards, homes with poverty, 'Tis the cause of
3. Tax - es are increased for good and so - ber men to pay, Trade is turned from
4. Shall we let the li - quor traf-fic long-er rule and reign? Shall we let this



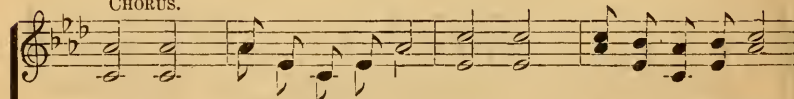
bright and hap - py ech - o on - ly sighs, The sa - loon has filled the land with  
crime and mur - der and in - san - i - ty, Cherished hopes of pa-rents, fond, it  
gro - ce - ries and dry-goods stores away, Dam-age fol-lows in its train wher-  
course of curs - es in the land re-main? Wives in ruin-ed homes are pleading



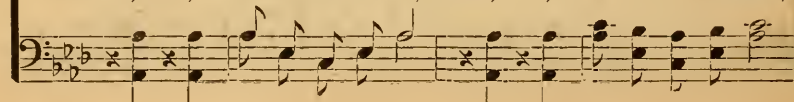
wretch-ed-ness and woe, So we band ourselves to-geth-er for its o - ver-throw.  
shame-less-ly de-roys, Bringing blight and moral ru - in to their girls and boys.  
ev - er it is known, So the shameful, harmful traffic must be o-ver-thrown.  
that the plague be stayed, And, they hail with joy the heralds of "The New Crusade."



## CHORUS.



Down, down, down with the sa-loon, Down, down, down with the sa - loon;





## Down With the Saloon.

Stop the shame and pov-er - ty, the mis - e - ry and crime, And down, down,

down with the sa-loon, Down with the sa-loon, Down, down, down with the sa-loon.

## No. 9. Register Your Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

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1. Come, reg - is - ter your name, my friend, Come, reg - is - ter your name, my  
 2. Your life will bright and hap - py be, Your life will bright and hap - py  
 3. Your wife and chil - dren will re - joice, Your wife and chil - dren will re -  
 4. A - void the ru - in of the cup, A - void the ru - in of the  
 5. Turn from the spark-ling drink a - way, Turn from the sparkling drink a -  
 6. The Lord will help you keep your vow, The Lord will help you keep your

1. friend, Come, reg - is - ter your name, my friend, Up - on the temp'rance pledge.  
 2. be, Your life will bright and hap - py be If you will sign the pledge.  
 3. joice, Your wife and chil - dren will re - joice, To know you signed the pledge.  
 4. cup, A - void the ru - in of the cup, And sign the temp'rance pledge.  
 5. way, Turn from the sparkling drink a - way, And touch the cup no more.  
 6. vow, The Lord will help you keep your vow, Come, sign the temp'rance pledge.

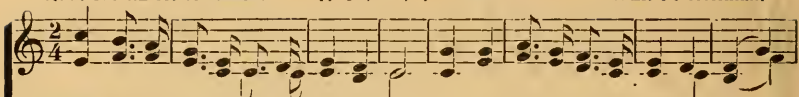
# No. 10.

# On to the Holy War.

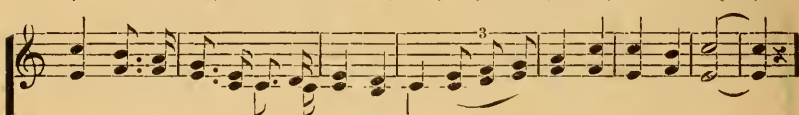
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

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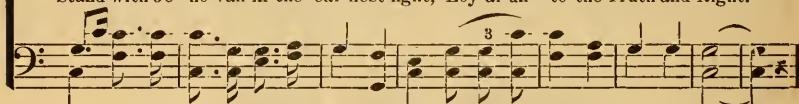
Wm. F. Hoffman.



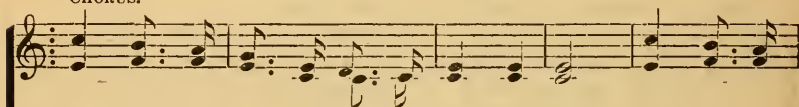
1. Sol-diers of Je-sus! shout your battle cry, And His noble standard float on high,
2. These are the orders: "Soldiers, forward go, And all forms of e - vil ov - er-throw!"
3. On, Christian soldiers, to the ho - ly war! Our great Captain goeth on be-fore;



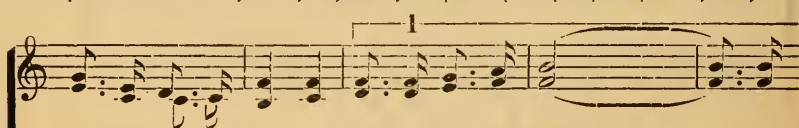
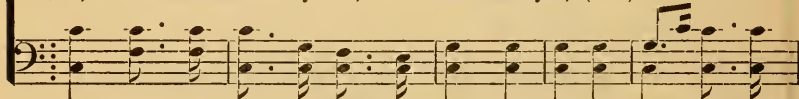
Bear it to vic - to - ry in His great name, Je - sus the con - quer - or pro - claim.  
Then let each heart be true, each hand be strong, And we shall sing the victor's song.  
Stand with Je - ho - vah in the ear - nest fight, Loy - al un - to the Truth and Right.



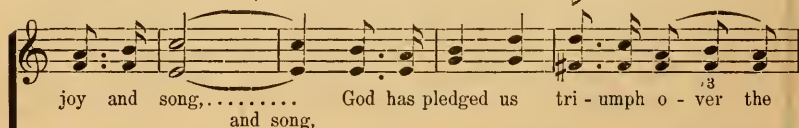
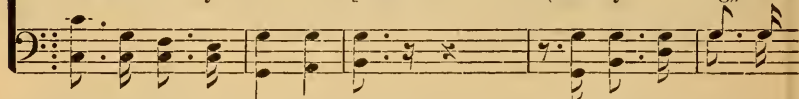
## CHORUS.



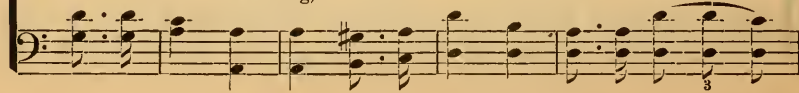
{ On, let your ban - ners in the sun - light gleam, (And) On, let your  
{ On, to the ho - ly war, be un - dis - mayed, (And) On in His



col - ors to the breezes stream; March ye a - long,..... with  
name and be ye un - a - [Omit . . . . (march ye a - long,)



joy and song,..... God has pledged us tri - umph o - ver the  
and song,



# On to the Holy War.

wrong;..... fraid; With cour-age on, ..... and  
 ov - er the wrng; And With courage on,  
 when the fight is done Will the bat - tle for the Right be won.

## No. 11. I'm For State-Wide Prohibition.

Tune.—OLD TIME RELIGION.

1. It will save the state and na-tion, It will save the state and na-tion,  
 2. It will save our homes from ru - in, It will save our homes from ru - in,  
 3. It will keep our boys from dan-ger, It will keep our boys from dan-ger,  
 4. It will bless the lit - tle chil-dren, It will bless the lit - tle chil-dren,  
 5. It will put a - way temp - ta - tion, It will put a - way temp-ta-tion,  
 6. It will pros-per hon - est busi-ness, It will pros-per hon-est busi-ness,  
 7. It will keep our pris - ons emp - ty, It will keep our pris-ons emp-ty,  
 8. It will low - er peo - ple's tax - es, It will low - er peo-ple's tax - es,  
 9. It will in-crease peace and plen-ty, It will in-crease peace and plenty,  
 10. It will glad-den earth and heav-en, It will glad-den earth and heav-en,  
 11. It will make the na - tion pur - er, It will make the na - tion pur - er,

CHO.—I'm for state-wide pro - hi - bi - tion, I'm for state-wide pro - hi - bi - tion,

1. It will save the state and na - tion, It's good e-nough for me.  
 2. It will save our homes from ru - in, It's good e-nough for me.  
 3. It will keep our boys from dan-ger, It's good e-nough for me.  
 4. It will bless the lit - tle chil-dren, It's good e-nough for me.  
 5. It will put a - way temp - ta - tion, It's good e-nough for me.  
 6. It will pros - per hon - est busi-ness, It's good e-nough for me.  
 7. It will keep our pris - ons emp - ty, It's good e-nough for me.  
 8. It will low - er peo - ple's tax - es, It's good e-nough for me.  
 9. It will in-crease peace and plen-ty, It's good e-nough for me.  
 10. It will glad - den earth and heav-en, It's good e-nough for me.  
 11. It will make the na - tion pur - er, It's good e-nough for me.

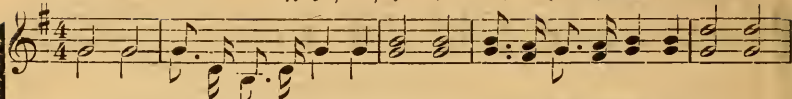
I'm for state-wide pro - hi - bi - tion, It's good e-nough for me.

# No. 12. God and Heaven are For Us.

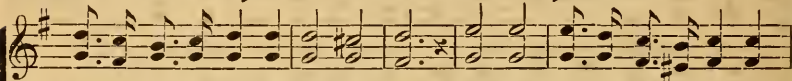
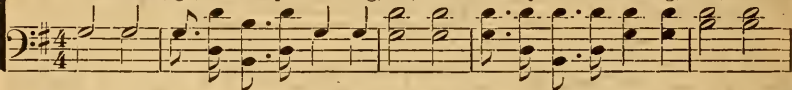
E. A. H.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

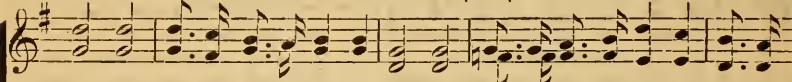
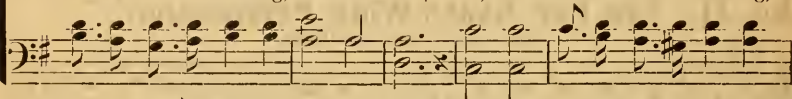
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



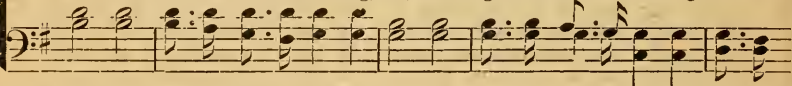
1. On, on, Je - sus goes before us, On, on, sorr'wing hearts implore us, And with
2. On, on, all the hosts u-nit - ing, On, on, wrongs we must be righting, On, on,
3. Christians, go, his love proclaiming, Go, with ho - ly fervor flam-ing, Go, the



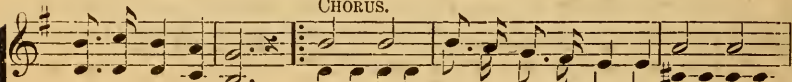
God and heav-en o'er us, March a - long! On, on, for the Lord contending,  
strength and honor plighting To the fray! Wives and chil-dren in - ter - ced-ing,  
hosts of e - vil shaming, Fear-less be! Go, the cross of Je - sus tak-ing,



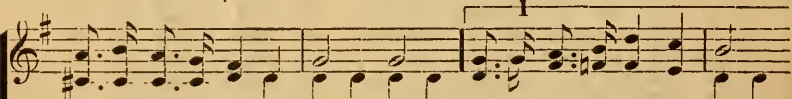
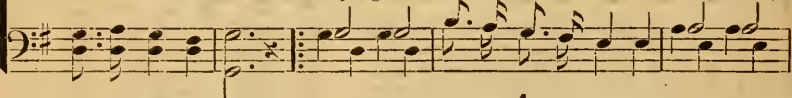
On, on, on his help depending, On, on, ev - 'ry ef - fort bending For the  
God and Home and country pleading, Christians should the call be heed-ing, And en -  
Go to hearts in sor-row breaking, Go, to right-eousness a - wak-ing, Go and



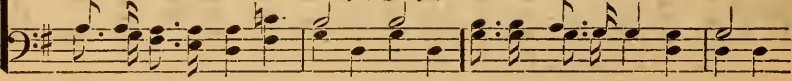
## CHORUS.



tri-umph ov - er wrong! Go ye, all the hosts u - nit - ed, Go ye,  
list for God to - day. Go ye, go ye, Go ye, go ye,  
make the peo-ple free. Go, the Master's call o - bey-ing, Nev - er  
Go ye, go the Never, never,



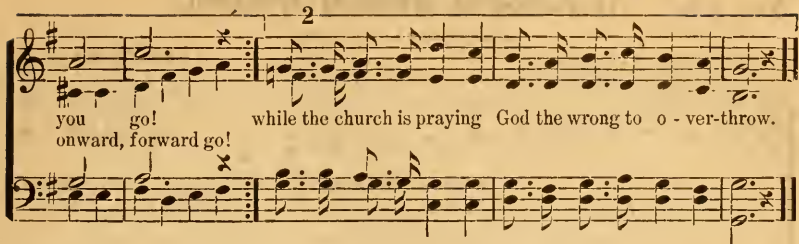
one and un - di - vid-ed; Strength from heav-en will be provided, As  
Strength from heaven As you  
fal-t'ring nor de - lay-ing, Go ye,  
Go ye, go ye,





# God and Heaven are For Us.

2



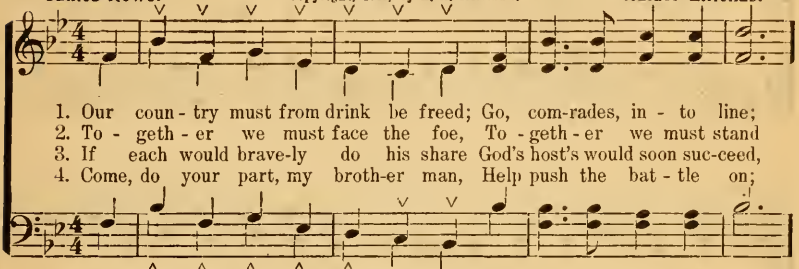
you go! while the church is praying God the wrong to o-ver-throw.  
onward, forward go!

## No. 13. Your Fight and Mine.

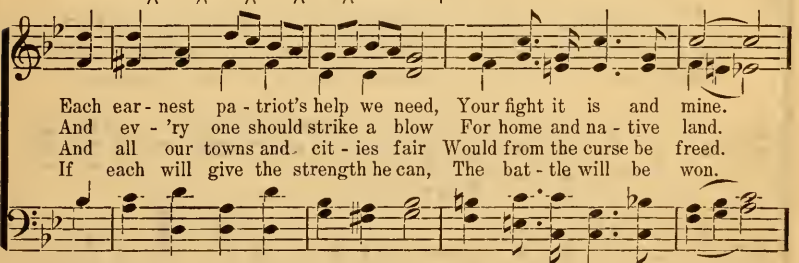
James Rowe.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

Haldor Lillenas.

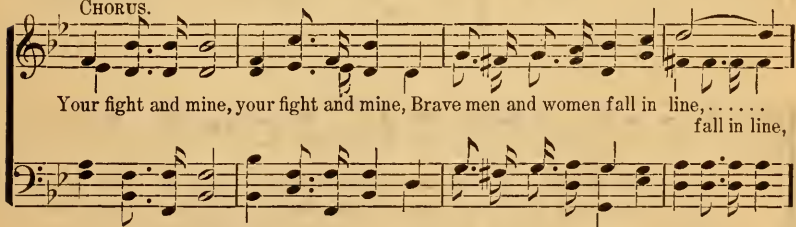


1. Our coun-try must from drink be freed; Go, com-rades, in-to line;  
2. To- geth-er we must face the foe, To- geth-er we must stand  
3. If each would brave-ly do his share God's host's would soon suc-ceed,  
4. Come, do your part, my broth-er man, Help push the bat-tle on;



Each ear-nest pa-triot's help we need, Your fight it is and mine.  
And ev-'ry one should strike a blow For home and na-tive land.  
And all our towns and cit-ies fair Would from the curse be freed.  
If each will give the strength he can, The bat-tle will be won.

### CHORUS.



Your fight and mine, your fight and mine, Brave men and women fall in line,.....  
fall in line,



And march a-way in faith to-day, Your fight it is and mine.

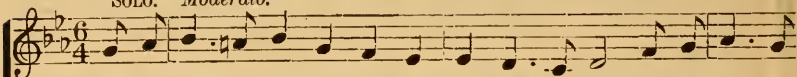
# No. 14. If Saloons Should Return.

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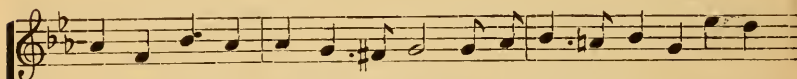
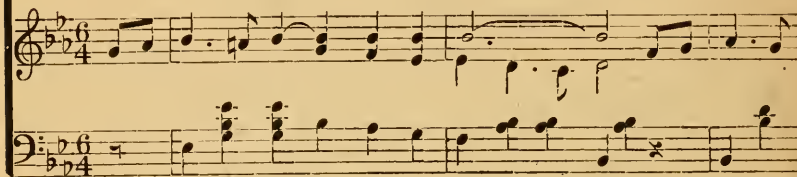
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

Arthur W. Nelson.

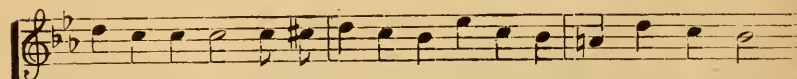
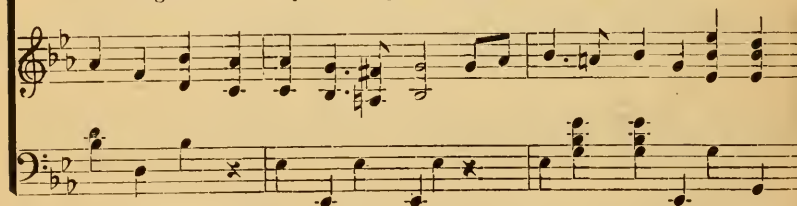
SOLO. *Moderato.*



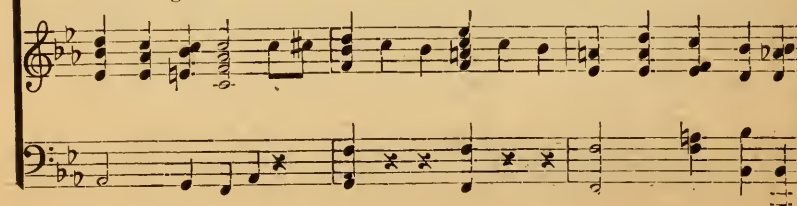
1. It would be a sad mo-ment for homes fair and bright To be men-aced
2. Waves of law-less-ness, ter-ror and ru-in would roll, And in crime and
3. We may reek-on on e-vil and crime of all shades, And on ev-'ry



a - gain with the with-er - ing blight; For no meas-ure of tears the deep  
dis - or - der we'd pay a big toll, And an in - crease of tax - es the  
foul thing that de - stroys and degrades, And that mor - als will speed-i - ly



sor-row could drown If the vic - ious sa - loon should re - turn to our town.  
coming would crown If the vic - ious sa - loon should re - turn to our town.  
fail and go down If the vic - ious sa - loon should re - turn to our town.



# If Saloons Should Return.

CHORUS.

If sa-loons should re - turn to our town, (to our town,) Its  
 mor - als would quick-ly go down;..... It would be a sad day—  
 quick-ly go down;  
 God for - bid it, we pray! That sa-loons should return to our town.

## No. 15. Cast a Dry Vote.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

By permission.

1. Pro - hi - bi - tion! pro - hi - bi - tion! This our great bat - tle cry!  
 2. Bright and ear - ly, bright and ear - ly To the poll - ing place go,  
 3. Cast a - dry vote, cast a dry vote On the near vot - ing day,  
 4. Bring the vot - ers, bring the vot - ers To the polls, ev - 'ry one,  
 5. Do not fal - ter, do not fal - ter, Nei - ther fal - ter nor fear,  
 We want pro - hi - bi - tion; The sa-loons they shall die.  
 And there with your bal - lots Deal the dram-shops a blow.  
 And help by your bal - lot Drive the dram-shops a - way.  
 So will the great fight for Pro - hi - bi - tion be won.  
 But press the great bat - tle, Pro - hi - bi - tion is - near.

# No. 16.

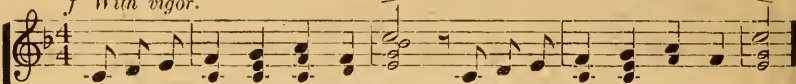
# Enlist for Jesus.

E. A. H.

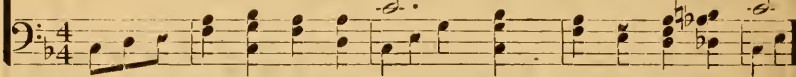
Copyright, 1905, by E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

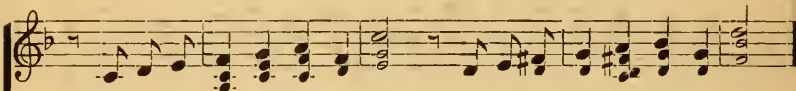
*f* With vigor.



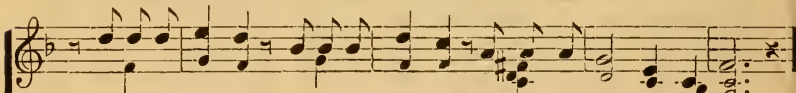
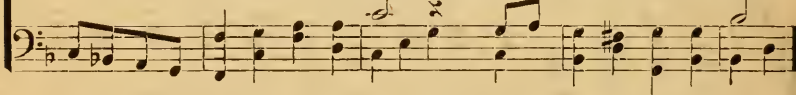
1. En-list for Je - sus, fall in line! Hear ye from heav'n the call di - vine!
2. Forward in Je - sus' name to - day! Gath-er in bat-tle's proud ar-ray!
3. Let men be brave and vol - un - teer, And rend the air with song and cheer,



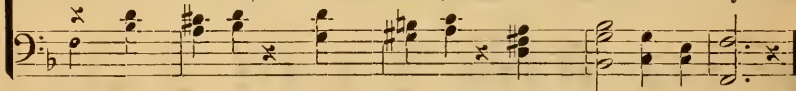
It points to du-ty, and robed in beauty, O Church of Jesus, rise and shine!  
Be strong and steady, and stand ye ready To draw the sword for God away!  
Awake from sleeping, good courage keeping, The fi-nal bat - tle draw-eth near;



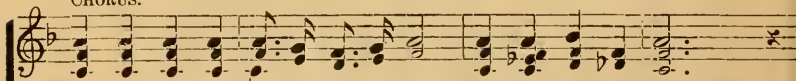
There is a need for help this hour, There is a need for men of power;  
For we are pledged un-to the Right, And we are pledged with all our might  
His roy-al ban-ner, bear it high, And lift it up a-against the sky,



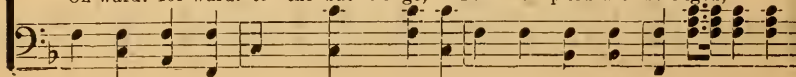
Be up and do-ing, the foe pur-su-ing, And trust in God, our strong tow'r.  
To do His bid-ding, His or-ders, heeding, And in the con-flict u - nite.  
For God endeav-or, and fail Him never, But heed the loud bat - tle cry.



CHORUS.

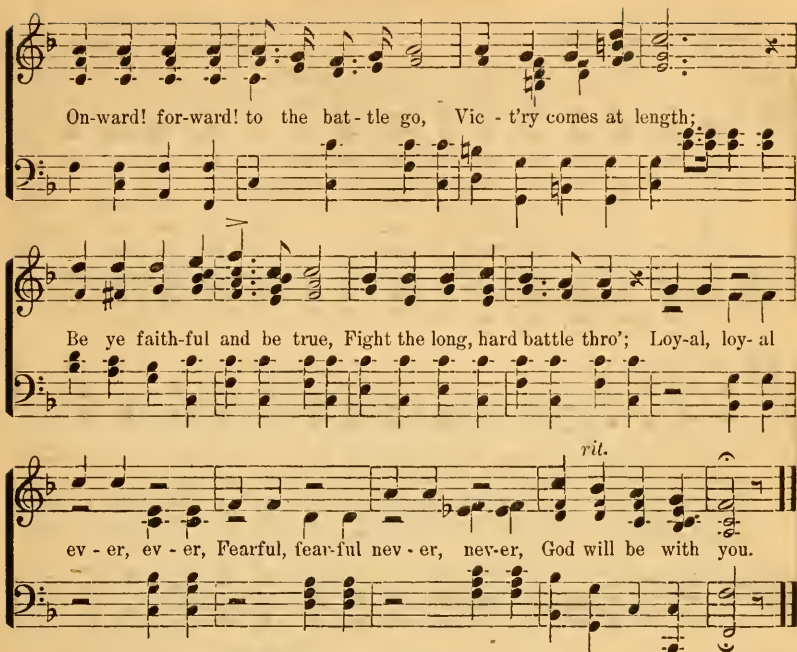


On-ward! for-ward! to the bat-tle go, Pan - o - plied with strength;





# Enlist for Jesus.



On-ward! for-ward! to the bat-tle go, Vic-t'ry comes at length;

Be ye faith-ful and be true, Fight the long, hard battle thro'; Loy-al, loy-al

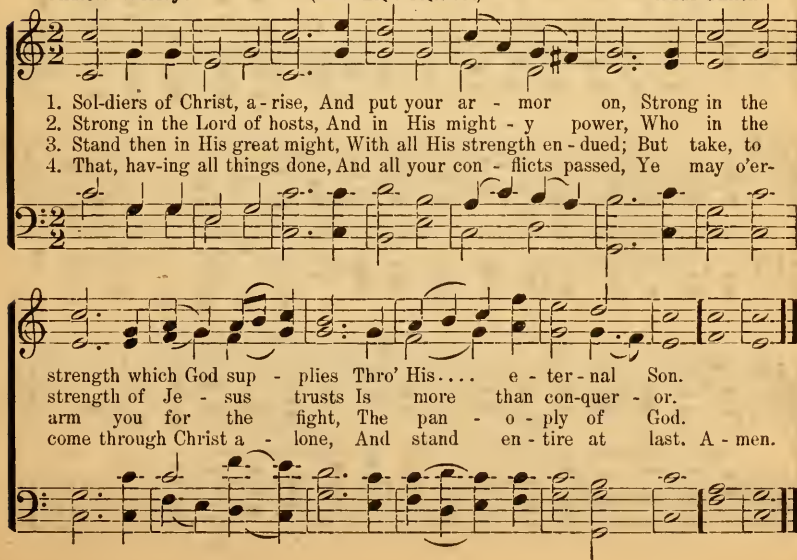
ev-er, ev-er, Fearful, fear-ful nev-er, nev-er, God will be with you.

## No. 17. Soldiers of Christ, Arise.

Charles Wesley.

(SILVER STREET.)

Isaac Smith.



1. Sol-diers of Christ, a-rise, And put your ar-mor on, Strong in the  
 2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might-y power, Who in the  
 3. Stand then in His great might, With all His strength en-dued; But take, to  
 4. That, hav-ing all things done, And all your con-flicts passed, Ye may o'er-

strength which God sup-plies Thro' His.... e-ter-nal Son.  
 strength of Je-sus trusts Is more than con-quer-or.  
 arm you for the fight, The pan-o-ply of God.  
 come through Christ a-lone, And stand en-tire at last. A-men.

# No. 18. God, Home and Country.

(OUR PLEDGE SONG.)

Copyright, 1907, by Lyman Whitney Allen. Copyright, 1907, by Clarence Edward LeMassena.

Lyman Whitney Allen.

Clarence E. LeMassena.

*mp*

1. De-fend - ers of right and as - sail - ants of wrong, As - sured of our cause,  
 2. Our Lord is dis - hon - ored, we strive in His name; We fight by His might  
 3. Our fire - sides are rav - aged, we strike for Love's sake, For wife, moth - er, chil -  
 4. Our na - tion is threat - ened, we war for her weal, Her flag and her glo -  
 5. The pow - ers of dark - ness a - gainst us con - tend; The forc - es of hell

*cres.*

we are val - iant and strong; We march in - to bat - tle with pray'r and with song,  
 with the traf - fic of shame; Souls worsted, lives wast - ed we seek to re - claim,  
 dren whose tender hearts break; O Church of the Sav - ior, O Chris - tians, a - wake!  
 ry Intemperance would steal; O pa - triots, a - rise, your al - le - giance re - veal!  
 their enchantments expend; O he - roes of light, bat - tle on to the end!

*rall.*

*f* CHORUS.

For God, Home and Country u - ni - ted. For God, Home and Country our

*cres.*

ban - ner we raise; The Cross is its sym - bol, the Pledge is its phrase; When Duty

*rall.*

commands us each sol - dier o - beys, For God, Home and Country u - ni - ted.

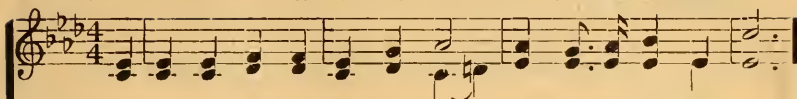
# No. 19.

# On the Firing Line.

E. A. H.

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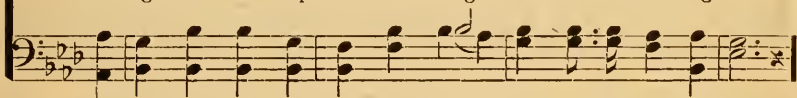
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



1. God calls for war-riors brave and strong Out on the fir - ing line,
2. The Mas - ter leads a stal - wart band Out on the fir - ing line;
3. The smell of bat - tle you shall know Out on the fir - ing line;
4. The strug-gle may be hard and long Out on the fir - ing line,



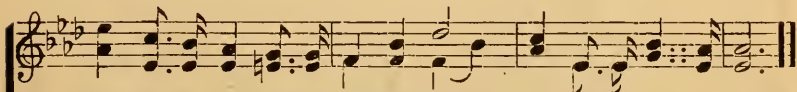
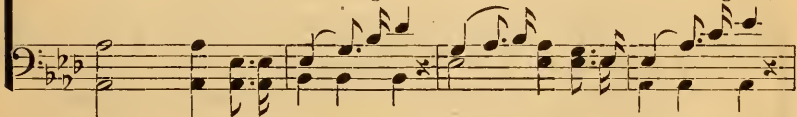
To turn their swords up - on the wrong Out on the fir - ing line.  
 Fore-go your ease, and with them stand Out on the fir - ing line.  
 With cour-age face the earn - est foe Out on the fir - ing line.  
 But right will tri - umph o - ver wrong Out on the fir - ing line.



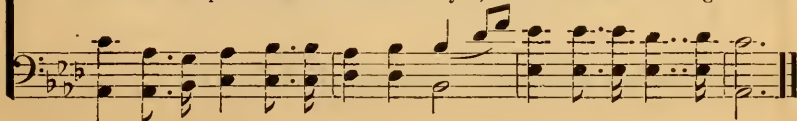
## CHORUS.



Out on the fir - ing line, Out on the fir - ing line,  
 Out, out on the fir - ing line, Out, . . . out on the fir - ing line,



This is the place where the Lord wants you, Out on the fir - ing line.



# No. 20. A Saloonless Nation in 1920.

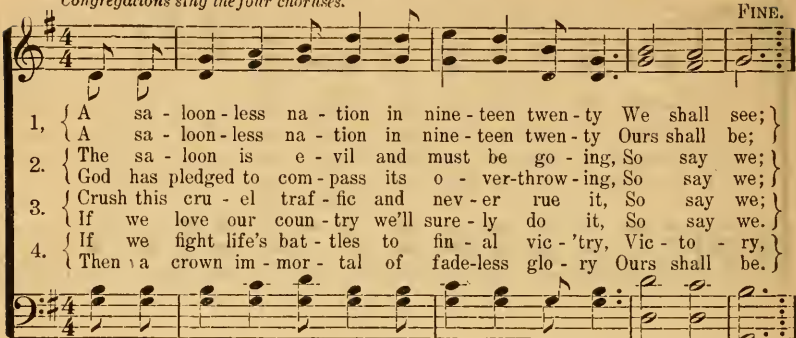
E. A. H.

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Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

Congregations sing the four choruses.

FINE.



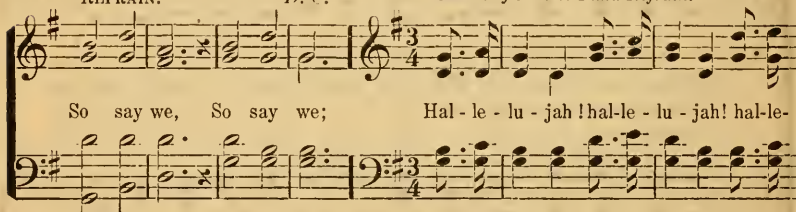
1. { A sa - loon - less na - tion in nine - teen twen - ty We shall see; }  
 { A sa - loon - less na - tion in nine - teen twen - ty Ours shall be; }  
 2. { The sa - loon is e - vil and must be go - ing, So say we; }  
 { God has pledged to com - pass its o - ver - throw - ing, So say we; }  
 3. { Crush this cru - el traf - fic and nev - er rue it, So say we; }  
 { If we love our coun - try we'll sure - ly do it, So say we. }  
 4. { If we fight life's bat - tles to fin - al vic - 'try, Vic - to - ry, }  
 { Then a crown im - mor - tal of fade - less glo - ry Ours shall be. }

REF.—A sa - loon - less na - tion in nine - teen twen - ty Ours shall be.

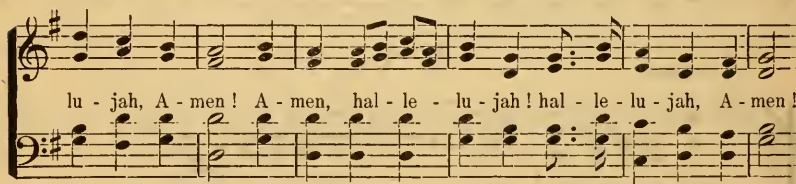
REFRAIN.

D. C.

Chorus after verse 1 and Refrain.

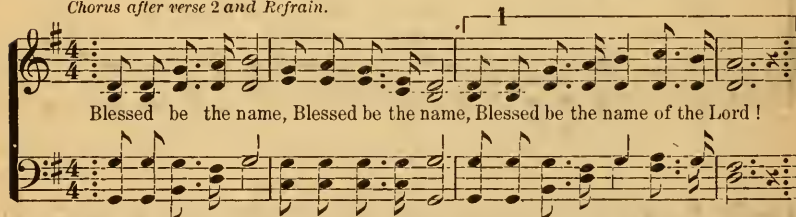


So say we, So say we; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le -



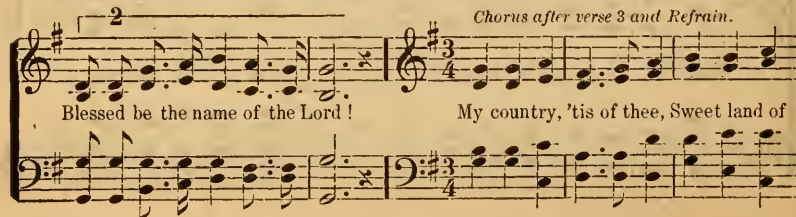
lu - jah, A - men! A - men, hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah, A - men!

Chorus after verse 2 and Refrain.



Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!


Chorus after verse 3 and Refrain.



Blessed be the name of the Lord! My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of



# A Saloonless Nation in 1920.

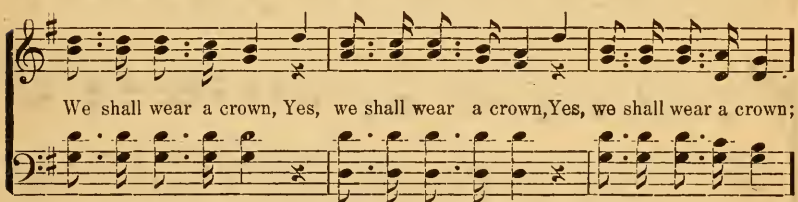


lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride;

*Chorus after verse 4 and Refrain.*

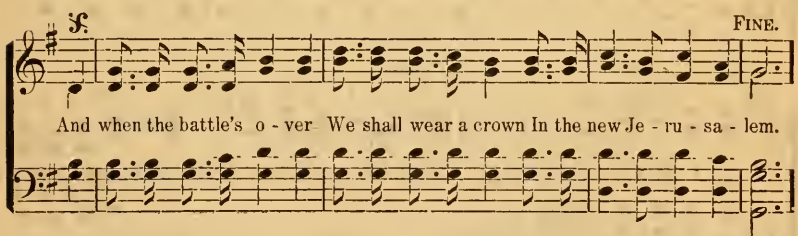


From ev - 'ry mountain side Let freedom ring. And when the battle's o - ver



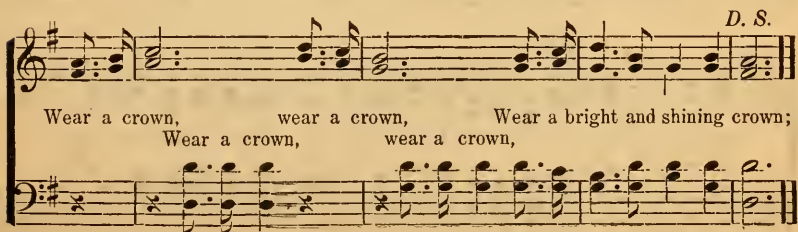
We shall wear a crown, Yes, we shall wear a crown, Yes, we shall wear a crown;

*FINE.*



And when the battle's o - ver We shall wear a crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

*D. S.*



Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown;  
Wear a crown, wear a crown,

# No. 21. Give Us a Stainless Flag.

Mrs. Katherine C. Hicks.

Copyright, 1906, by E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

*mf*

1. Our land a-mong the na - tions holds a high and might-y place; Our  
 2. We're long - ing for the com - ing of a bright - er, bet - ter dawn, When  
 3. O Chris - tian men, a - wak - en from your deep and dreamless sleep! May

*f*

doors are standing o - pen to the men of ev - 'ry race; But 'neath our  
 sac - ri - fice no long - er shall be made of brain and brawn, When the blot on  
 proph - ets have a vis - ion and may warriors vig - il keep; O God of

great pros - per - i - ty is hid a great dis - grace; A stain is on our  
 our es - cut - cheon fair shall be for - ev - er gone; A stain is on our  
 bat - tles, hear us, as we call on Thee and weep, A stain is on our

*p* CHORUS.

flag, A stain is on our flag. Hear the ma - ny children calling, While the mother's

*mf* *f*<sup>1</sup>

tears are fall - ing, Stop the loss of life ap - pall - ing, Give us a stainless flag!

# Give Us a Stainless Flag.

2

Give us a stainless flag! A stainless flag, A stainless flag, Give us a stainless flag!

\* Sopranos divide; only a few on the high notes.

## No. 22. Mary Had a Little Vote.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Ma - ry had a lit - tle vote That roamed the state a - bout,  
 2. "What makes John hate Ma - ry so?" Miss An - ti, wond'ring, asks;  
 3. "Shocking!" hear the wet folks cry, "This sure - ly is no fun!"  
 4. Why does Ma - ry hate him so? Why does she fight him thus?  
 5. Ma - ry had a lit - tle vote, Well used with - out a doubt,

And ev - 'ry - where that vote got in John Bar - ley - corn got out,  
 "Oh, Ma - ry is his great - est foe, She emp - ties all his casks,  
 For ev - 'ry - where Miss Ma - ry votes, She gives a shock to John,  
 Oh, Ma - ry loves her boys, you know, The rea - son's ob - vi - ous,  
 For when re - turns came roll - ing in John Bar - ley - corn rolled out,

Got out, got out, John Bar-ley-corn got out, (got out,) out. (got out.)  
 His casks, his casks, She emp-ties all his casks, (his casks,) casks. (his casks.)  
 To John, to John, She gives a shock to John, (to John,) John. (to John.)  
 To us, to us, The reason's ob - vi - ous, (to us,) us. (to us.)  
 Rolled out, rolled out, John Barleycorn rolled out, (rolled out,) out. (rolled out.)

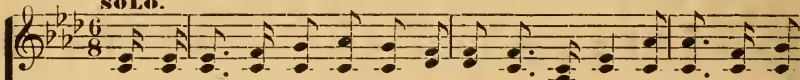
# No. 23. What is There in it for Me?

E. L. Osborne, arr.

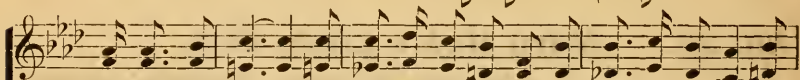
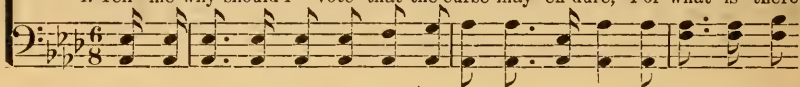
Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

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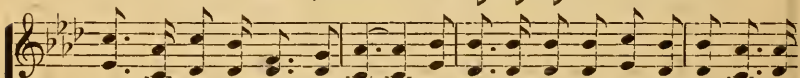
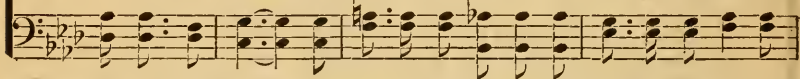
SOLO.



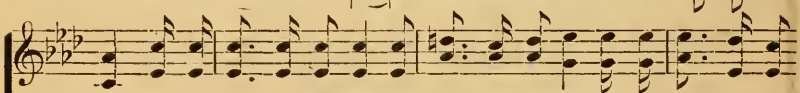
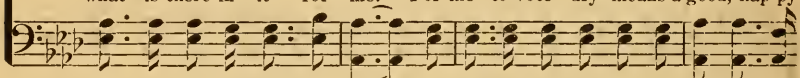
1. The sa - loon keep - ers all may be ver - y nice men, But what is there
2. O - ver all this fair coun - try we're swimming in booze, But what is there
3. The rich booze - maker's wife may be dressed like a queen, But what is there
4. Tell me why should I vote that the curse may en - dure, For what is there



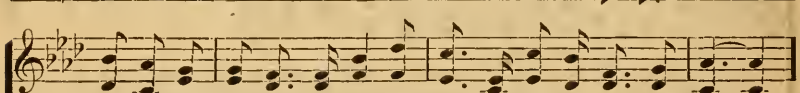
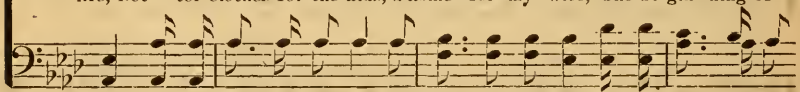
in it for me? I blow in my mon - ey and wake in the pen, So  
 in it for me? Sa - loon keeper's kids are all wear - ing new shoes, But  
 in it for me? My wife has no duds that are fit to be seen, So  
 in it for me? I'm bound to vote "dry" on e - lec - tion day, sure, For



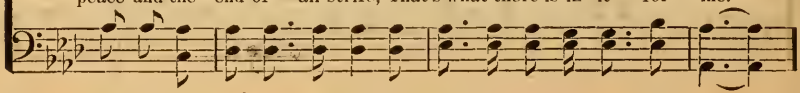
what is there in it for me? Of course I'm as wel - come as flow - ers in  
 what is there in it for me? The dis - til - ler's share is an au - to - mo  
 what is there in it for me? The beer - brewer's son may be dressed like a  
 what is there in it for me? For me to vote "dry" means a good, hap - py



May, When I come to the joint to squan - der my pay, But I wake in the  
 bile, And a carri - age the sel - ler's share of the deal, But my feet are in  
 dude, While the gar - ments I wear are ex - ceed - ing - ly rude, And if we should vote  
 life, Bet - ter clothes for the kids, a home for my wife, The be - gin - ning of



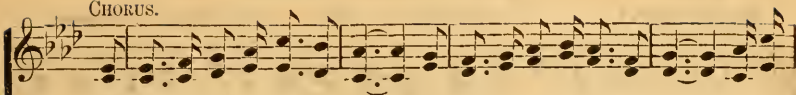
cool - er the ver - y next day, That's all there is in it for me!  
 shoes that are down at the heel, That's all there is in it for me!  
 "wet" I'm a - fraid I'll go nude, That's all there is in it for me!  
 peace and the end of all strife, That's what there is in it for me.



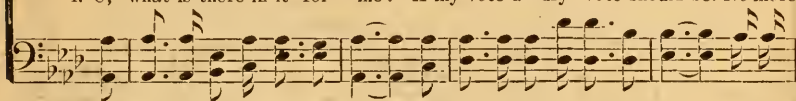


# What is There in It for Me?

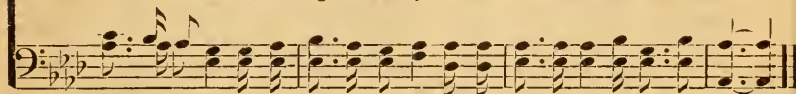
CHORUS.



1-3. O, what is there in it for me? Pray, what is there in it for me? On-ly  
4. O, what is there in it for me? If my vote a "dry" vote should be? No more



sor-row and shame and a dishonored name, This is all there is in it for me!  
sor-row and shame, and a good worthy name, This is what there is in it for me!



## No. 24. What Can We do for You?

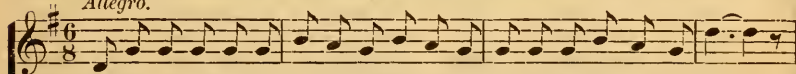
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

From Volkslied, by J. C. Johnson.

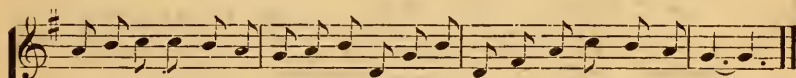
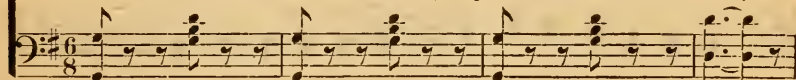
Copyright, 1912, by E. A. Hoffman.

Can be used as a kindergarten or motion song.

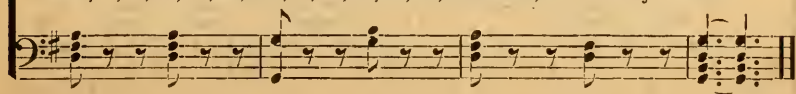
*Allegro.*



1. What can we do for you? What can we do for you To help along this good cause?  
2. We are tee-to-ta-lers, hap-py tee-to - ta-lers, Mer-ry as mer-ry can be;  
3. "Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging, And who is deceived is not wise;"  
4. "If sin entice thee, consent thou not," yield thou not, God bids thee answer with "no!"  
5. Blue-birds are singing, and robins are winging Their way to the beautiful spring;  
6. We will twine ro-ses and we will wreath lilies, To place on each he-ro's fair brow;



Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Cheer you with hearty huz-zas.  
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Gay and re-joic-ing are we.  
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Drink brings but tear-drops and sighs.  
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Take heed and do ev-en so.  
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Of the clear wa-ter we sing.  
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Comrades, be true to your vow.



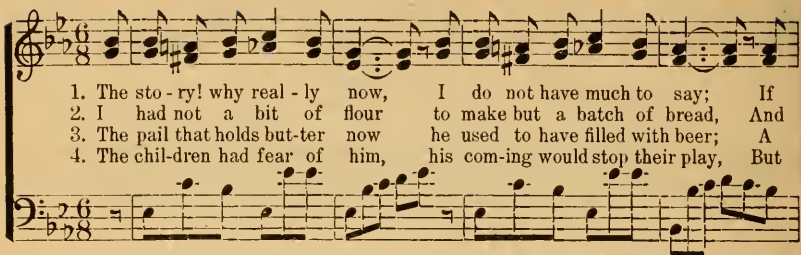
# No. 25.

# My John and Me.

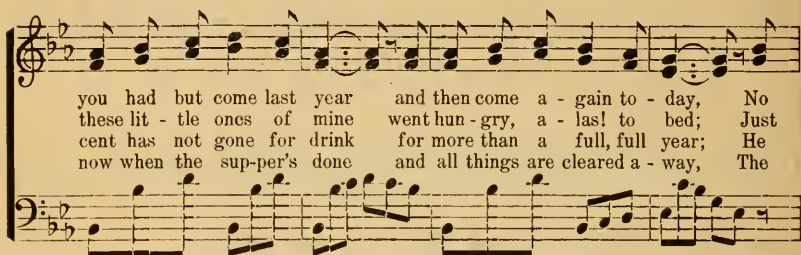
Words arranged.

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Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



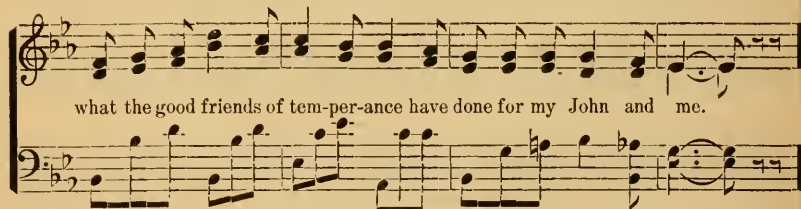
1. The sto - ry! why real - ly now, I do not have much to say; If  
 2. I had not a bit of flour to make but a batch of bread, And  
 3. The pail that holds but-ter now he used to have filled with beer; A  
 4. The chil-dren had fear of him, his com-ing would stop their play, But



you had but come last year and then come a - gain to - day, No  
 these lit - tle ones of mine went hun - gry, a - las! to bed; Just  
 cent has not gone for drink for more than a full, full year; He  
 now when the sup-per's done and all things are cleared a - way, The

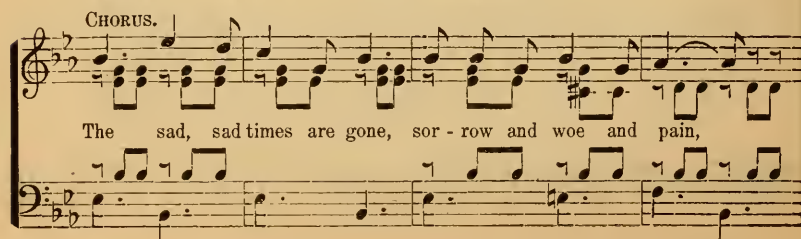


need of a word to tell, for then your own eyes could see, Just  
 peep in the pan - try now, there's su - gar and flour and tea, That's  
 pays all his debts, he's strong, he's kind as a man can be, That's  
 boys fro - lic round his chair, the ba - by climbs on his knee, That's



what the good friends of tem-per-ance have done for my John and me.

CHORUS.



The sad, sad times are gone, sor - row and woe and pain,

## My John and Me.

We have our loved one back, a no - ble man a - gain;

Don't mind my cry - ing, 'tis just for joy to see

What the good temp'rance friends have done for my John and me

## No. 26. Oft in Danger, Oft in Woe.

H. Kirke White, Alt.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Henry J. Gauntlett.

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christians, on - ward go;
2. On - ward, Chris - tians, on - ward go, Join the war, and face the foe;
3. Let your droop - ing hearts be glad; March in heav'n - ly ar - mour clad;
4. On - ward then in bat - tle move; More than con - querors you shall prove;

Fight the fight, main - tain the strife, Strengthened by the Bread of Life.  
 Will ye flee in dan - ger's hour? Know ye not your Cap - tain's pow'r?  
 Fight, nor think the bat - tle long, Vic - t'ry soon shall tune your song.  
 Tho' op - posed by ma - ny a foe, Chris - tian sol - diers, on - ward go. A - men.

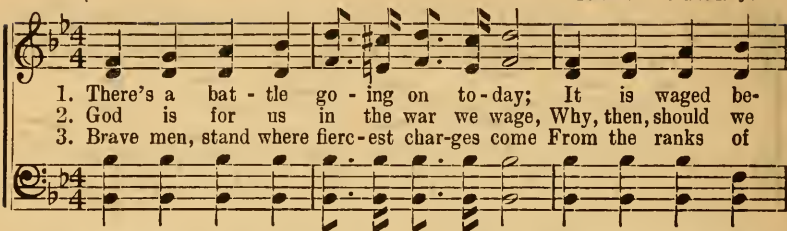
## No. 27.

## There's a Battle.

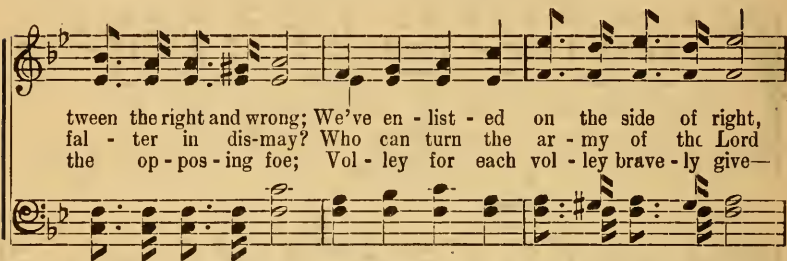
S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

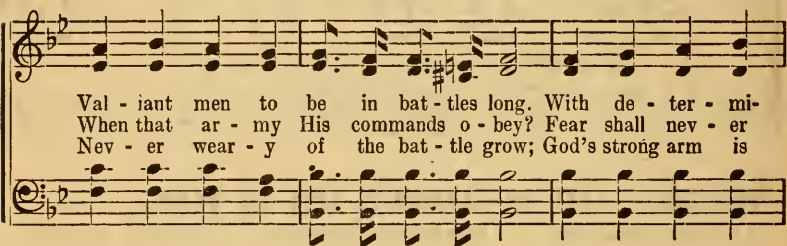
Samuel W. Beazley.



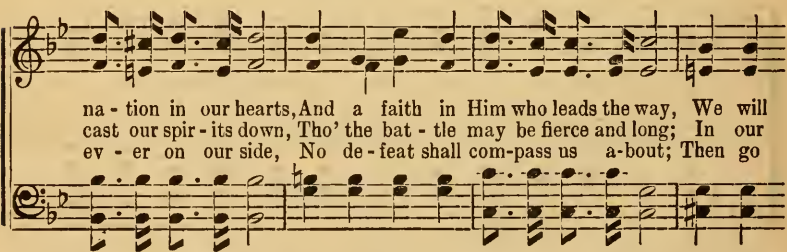
1. There's a bat - tle go - ing on to - day; It is waged be -  
 2. God is for us in the war we wage, Why, then, should we  
 3. Brave men, stand where fierc - est char - ges come From the ranks of



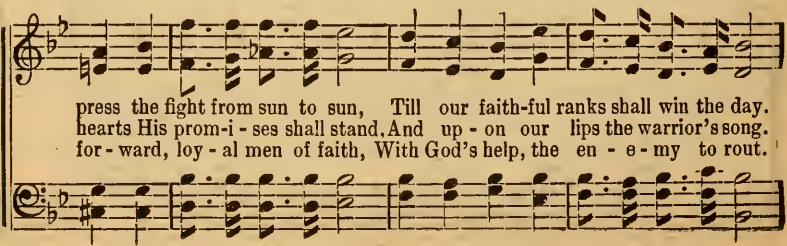
tween the right and wrong; We've en - list - ed on the side of right,  
 fal - ter in dis - may? Who can turn the ar - my of the Lord  
 the op - pos - ing foe; Vol - ley for each vol - ley brave - ly give -



Val - iant men to be in bat - tles long. With de - ter - mi -  
 When that ar - my His commands o - bey? Fear shall nev - er  
 Nev - er wear - y of the bat - tle grow; God's strong arm is



na - tion in our hearts, And a faith in Him who leads the way, We will  
 cast our spir - its down, Tho' the bat - tle may be fierce and long; In our  
 ev - er on our side, No de - feat shall com - pass us a - bout; Then go

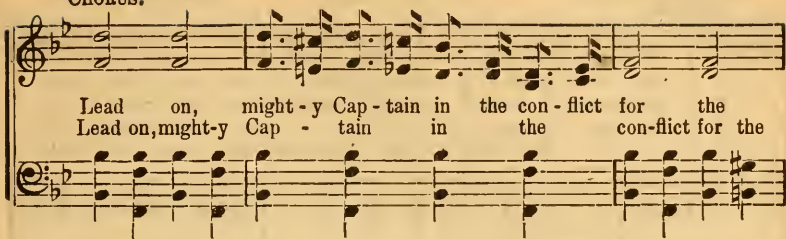


press the fight from sun to sun, Till our faith - ful ranks shall win the day.  
 hearts His prom - i - ses shall stand, And up - on our lips the warrior's song.  
 for - ward, loy - al men of faith, With God's help, the en - e - my to rout.

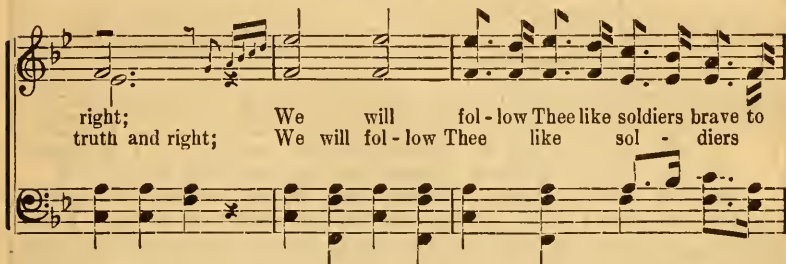


# There's a Battle.

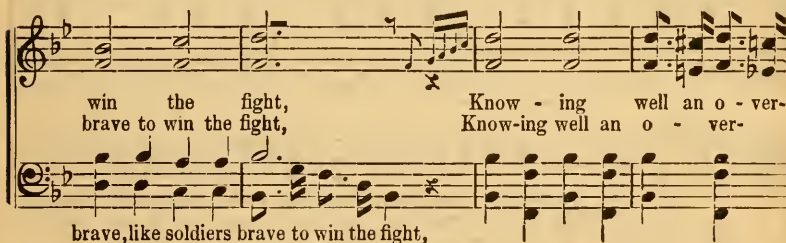
CHORUS.



Lead on, might-y Cap-tain in the con-flict for the  
Lead on, might-y Cap - tain in the con-flict for the

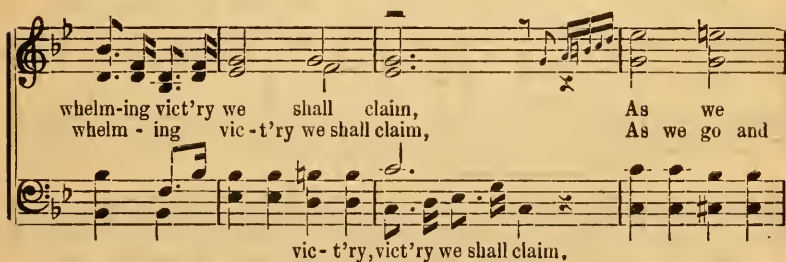


right; We will fol-low Thee like soldiers brave to  
truth and right; We will fol-low Thee like sol - diers



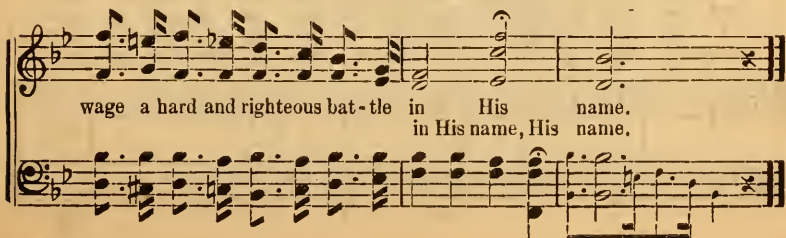
win the fight, Know - ing well an o-ver-  
brave to win the fight, Know-ing well an o - ver-

brave, like soldiers brave to win the fight,



whelm-ing vict'ry we shall claim, As we  
whelm - ing vic - t'ry we shall claim, As we go and

vic - t'ry, vict'ry we shall claim,



wage a hard and righteous bat-tle in His name.  
in His name, His name.

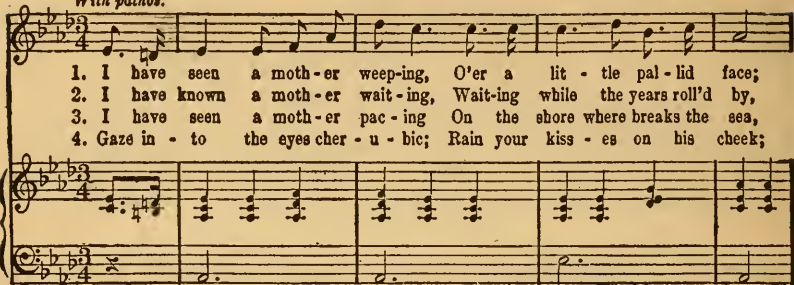
# No. 28. 'Twas Rum That Spoiled My Boy.

Rev. L. F. Cole.

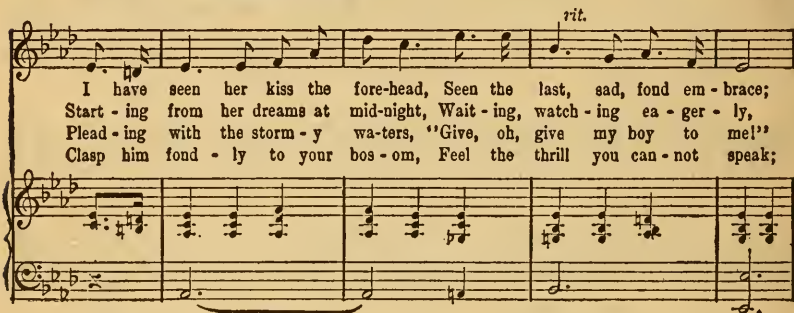
USED BY PER. OF THE AUTHOR.

T. Martin Towne.

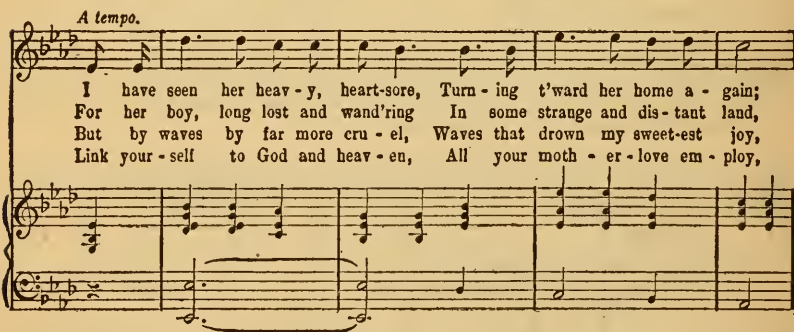
*With pathos.*



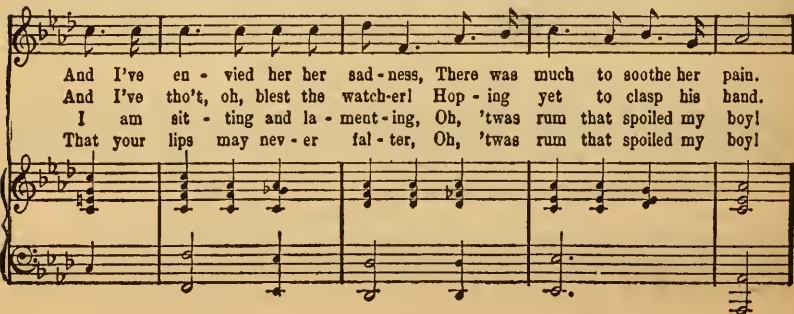
1. I have seen a moth-er weep-ing, O'er a lit - tle pal - lid face;  
 2. I have known a moth-er wait-ing, Wait-ing while the years roll'd by,  
 3. I have seen a moth-er pac-ing On the shore where breaks the sea,  
 4. Gaze in - to the eyes cher - u - bic; Rain your kiss - es on his cheek;



*rit.*  
 I have seen her kiss the fore-head, Seen the last, sad, fond em - brace;  
 Start - ing from her dreams at mid-night, Wait - ing, watch - ing ea - ger - ly,  
 Plead - ing with the storm - y wa-ters, "Give, oh, give my boy to me!"  
 Clasp him fond - ly to your bos - om, Feel the thrill you can - not speak;



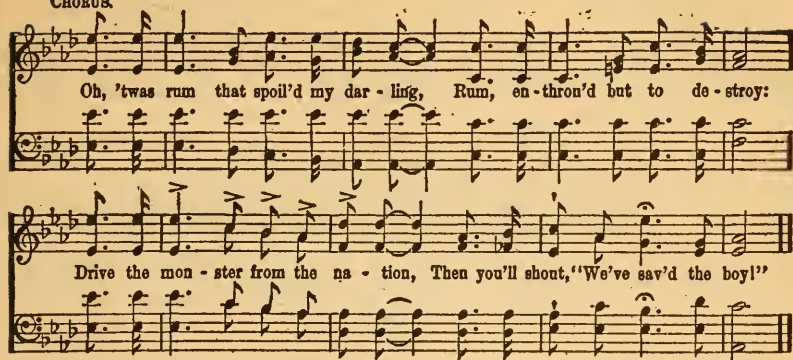
*A tempo.*  
 I have seen her heav - y, heart-sore, Turn - ing t'ward her home a - gain;  
 For her boy, long lost and wand'ring In some strange and dis - tant land,  
 But by waves by far more cru - el, Waves that drown my sweet-est joy,  
 Link your - self to God and heav - en, All your moth - er - love em - ploy,



And I've en - vied her her sad - ness, There was much to soothe her pain.  
 And I've tho't, oh, blest the watch-er! Hop - ing yet to clasp his hand.  
 I am sit - ting and la - ment-ing, Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy!  
 That your lips may nev - er fal - ter, Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy!

# 'Twas Rum That Spoiled My Boy.

CHORUS.



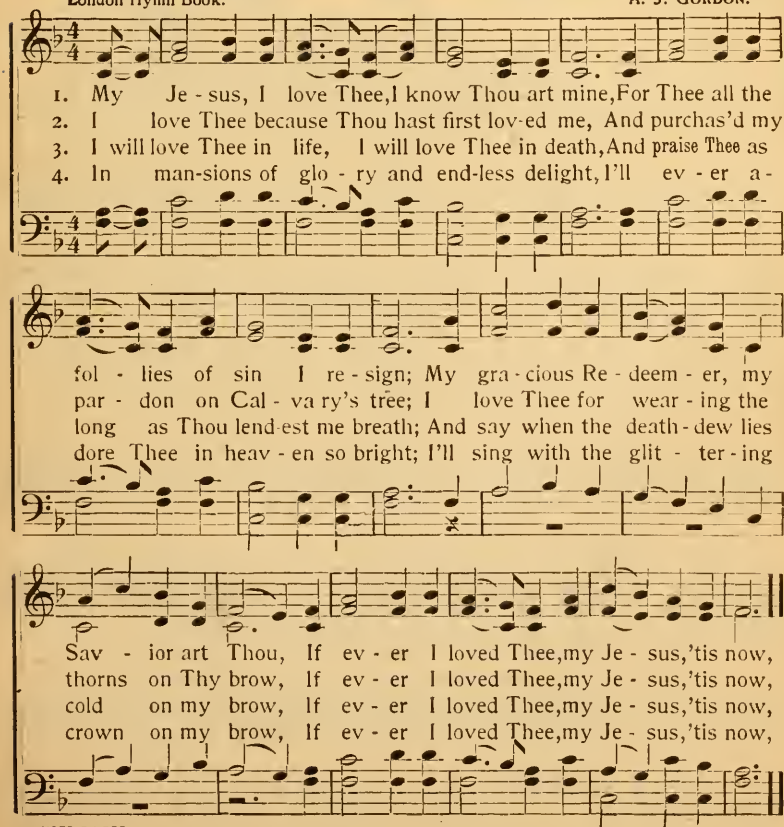
Oh, 'twas rum that spoil'd my dar - ling, Rum, en - thron'd but to de - stroy:

Drive the mon - ster from the na - tion, Then you'll shout, "We've sav'd the boy!"

## No. 29. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the  
2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchas'd my  
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as  
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less delight, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
par - don on Cal - va ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the  
long as Thou lend-est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies  
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now,  
thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now,  
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now,  
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now,

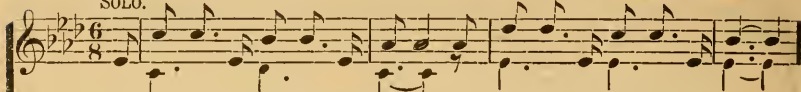
# No. 30. He Lives off the Men Who are Down.

Wm. Watkins Reid.

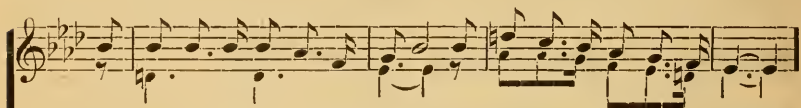
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Rev. Ellisha A. Hoffman.

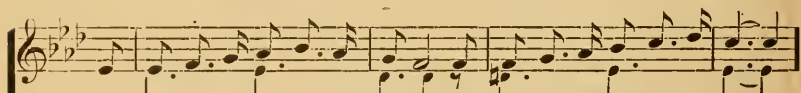
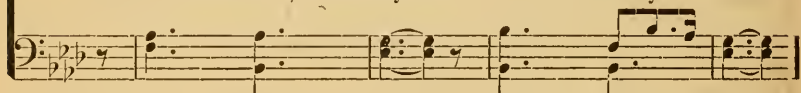
SOLO.



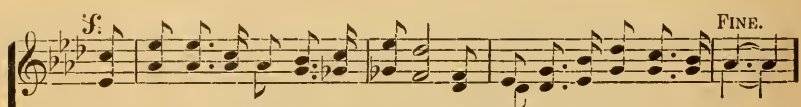
1. O who owns the big, shapely au-to That spins with such grace thro' our street,
2. O whose is the grand, stately mansion, With columns of mar-ble piled high,
3. O who is the man, groomed and smiling, To whom others bow ver - y low?
4. Who lives in the tumbled-down cottage, With ceil-ing ad-mit-ting the rain,
5. O God! how much longer will justice Per-mit men to take hu-man toll



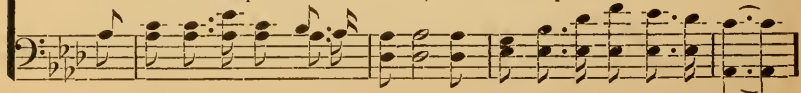
That cost a full five thousand dollars, And runs like a deer, wild and fleet?  
Sur-round-ed by gar-dens of flow-ers Whose tints with the rainbow might vie?  
Why he is the com-plac-ent brewer, Hu-man-i-ty's bit-ter-est foe;  
With windows and doors that are broken—The shack in the dir-ty back lane?  
And bow down to drink, the de-stroy-er Of vir-tue in bod-y and soul?



O see! in the car is the brew-er, His wife wears a Par-is made gown;  
Why, that is the home of the brew-er, The wealth-i-est man in the town;  
Does he ev-er drink of the whis-ky He sells to the rest of the town?  
O that is the home of a household On whom the sa-loon keep-ers frown;  
A - wake in the peo-ple a conscience Of du - ty they owe to the town,



They purchased the car with the mon-ey They took from the men who are down.  
On homes and saloons he holds mortgage, "He lives off the men who are down."  
O no, he abstains from the poi-son! He sells to the men who are down.  
The brew-er has come to e - vict them; "He lives off the men who are down."  
To vote out the plac-es of e - vil, And so help the men who are down.



D. S.—His mon-ey is blood-curs'd and tainted, "He lives off the men who are down."



# He Lives off the Men Who Are Down.

CHORUS.

D. S.

He rides in his five thousand au - to, The brewer that lives in our town;  
the brewer,

## No. 31.

## What Would You Do ?

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

T. Alex Cairns.

(SOLO OR QUARTET.)

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. If you knew that your boy with eyes of blue, With man - ly  
2. If you knew that your wife, thro' wea - ry years, Should drown her  
3. If you knew that some - bod - y's boy must lie In drunk - en

tread and heart so true, Should en - ter yon - der bar-room bright, And  
grief in bit - ter tears, Be - cause her boy of ten - der care Was  
stu - por and must die, Some lad go wrong in ten - der years, Some -

stain his soul in one wild night, What would you do then, broth - er mine?  
lured to death by liq - uor's snare, What would you do then, broth - er mine?  
bod - y's wife must be in tears, What would you do then, broth - er mine?

What would you do? What would you do? What would you do?

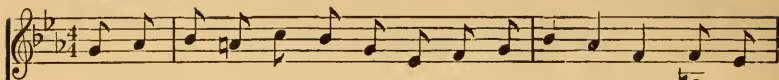
# No. 32.

# Fight Together.

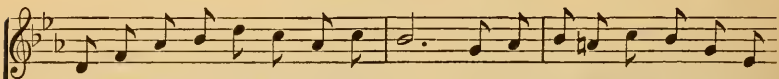
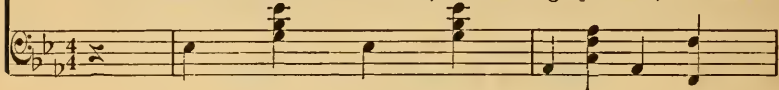
Copyright, 1909, by Thoro Harris. E. A. Hoffman, owner.

JAMES ROWE.

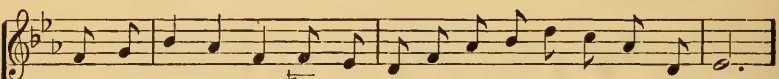
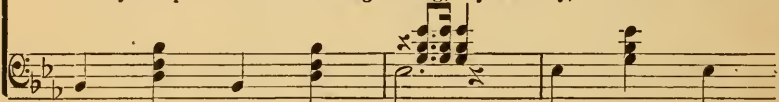
THORO HARRIS.



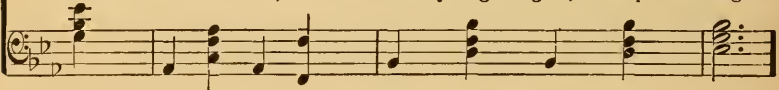
1. If we wish to free our coun-try from the curse of Drink, Ev - 'ry
2. We must march a - long like sol - diers, ev - er brave and true, As our
3. If we march and nev - er fal - ter, if we fight to win, If we



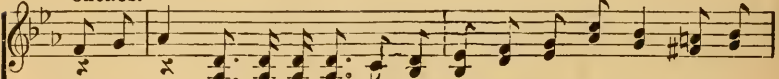
man must always true and faithful be; If up - on the field we wav - er  
col - ors to the world we bold - ly show; Ev - 'ry man must heed the or - ders,  
al - ways keep our faith and cour-age strong, By and by, thro' him who suffered



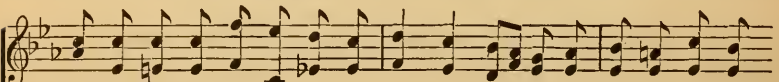
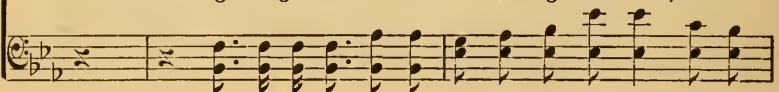
or from du - ty shrink, We can nev - er hope to win the vic - to - ry.  
each his part must do, From the shoul - der we must send a tell - ing blow.  
to re - deem from sin, We shall sure - ly sing the glad, tri-umph - ant song.



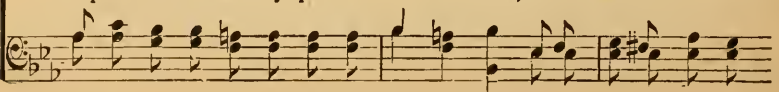
## CHORUS.



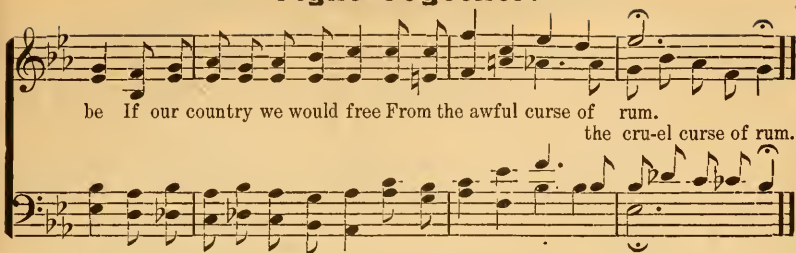
We must all fight to-ge-th-er for a true and righteous cause, We must



help e - nact and car - ry pro - hi - bi - tion laws; Each a war - rior true must



## Fight Together.

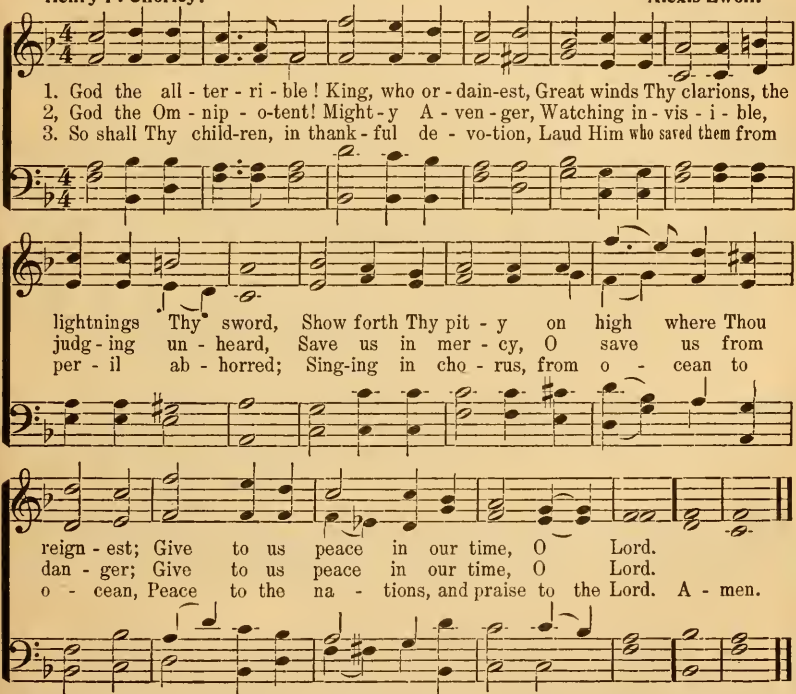


be If our country we would free From the awful curse of rum.  
the cru-el curse of rum.

## No. 33. God the All-Terrible!

Henry F. Chorley.

Alexis Lwoff.



1. God the all - ter - ri - ble! King, who or - dain - est, Great winds Thy clarions, the  
2, God the Om - nip - o - tent! Might - y A - ven - ger, Watching in - vis - i - ble,  
3. So shall Thy child - ren, in thank - ful de - vo - tion, Laud Him who saved them from

lightnings Thy sword, Show forth Thy pit - y on high where Thou  
judg - ing un - heard, Save us in mer - cy, O save us from  
per - il ab - horred; Sing - ing in cho - rus, from o - cean to

reign - est; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.  
dan - ger; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.  
o - cean, Peace to the na - tions, and praise to the Lord. A - men.

## No. 34.

Tune above. Rev. Ellsha A. Hoffman, by per.

1. Almighty Lord of all! Ruler of nations!  
Do thou our land and her people befriend;  
Hear as we offer this humble petition,  
Hear, and the country we love defend.
2. Evil has very long lingered among us,  
And from the people wrung sorrow and tears;  
Make bare thine arm, Lord, assure our protection,  
And be our guardian through all the years.
3. Almighty Lord of all! shake thou the nation,  
Till all injustice and evil shall flee;  
Till peace and righteousness our land shall cover  
And all the people thine own shall be.

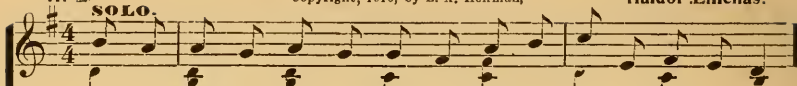
# No. 35. I Remember Mother's Prayers.

H. L.

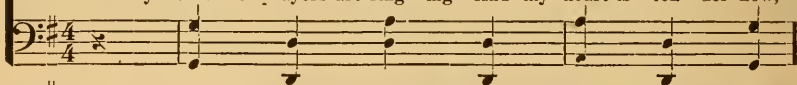
Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman,

Haldor Lillenas.

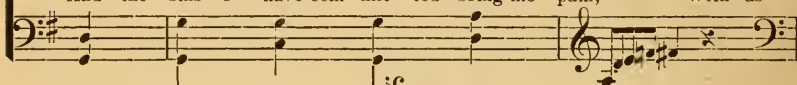
SOLO.



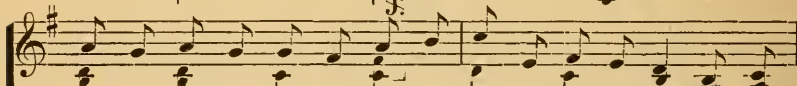
1. O how sweet the rec - ol - lections Of the days from care so free,
2. Ma - ny wea - ry years I've wandered, Far a - way from home and God,
3. In my ears her prayers are ring - ing And my heart is ten - der now,



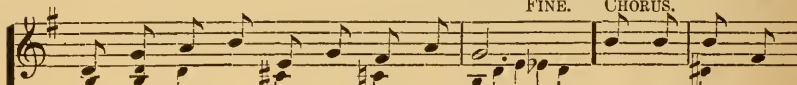
That were spent at home with moth - er kind and true! Of - ten  
And my heart o - night is filled with grief and pain; I re -  
And the sins I have com - mit - ted bring me pain; With as -



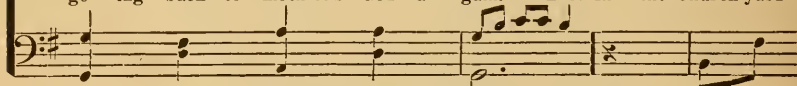
as the day - light fad - ed, And I knelt be - side her knee, She would  
mem - ber moth - er's plead - ing, Tho' she sleeps be - neath the sod, I am  
sur - rance of for - give - ness At the heav'n - ly throne I bow, I am



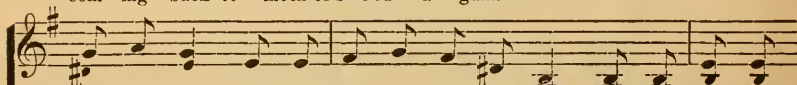
*D. S.*—And my heart is sad to - day; But I  
In the man - sions grand and fair, For I'm  
FINE. CHORUS.



tell the gos - pel sto - ry ev - er new. 1. In the church - yard  
go - ing back to moth - er's God a - gain.  
go ing back to moth - er's God a - gain. 2-3. In the church - yard



nev - er shall for - get my moth - er's prayers.  
com - ing back to moth - er's God a - gain.



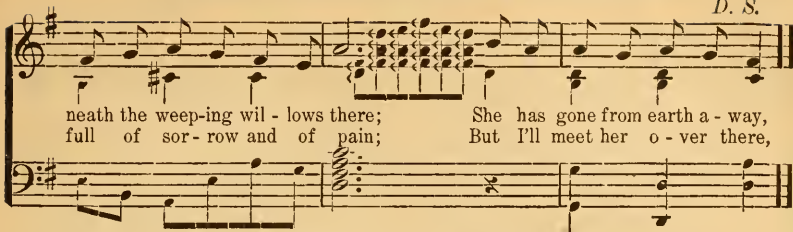
lone and gray, They have laid her form a - way, And it rests be -  
lone and gray, They have laid her form a - way, And my heart is





# I Remember Mother's Prayers.

*D. S.*



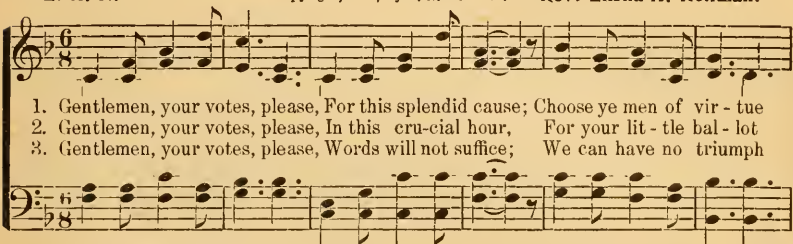
neath the weep-ing wil - lows there; She has gone from earth a - way,  
full of sor - row and of pain; But I'll meet her o - ver there,

## No. 36. Gentlemen, Your Votes, Please.

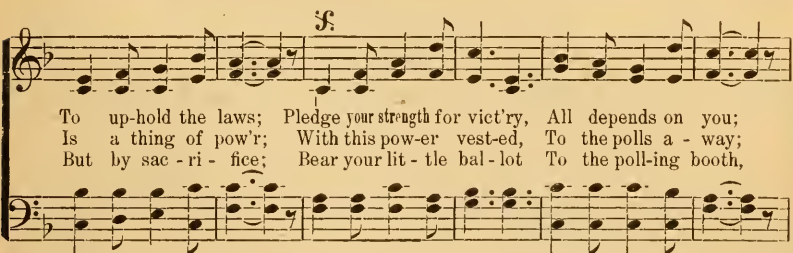
E. A. H.

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Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

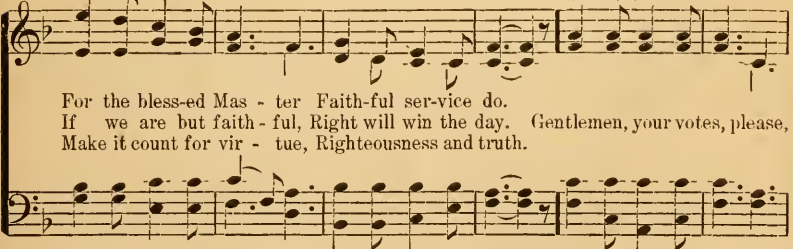


1. Gentlemen, your votes, please, For this splendid cause; Choose ye men of vir - tue  
2. Gentlemen, your votes, please, In this cru - cial hour, For your lit - tle bal - lot  
3. Gentlemen, your votes, please, Words will not suffice; We can have no triumph



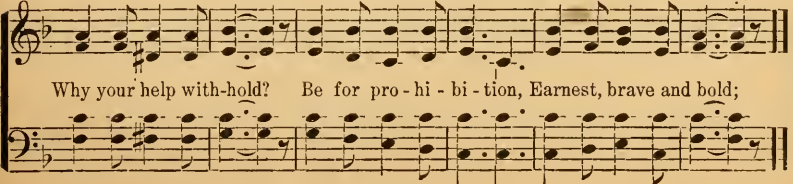
To up-hold the laws; Pledge your strength for vict'ry, All depends on you;  
Is a thing of pow'r; With this pow-er vest-ed, To the polls a - way;  
But by sac - ri - fice; Bear your lit - tle bal - lot To the poll-ing booth,

FINE. CHORUS.



For the bless-ed Mas - ter Faith-ful ser-vice do.  
If we are but faith - ful, Right will win the day. Gentlemen, your votes, please,  
Make it count for vir - tue, Righteousness and truth.

*D. S.*



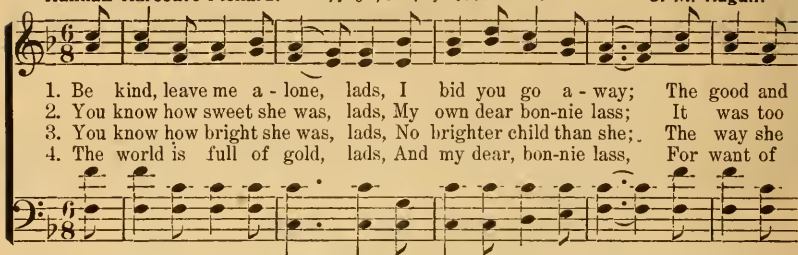
Why your help with-hold? Be for pro - hi - bi - tion, Earnest, brave and bold;

# No. 37. She Died for Want of Bread.

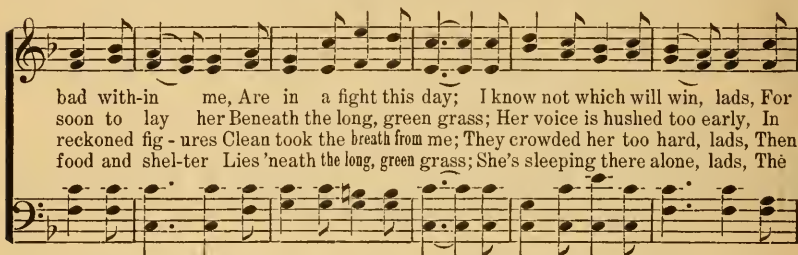
Hannah Harcourt Pickard.

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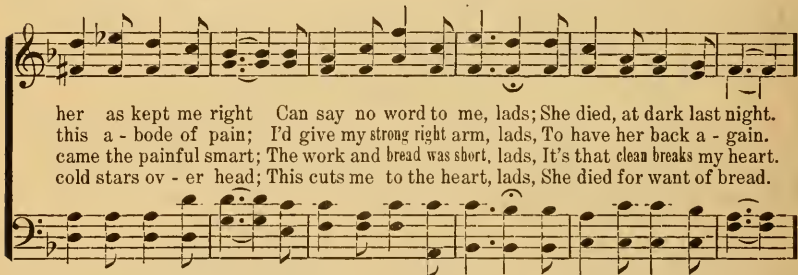
J. M. Hagan.



1. Be kind, leave me a - lone, lads, I bid you go a - way; The good and  
2. You know how sweet she was, lads, My own dear bon-nie lass; It was too  
3. You know how bright she was, lads, No brighter child than she; The way she  
4. The world is full of gold, lads, And my dear, bon-nie lass, For want of

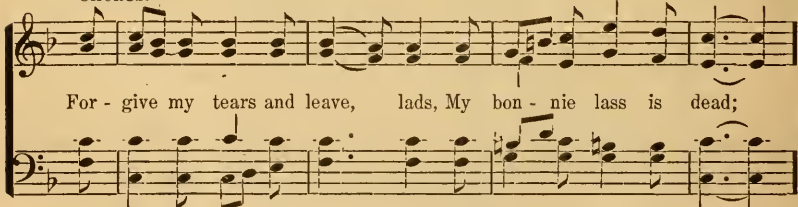


bad with-in me, Are in a fight this day; I know not which will win, lads, For  
soon to lay her Beneath the long, green grass; Her voice is hushed too early, In  
reckoned fig - ures Clean took the breath from me; They crowded her too hard, lads, Then  
food and shel-ter Lies 'neath the long, green grass; She's sleeping there alone, lads, Thè

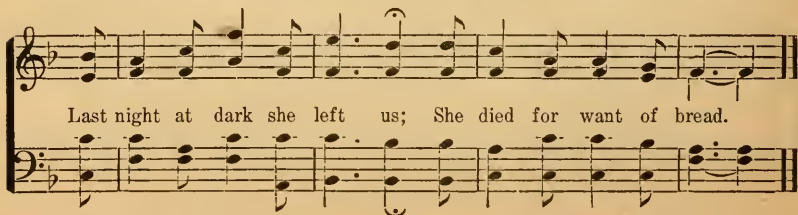


her as kept me right Can say no word to me, lads; She died, at dark last night.  
this a - bode of pain; I'd give my strong right arm, lads, To have her back a - gain.  
came the painful smart; The work and bread was short, lads, It's that clean breaks my heart.  
cold stars ov - er head; This cuts me to the heart, lads, She died for want of bread.

## CHORUS.



For - give my tears and leave, lads, My bon - nie lass is dead;



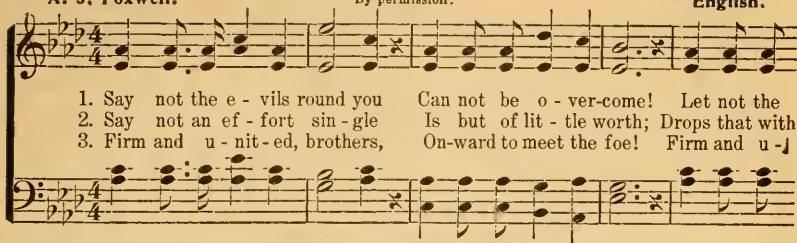
Last night at dark she left us; She died for want of bread.

# No. 38. Say Not the Evils Round You.

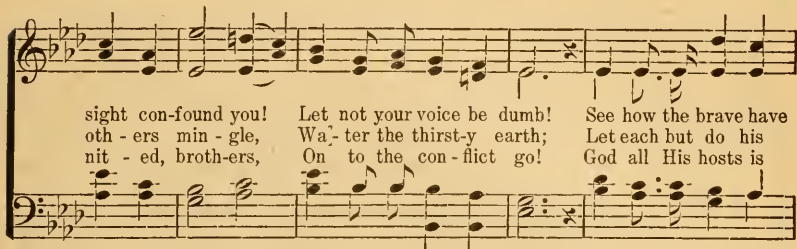
A. J. Foxwell.

By permission.

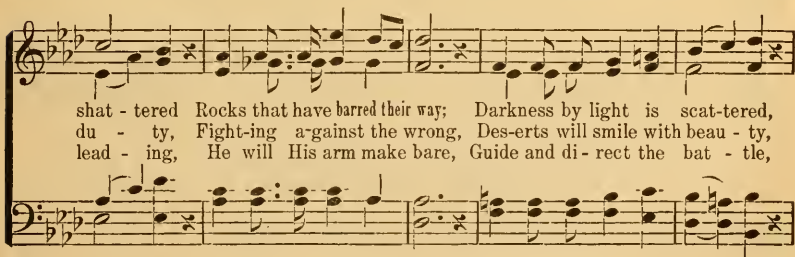
English.



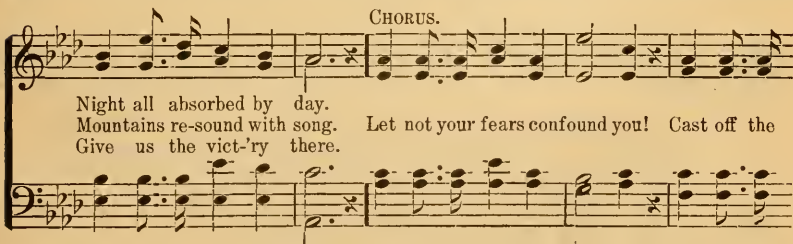
1. Say not the e - vils round you Can not be o - ver-come! Let not the  
 2. Say not an ef - fort sin - gle Is but of lit - tle worth; Drops that with  
 3. Firm and u - nit-ed, brothers, On-ward to meet the foe! Firm and u -



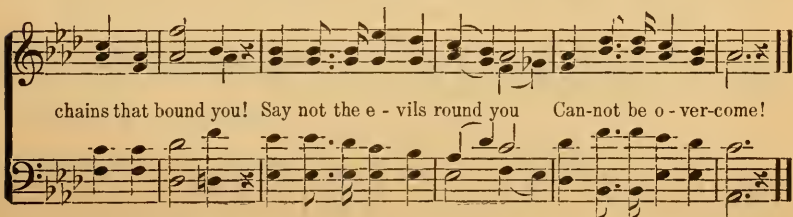
sight con-found you! Let not your voice be dumb! See how the brave have  
 oth - ers min - gle, Wa - ter the thirst-y earth; Let each but do his  
 nit - ed, broth-ers, On to the con - flict go! God all His hosts is



shat - tered Rocks that have barred their way; Darkness by light is scat-tered,  
 du - ty, Fight-ing a-against the wrong, Des-erts will smile with beau - ty,  
 lead - ing, He will His arm make bare, Guide and di - rect the bat - tle,



CHORUS.  
 Night all absorbed by day.  
 Mountains re-sound with song. Let not your fears confound you! Cast off the  
 Give us the vict'-ry there.



chains that bound you! Say not the e - vils round you Can-not be o - ver-come!

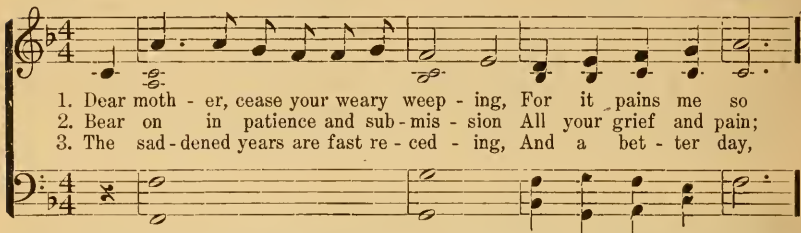
# No. 39. Mother, Cease Your Weeping.

NANNETTE, whose father was a drunkard, seeing the tears of sorrow trickling down her mother's wan cheeks, threw her arms tenderly around her, imprinted a kiss upon her saddened brow, and said: "Dear mother, cease your weeping, we'll trust in God, and be kind to father; perhaps he will grow kind to us again."

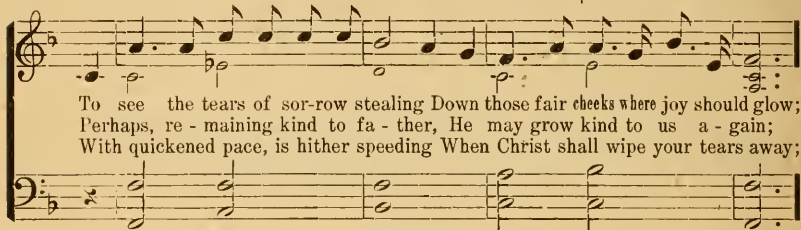
E. A. H.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

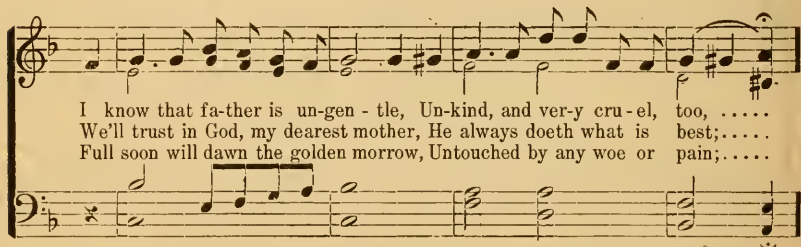
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



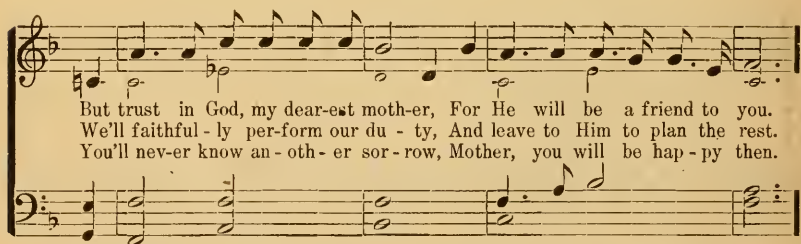
1. Dear moth - er, cease your weary weep - ing, For it pains me so  
2. Bear on in patience and sub - mis - sion All your grief and pain;  
3. The sad - dened years are fast re - ced - ing, And a bet - ter day,



To see the tears of sor - row stealing Down those fair cheeks where joy should glow;  
Perhaps, re - maining kind to fa - ther, He may grow kind to us a - gain;  
With quickened pace, is hither speeding When Christ shall wipe your tears away;

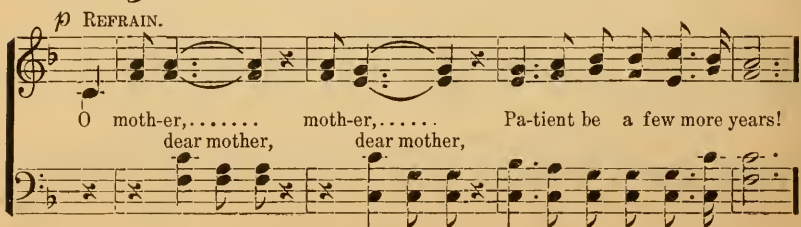


I know that fa - ther is un - gen - tle, Un - kind, and ver - y cru - el, too, .....  
We'll trust in God, my dearest mother, He always doeth what is best;.....  
Full soon will dawn the golden morrow, Untouched by any woe or pain;.....



But trust in God, my dear - est moth - er, For He will be a friend to you.  
We'll faith - ful - ly per - form our du - ty, And leave to Him to plan the rest.  
You'll nev - er know an - oth - er sor - row, Mother, you will be hap - py then.

*p* REFRAIN.



O moth - er, ..... moth - er, ..... Pa - tient be a few more years!  
dear mother, dear mother,



# Mother, Cease Your Weeping.

0 moth-er, ..... dear moth-er, ..... Cease your flowing, flowing tears.  
 dear mother, dear mother,

## No. 40.

## Our Battle Cry.

E. A. H.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Sing we our bat-tle song, sing it loud and clear, Sing it with ear-nest-ness,  
 2. Form in-to bat-tle line, close the ranks to-day, Hear our Commander shout,  
 3. Car-ry the standard fair to the bat-tle field, Plant it se-cure-ly there,

let the peo-ple hear; Sing it all glo-ri-ous-ly o-ver the land and sea,  
 "To the fight a-way!" No time to i-dle be, God counts on you and me,  
 to no foe-man yield; Go all-re-joice-ing-ly, serve with fi-del-i-ty,

D. S.—On, and be brave and strong, Hard tho' the fight and long,

FINE. CHORUS.

As we bear a stainless flag to vic-to-ry!  
 We must bear our stainless flag to vic-to-ry! This be our bat-tle cry,  
 We must bear our stainless flag to vic-to-ry!

We must bear our stainless flag to vic-to-ry!

Vic-to-ry! For this, O dare and die, for Vic-to-ry!

# No. 41.

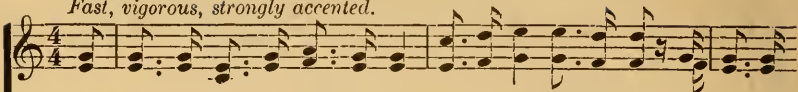
# The Modern Jericho.

J. C. Boardman.

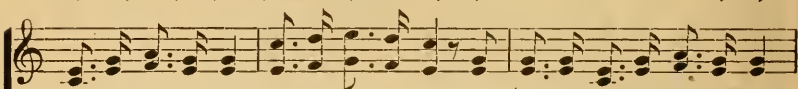
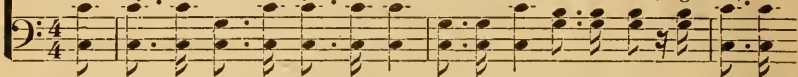
Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

Ira. O. Hoffman.

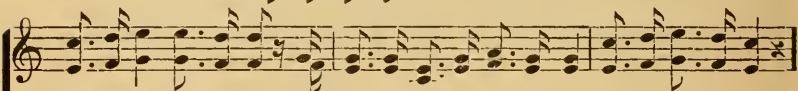
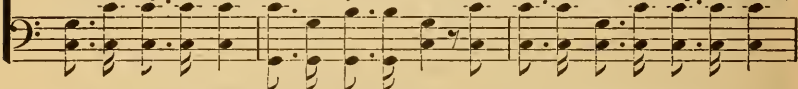
*Fast, vigorous, strongly accented.*



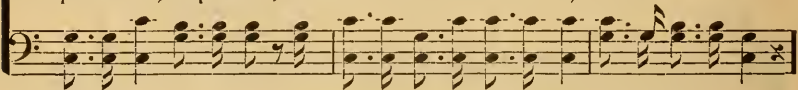
1. A might - ier ar - my's march - ing on, marching on, marching on, Than that which
2. O Jer - i - cho! stronghold of sin, Jer - i - cho, Jer - i - cho, The Lord shall
3. Ye sol - diers of the heav - 'nly King, heav'nly King, heav'nly King, March on and
4. The arm of God has been made bare, been made bare, been made bare, Then let us
5. A - way with doubt, a-way with fear, ban - ish fear, ban-ish fear, Fight on, the



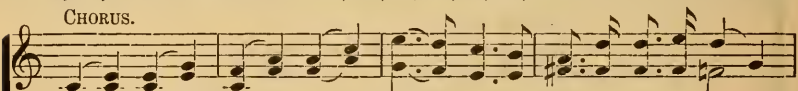
took old Ba - by - lon, took old Ba - by - lon; 'Tis Christ who leads against the foe,  
reign thy gates with-in, reign thy gates within; His name thy children all shall know,  
glad ho-san-nahs sing, glad ho-san-nahs sing; With Christ, tri-umph-ant ye shall go,  
do and let us dare, let us do and dare; The wicked and the proud bring low,  
vic - to - ry is near, vic - to - ry is near, And soon Je - hovah's trump shall blow,



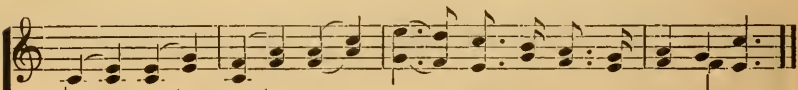
'gainst the foe, 'gainst the foe, Be-fore the walls of Jer - i - cho, walls of Jer - i - cho.  
all shall know, all shall know, Within the walls of Jer - i - cho, walls of Jer - i - cho.  
ye shall go, ye shall go, Within the walls of Jer - i - cho, walls of Jer - i - cho.  
proud bring low, proud bring low, And crush the walls of Jer - i - cho, walls of Jer - i - cho.  
trump shall blow, trump shall blow, A-bove the walls of Jer - i - cho, walls of Jer - i - cho.



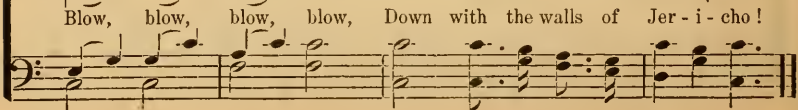
CHORUS.



Blow, blow, blow, blow, All ye the Gos - pel trum-pet blow !



Blow, blow, blow, blow, Down with the walls of Jer - i - cho !



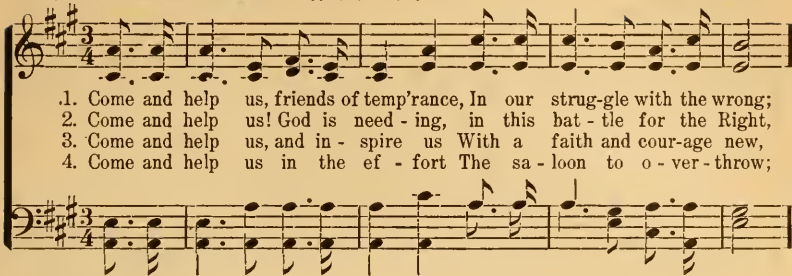
# No. 42.

# Come and Help Us.

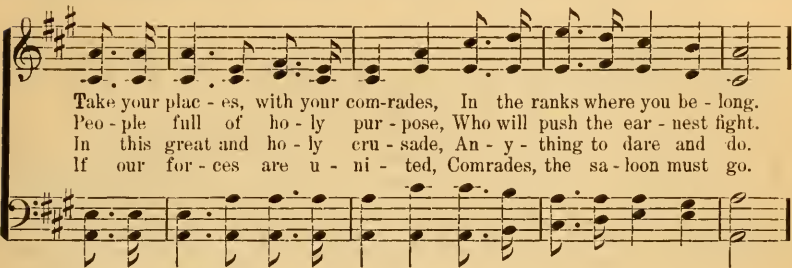
Rev. Ellsha A. Hoffman.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

Albert Hook.

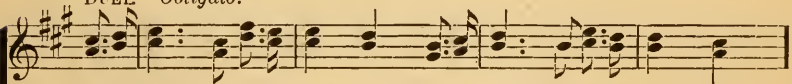


1. Come and help us, friends of temp'rance, In our strug-gle with the wrong;  
 2. Come and help us! God is need-ing, in this bat-tle for the Right,  
 3. Come and help us, and in-spire us With a faith and cour-age new,  
 4. Come and help us in the ef-fort The sa-loon to o-ver-throw;



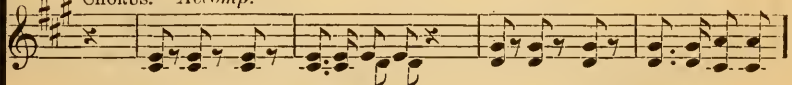
Take your plac-es, with your com-rades, In the ranks where you be-long.  
 Peo-ple full of ho-ly pur-pose, Who will push the ear-nest fight.  
 In this great and ho-ly cru-sade, An-y-thing to dare and do.  
 If our for-ces are u-ni-ted, Comrades, the sa-loon must go.

## DUET. *Obligato.*

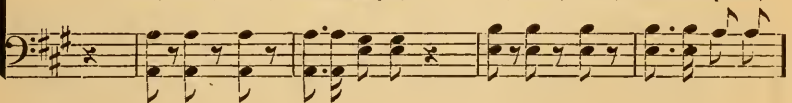
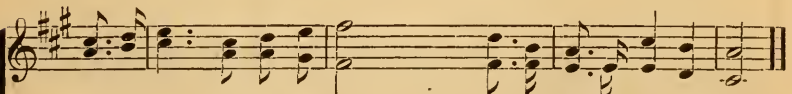


Come and help us, come and help us, Come and help us, friends of temp'rance;

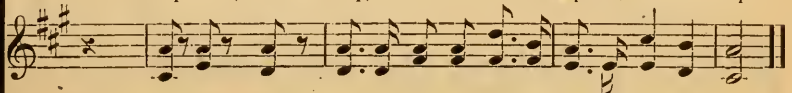
## CHORUS. *Accomp.*



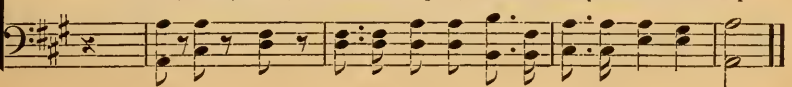
Come, come, come, come and help us, Come, come, come, friends of temp'rance,

Come and help us, come and help, Friends of temp'rance, come and help.



Come, come, come, come and help us, Friends of temp'rance, come and help.



# No. 43. Fight and Pray for Victory.

E. A. H.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

*Stately.*

1. { Forward march with song, In an ar-my strong, God and righteousness on your side; }  
 { Bold and fear-less be, You shall wonders see, [Omit . . . . .] }  
 2. { To the battle field! Fight and never yield; God needs freemen of cour-age rare; }  
 { To the Lord be true, Fight the battle thro', [Omit . . . . .] }  
 3. { Sound the bat-tle cry, Lift the ban-ner high, And to vic-to-ry for-ward go; }  
 { Have no doubt or fear, God is ev-er near, [Omit . . . . .] }

God will in-fi-nite strength provide; For-ward, then in brave en-deav-or,  
 And the hon-or and glo-ry share; For the cause so grand and roy-al,  
 Will His en-e-mies o-ver-throw; On-ward go, the bat-tle press-ing,

Press to con-flict, fal-ter nev-er; On with cour-age go,  
 God wants sol-diers brave and loy-al; Firm and fear-less be,  
 Have the faith that brings the bless-ing; God is on your side,

Meet and face the foe, Then the joy of tri-umph you shall know.  
 Hope for vic-to-ry, And sur-pris-ing won-ders you shall see.  
 Strength He will pro-vide, On-ly in His love and grace con-fide.

REFRAIN. *m*

On-ly forward go, Meet and face the foe, Pray, and vic-to-ry you shall know.



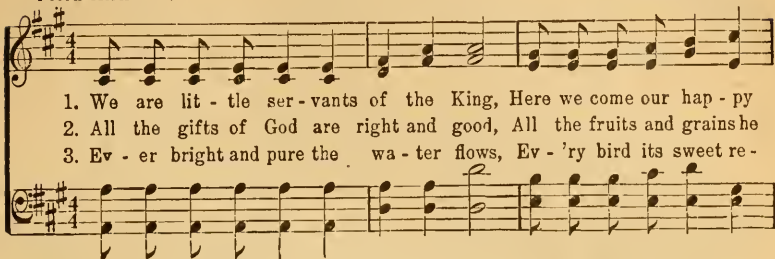
## No. 44. Little White Ribboners.

Semi-chorus, or whole primary school; each child wearing a knot of white ribbon.  
If possible, a semi-chorus from temperance juniors.

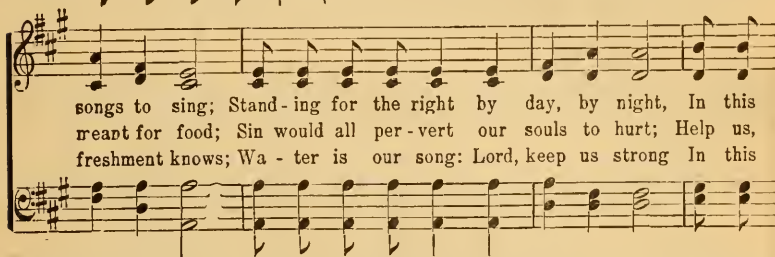
Flora Kirkland.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

Thoro Harris.

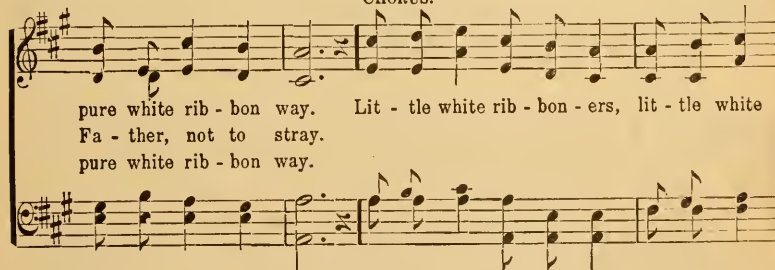


1. We are lit - tle ser - vants of the King, Here we come our hap - py  
2. All the gifts of God are right and good, All the fruits and grains he  
3. Ev - er bright and pure the wa - ter flows, Ev - 'ry bird its sweet re -

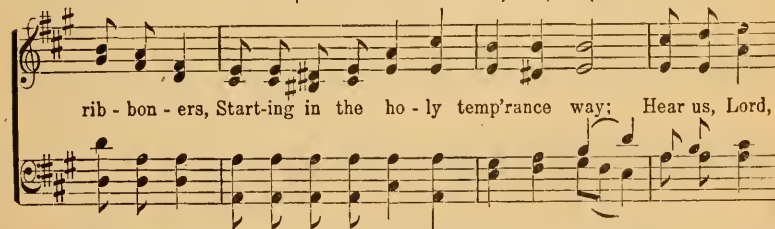


songs to sing; Stand - ing for the right by day, by night, In this  
meant for food; Sin would all per - vert our souls to hurt; Help us,  
freshment knows; Wa - ter is our song: Lord, keep us strong In this

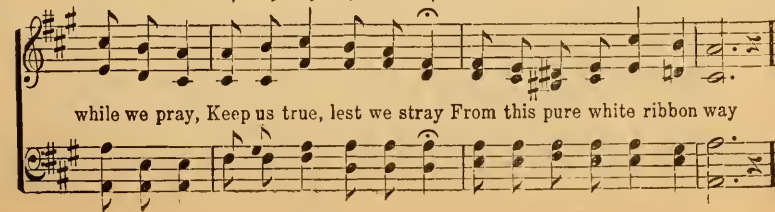
### CHORUS.



pure white rib - bon way. Lit - tle white rib - bon - ers, lit - tle white  
Fa - ther, not to stray.  
pure white rib - bon way.



rib - bon - ers, Start - ing in the ho - ly temp'rance way; Hear us, Lord,



while we pray, Keep us true, lest we stray From this pure white ribbon way

# No. 45.

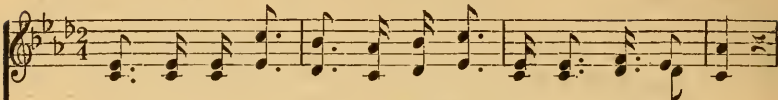
# The Saloon Must Go.

TUNE—"Comin' Thro' The Rye."

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Used by permission of E. A. Hoffman.

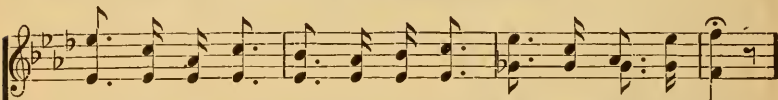
Scotch Ballad.



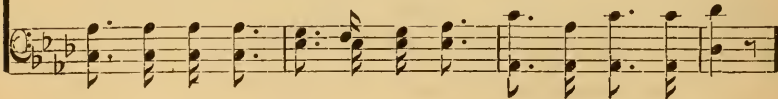
1. Aft - er ma - ny years of pray - ing The sa - loon must go;
2. We have late - ly done some think - ing, The sa - loon must go;
3. We a tax have been de - riv - ing, Shame that it was so;
4. Homes now shadowed will be brighter, The sa - loon must go;



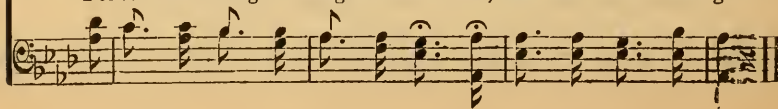
Men with earn - est - ness are say - ing, The sa - loon must go;  
At this e - vil we've been wink - ing, The sa - loon must go;  
We are done with such con - niv - ing, The sa - loon must go;  
Hearts now saddened will be light - er, The sa - loon must go;



It has wrought so much of sor - row, And so much of woe;  
Homes have long e - nough been blight - ed, Jus - tice has been slow,  
Love and jus - tice now are call - ing For its o - ver - throw,  
The sa - loon will on the mor - row Have its o - ver - throw;



O, there will dawn a bet - ter mor - row! The sa - loon must go.  
The cru - el wrong must now be right - ed, The sa - loon must go.  
And with its deeds of wrong ap - pall - ing, The sa - loon must go.  
For it has wrought e - nough of sor - row, The sa - loon must go.

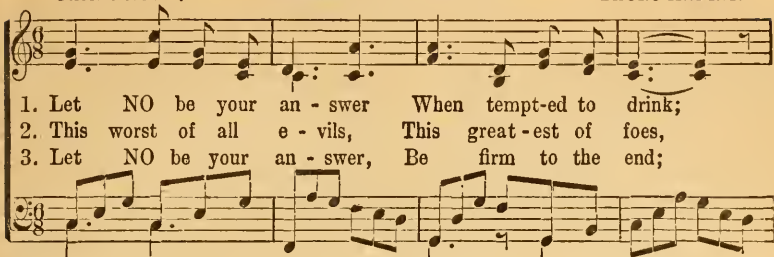


# No. 46. Let "No" Be Your Answer.

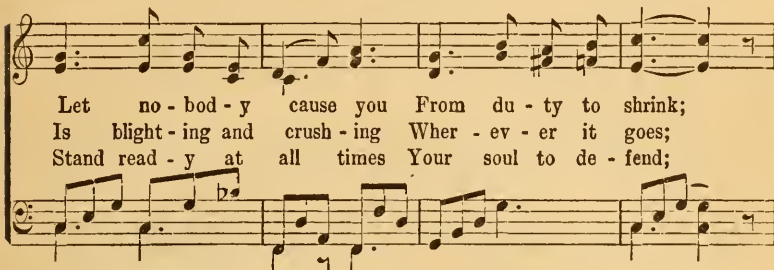
JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

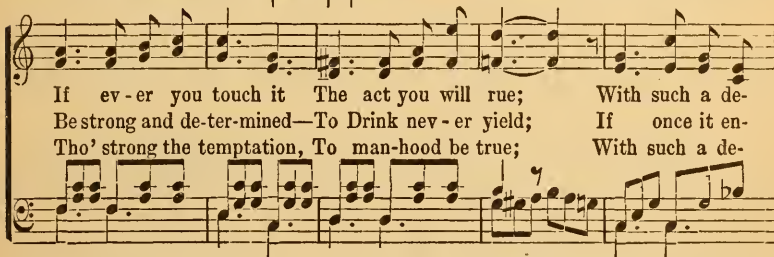
THORO HARRIS.



1. Let NO be your an - swer When tempt-ed to drink;  
 2. This worst of all e - vils, This great-est of foes,  
 3. Let NO be your an - swer, Be firm to the end;

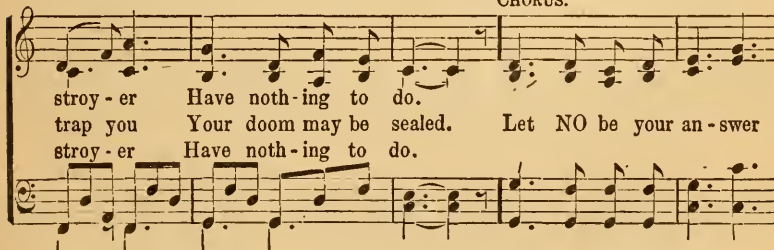


Let no - bod - y cause you From du - ty to shrink;  
 Is blight - ing and crush - ing Wher - ev - er it goes;  
 Stand read - y at all times Your soul to de - fend;

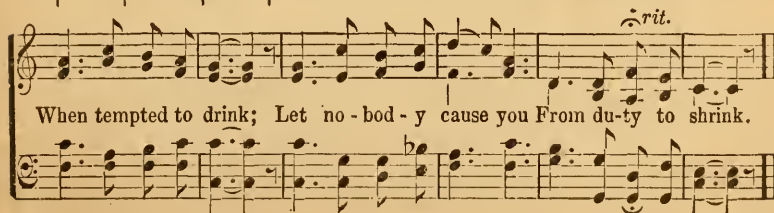


If ev - er you touch it The act you will rue; With such a de-  
 Be strong and de - ter - mined — To Drink nev - er yield; If once it en-  
 Tho' strong the temptation, To man-hood be true; With such a de-

## CHORUS.



stroy - er Have noth - ing to do.  
 trap you Your doom may be sealed. Let NO be your an - swer  
 stroy - er Have noth - ing to do.



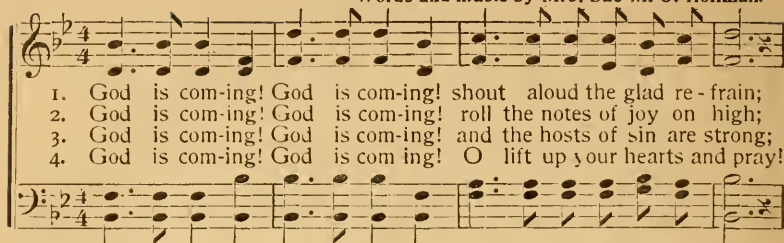
When tempted to drink; Let no - bod - y cause you From du - ty to shrink.

# No. 47.

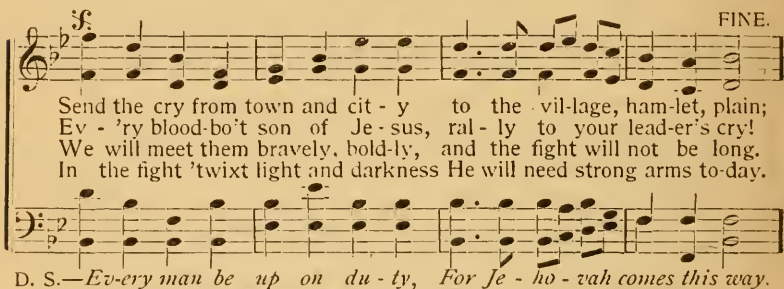
# God Is Coming.

Used by permission of E. A. Hoffman.

Words and music by Mrs. Sue M. O. Hoffman.

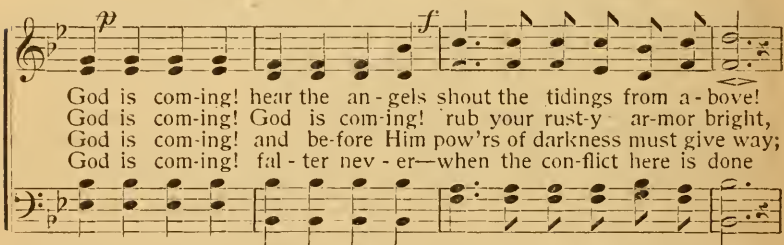


1. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! shout aloud the glad re - frain;  
 2. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! roll the notes of joy on high;  
 3. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! and the hosts of sin are strong;  
 4. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! O lift up your hearts and pray!

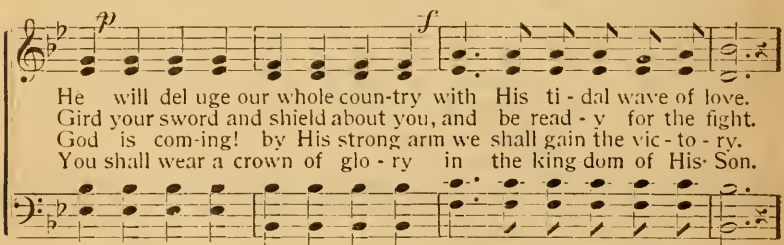


Send the cry from town and cit - y to the vil-lage, ham-let, plain;  
 Ev - 'ry blood-bo't son of Je - sus, ral - ly to your lead-er's cry!  
 We will meet them bravely, bold-ly, and the fight will not be long.  
 In the fight 'twixt light and darkness He will need strong arms to-day.

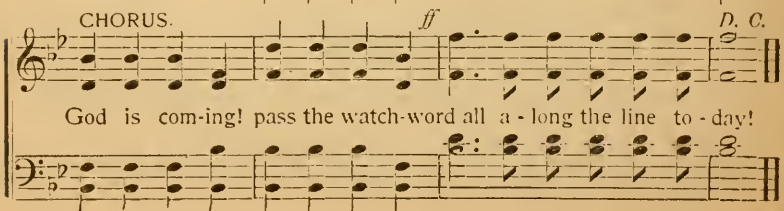
D. S.—*Ev-ery man be up on du - ty, For Je - ho - vah comes this way.*



God is com-ing! hear the an - gels shout the tidings from a - bove!  
 God is com-ing! God is com-ing! rub your rust-y ar-mor bright,  
 God is com-ing! and be-fore Him pow'rs of darkness must give way;  
 God is com-ing! fal - ter nev - er—when the con-flict here is done



He will del uge our whole coun-try with His ti - dal wave of love.  
 Gird your sword and shield about you, and be read - y for the fight.  
 God is com-ing! by His strong arm we shall gain the vic - to - ry.  
 You shall wear a crown of glo - ry in the king dom of His Son.



CHORUS.

God is com-ing! pass the watch-word all a - long the line to - day!



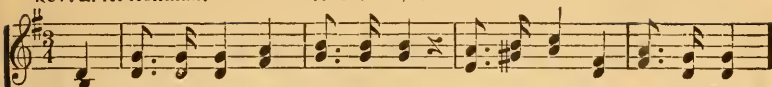
# No. 48.

# What's the News?

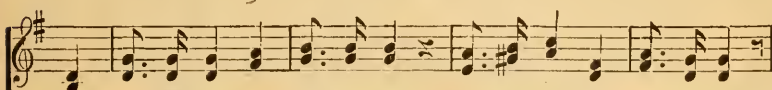
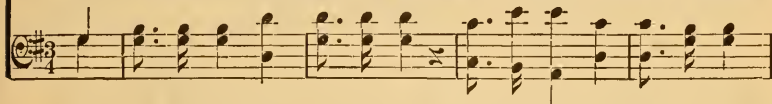
TUNE—"Maryland, my Maryland."

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

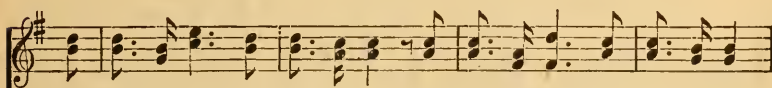
Words copyright, 1909, by E. A. Hoffman.



1. Wher-e'er we go the peo - ple say, What's the news? O, what's the news?
2. The world is ask - ing far and near, What's the news? O, what's the news?
3. The temp'rance arm-ies march a-long, That's the news? O, that's the news?



What are the ti - dings of the day? What's the news? O, what's the news?  
 What brings the message, hope and cheer? What's the news? O, what's the news?  
 They mus-ter millions, brave and strong, That's the news? O, that's the news?



O, we have glad-some news to tell, The cause of Right is go - ing well,  
 We ti-dings bring of joy and cheer, The hour of tri - umph now is near,  
 Their hearts are set on vic - to - ry, A tri-umph that com-plete will be,



And wrong now hears its fune-ral knell, That's the news, O that's the news?  
 The curse of drink must dis - ap-pear, That's the news, O that's the news?  
 Then will they shout their ju - bi - lee, That's the news, O that's the news?

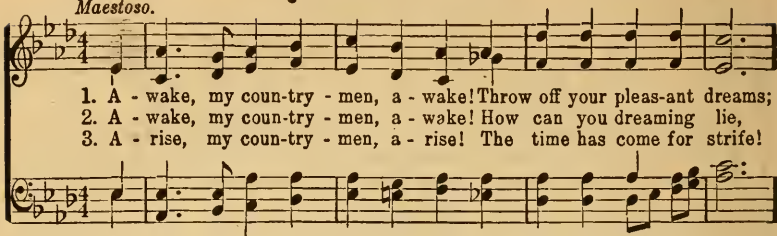


# No. 49. My Countrymen, Awake!

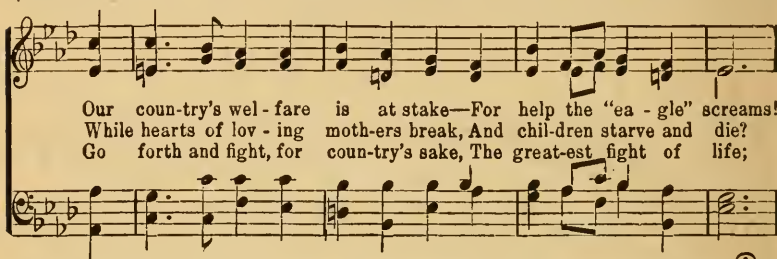
JAMES ROWE.  
Maestoso.

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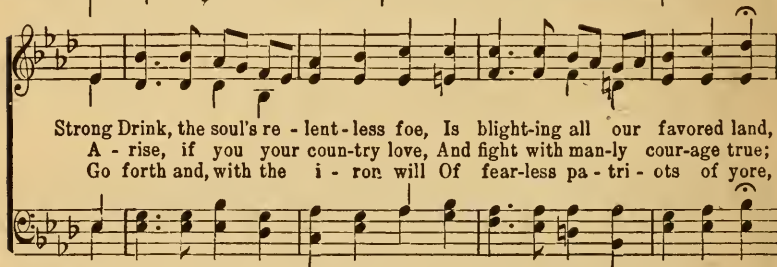
THORO, HARRIS.



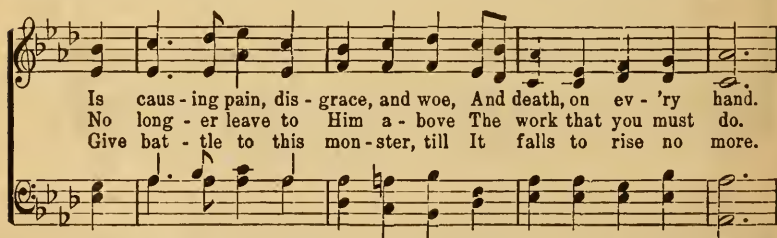
1. A - wake, my coun-try - men, a - wake! Throw off your pleas-ant dreams;  
2. A - wake, my coun-try - men, a - wake! How can you dreaming lie,  
3. A - rise, my coun-try - men, a - rise! The time has come for strife!



Our coun-try's wel-fare is at stake—For help the "ea-gle" screams!  
While hearts of lov-ing moth-ers break, And chil-dren starve and die?  
Go forth and fight, for coun-try's sake, The great-est fight of life;



Strong Drink, the soul's re-lent-less foe, Is blight-ing all our favored land,  
A - rise, if you your coun-try love, And fight with man-ly cour-age true;  
Go forth and, with the i-ron will Of fear-less pa-tri-ots of yore,



Is caus-ing pain, dis-grace, and woe, And death, on ev-'ry hand.  
No long-er leave to Him a-bove The work that you must do.  
Give bat-tle to this mon-ster, till It falls to rise no more.

CHORUS.



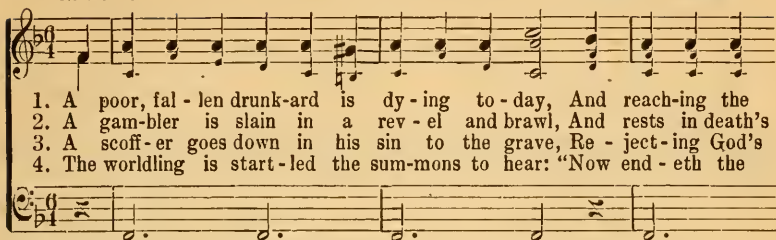
A-wake, a-wake! A - rise, arise! My countrymen, a-wake!  
A-wake, a-wake! A - rise,

# No. 50. Will You Give Your Boy?

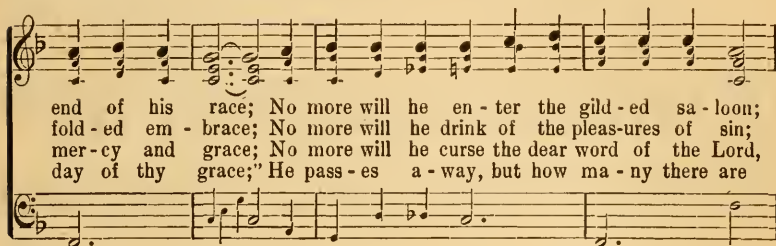
E. A. H.

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USED BY PER.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

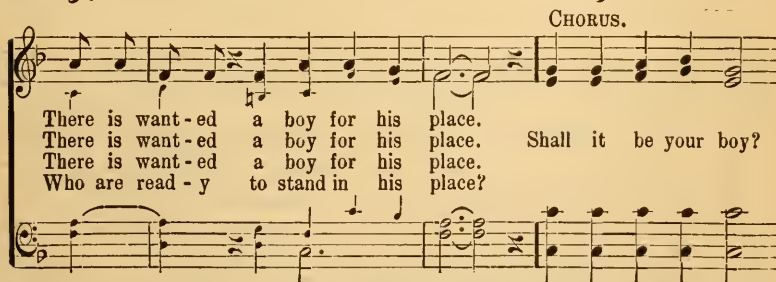


1. A poor, fal - len drunk - ard is dy - ing to - day, And reach - ing the  
2. A gam - bler is slain in a rev - el and brawl, And rests in death's  
3. A scoff - er goes down in his sin to the grave, Re - ject - ing God's  
4. The worldling is start - led the sum - mons to hear: "Now end - eth the

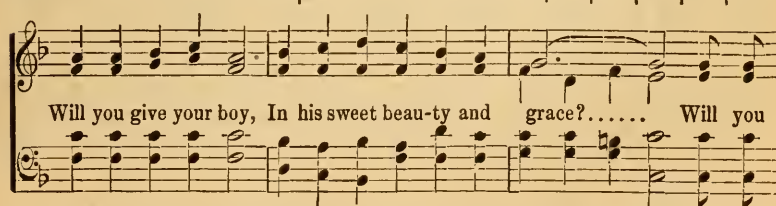


end of his race; No more will he en - ter the gild - ed sa - loon;  
fold - ed em - brace; No more will he drink of the pleas - ures of sin;  
mer - cy and grace; No more will he curse the dear word of the Lord,  
day of thy grace;" He pass - es a - way, but how ma - ny there are

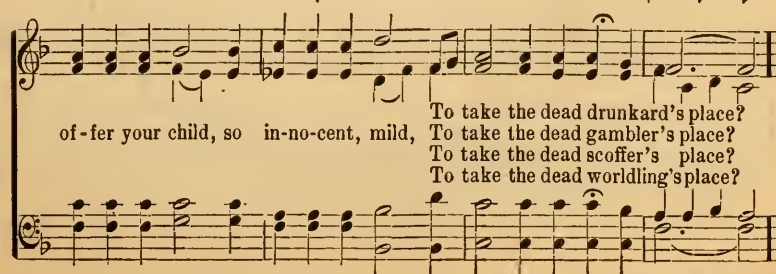
CHORUS.



There is want - ed a boy for his place.  
There is want - ed a boy for his place. Shall it be your boy?  
There is want - ed a boy for his place.  
Who are read - y to stand in his place?



Will you give your boy, In his sweet beau - ty and grace?..... Will you



of - fer your child, so in - no - cent, mild,  
To take the dead drunkard's place?  
To take the dead gambler's place?  
To take the dead scoffer's place?  
To take the dead worldling's place?

# No. 51.

# Save the Boy!

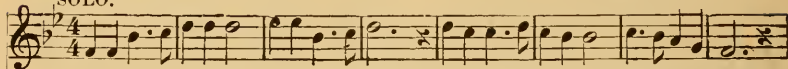
"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—PROV. 10: 1.

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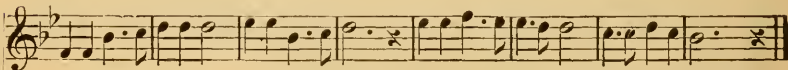
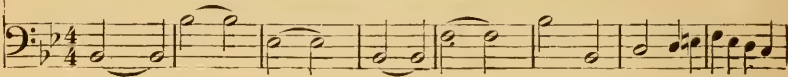
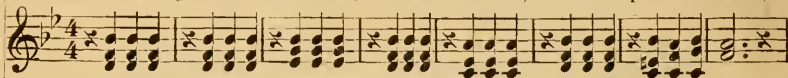
Mrs. S. C. Ellsworth.

W. Warren Bentley.

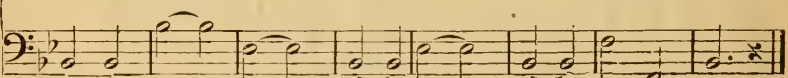
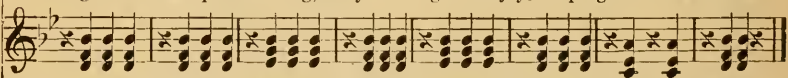
SOLO.



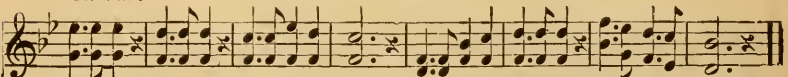
1. Once he was so light and fair, Glad, and light and free [Life was dear to me; Fill'd my soul with peace and joy]
2. Once he was so brave and true, Shunn'd the tempter's pow'r; [stood, Till that dreadful hour. Once for right he firmly]
3. Once he was my only hope, Source of joy and pride, [Hold him to my side, Then I thought that love might clasp]
4. Tell him though he's wandered far, Love can never die, [Looks with patient eye, Lives in hope of his return,



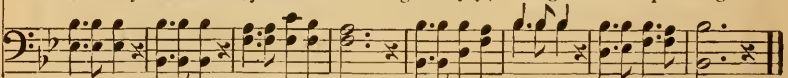
But he took the fatal glass, 'Twas a fleeting joy, Drank, and lo, the hand of death, Grasp'd [my darling boy,  
Bright and sparkling was the cup, Seem'd without alloy, Fair the hand that captive led, [My poor wandering boy!  
But today my boy forsakes Home with all its oy, Far in sin he's wandering now, Save, [oh save my boy.  
Loving hearts have pleaded long, Pray'd for light and joy, Keeping still a welcome there [For the wandering boy.



Chorus.



Save the boy! Save the boy! Heav'n will ring with joy; Loving hearts are pleading now [Save, O save the boy!





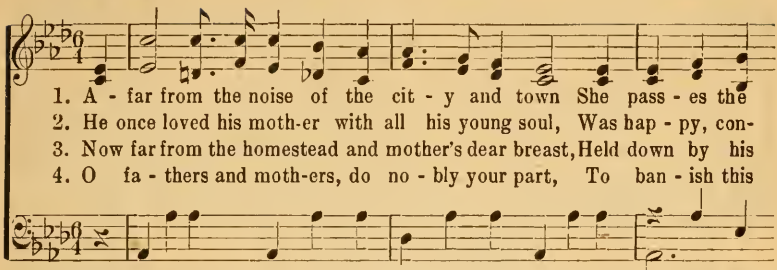
## No. 52.

## The Mother's Wail.

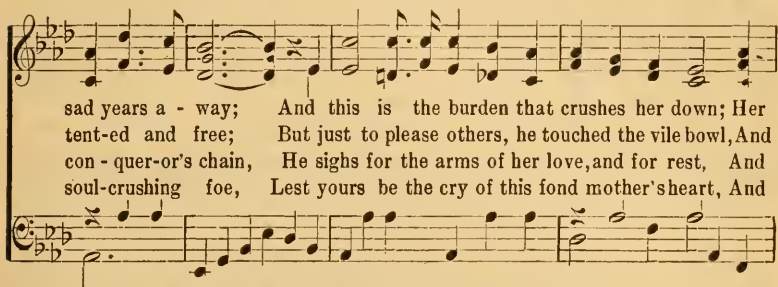
JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

THORO HARRIS.

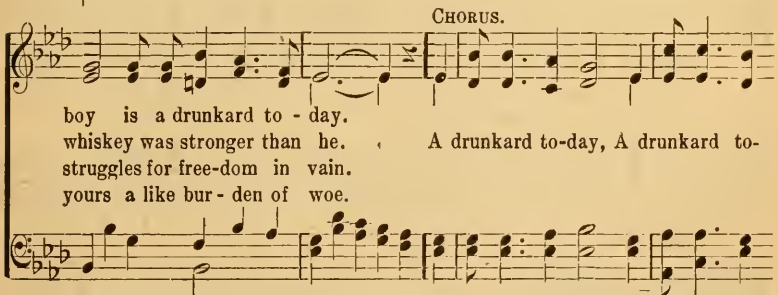


1. A - far from the noise of the cit - y and town She pass - es the  
 2. He once loved his moth-er with all his young soul, Was hap - py, con-  
 3. Now far from the homestead and mother's dear breast, Held down by his  
 4. O fa - thers and moth-ers, do no - bly your part, To ban - ish this

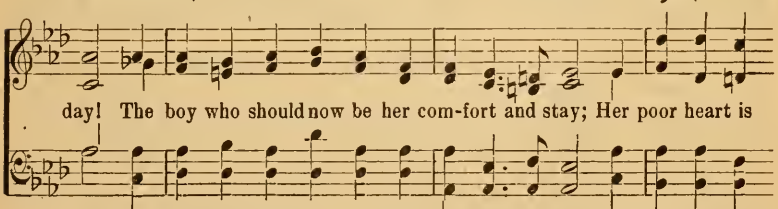


sad years a - way; And this is the burden that crushes her down; Her  
 tent-ed and free; But just to please others, he touched the vile bowl, And  
 con - quer-or's chain, He sighs for the arms of her love, and for rest, And  
 soul-crushing foe, Lest yours be the cry of this fond mother's heart, And

CHORUS.

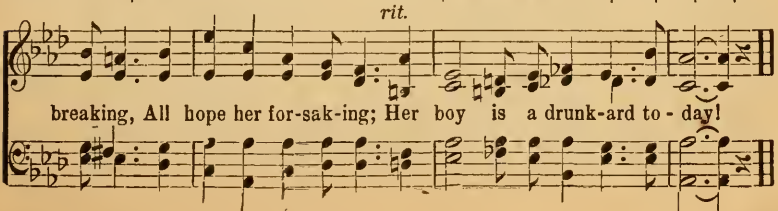


boy is a drunkard to - day.  
 whiskey was stronger than he. A drunkard to-day, A drunkard to-  
 struggles for free-dom in vain.  
 yours a like bur - den of woe.



day! The boy who should now be her com-fort and stay; Her poor heart is

*rit.*



breaking, All hope her for-sak-ing; Her boy is a drunk-ard to - day!

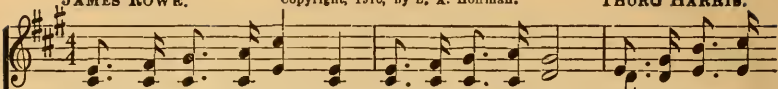
## No. 53.

## The Prohibition Army.

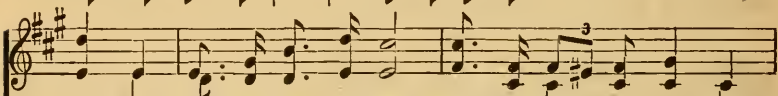
JAMES ROWE.

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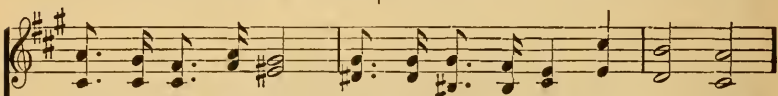
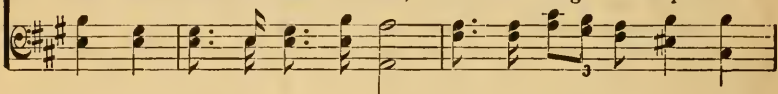
THORO HARRIS.



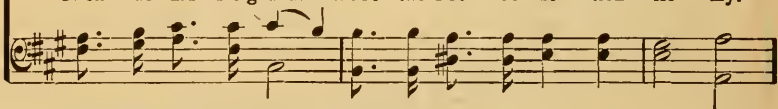
1. Think - ing not of dan - ger, sing - ing as we go, Ar - mor shin - ing  
 2. For our coun - try's name, our homes and those we love, Sure that right will  
 3. Long may be the bat - tle, firm - ly we will stand Fight - ing, till this



bright - ly, eyes with zeal a - glow, March - ing, proud - ly march - ing  
 win, with faith in Him a - bove, Forth we go de - ter - mined  
 foe be driv - en from our land, Till our song tri - umph - ant



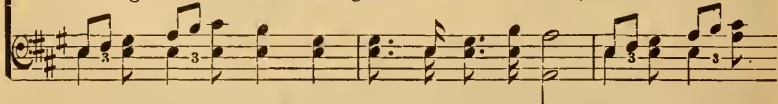
'gainst an aw - ful foe: We're the Pro - hi - bi - tion Ar - my.  
 e - vil to re - move: We're the Pro - hi - bi - tion Ar - my.  
 swell as mu - sic grand: We're the Pro - hi - bi - tion Ar - my.



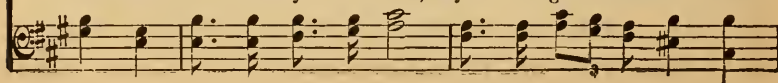
## CHORUS.



March - ing on and on - ward 'gainst the de - mon Rum, Well as - sured are



we that vic - to - ry will come; Eyes a - glow with zeal and



# The Prohibition Army.

hearts as true as steel, We're the Pro - hi - bi - tion Ar - - my.

## No. 54.

## A Little Soldier.

JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

THORO HARRIS.

1. I'm just a lit-tle sol-dier, And light may be my blow; But I can show my  
2. I'm just a lit-tle sol-dier, But I am brave and true, And on the field of  
3. I'm just a lit-tle sol-dier, But God is at my side, And always strength and

col - ors As on thro' life I go. I've join'd the temprance army And, when temp-  
bat-tle My share I try to do. With my be-lov-ed comrades I bold-ly  
courage By him will be sup-plied. I'll fal-ter not nor wa-ver, But al-ways

ta-tions come, I firm-ly stand and bat-tle A-against the mas-ter Rum.  
march a - long, As-sured that we shall conquer, And sing the tri-umph song.  
faith-ful be, Un - til my blessed coun-try From drink be tru-ly free.

*rit.*  
D. S.—I can show my col - ors Wher - ev - er I may go.

CHORUS.

D. S.

A sol - dier, a sol - dier. Tho' light may be my blow; Yet

## No. 55.

## To Arms!

JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Oh, hear the sounds that rend the sky, To arms! to arms!  
 2. Great souls are ris - ing in their might; To arms! to arms!  
 3. The time to crush it now is here; To arms! to arms!

All hills and val - leys make re - ply, To arms! to arms!  
 The time has come when all should fight; To arms! to arms!  
 For loved ones, homes, and coun - try dear, To arms! to arms!

The time for slum - ber now is past; Men see the curse of rum at last;  
 Too long this monster has re - mained, De - stroy - ing, blight ing, unrestrained;  
 No shade of fear our souls shall know; To - geth - er we like men shall go

We hear at last the bu - gle's blast, To arms! to arms!  
 An aw - ful pow - er it has gained, To arms! to arms!  
 To crush this cru - el, aw - ful foe; To arms! to arms!

## CHORUS.

To arms! to arms! sub - lime com - mand! It thrills our souls like mu sic grand;



# To Arms!

Till drink be ban-ished from our land To arms! to arms!

The musical score for 'To Arms!' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two staves. The melody is on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics are: 'Till drink be ban-ished from our land To arms! to arms!'.

## No. 56.

## Battle On.

JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Com - rades, long has been the bat - tle With the soul de - stroy - er Rum,  
2. Strong - er grows our nob - le ar - my As the days and years go by,  
3. God is with us, help - ing ev - er; Right shall tri - umph o - ver wrong;

The musical score for 'Battle On.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves. The melody is on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics are: '1. Com - rades, long has been the bat - tle With the soul de - stroy - er Rum, 2. Strong - er grows our nob - le ar - my As the days and years go by, 3. God is with us, help - ing ev - er; Right shall tri - umph o - ver wrong;'.

But if we are strong and faith - ful, Sure - ly vic - t'ry soon will come.  
And our standard waves more proud - ly In the ev - er clear - ing sky.  
Soon our voic - es shall be lift - ed In the jub - i - la - tion song.

The musical score for 'Battle On.' continues with two staves. The melody is on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics are: 'But if we are strong and faith - ful, Sure - ly vic - t'ry soon will come. And our standard waves more proud - ly In the ev - er clear - ing sky. Soon our voic - es shall be lift - ed In the jub - i - la - tion song.'

### CHORUS.

Bat - tle on! O fight it brave - ly; For the vic - t'ry soon will come;

The musical score for 'Battle On.' continues with two staves. The melody is on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics are: 'Bat - tle on! O fight it brave - ly; For the vic - t'ry soon will come;'.

We shall free our land from e - vil, From the soul de - stroy - er Rum.

The musical score for 'Battle On.' continues with two staves. The melody is on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics are: 'We shall free our land from e - vil, From the soul de - stroy - er Rum.'

# No. 59. I'm Voting With the Wets.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

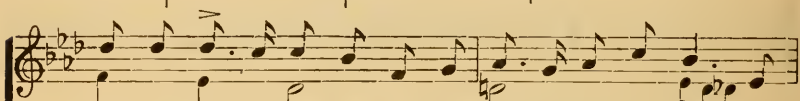
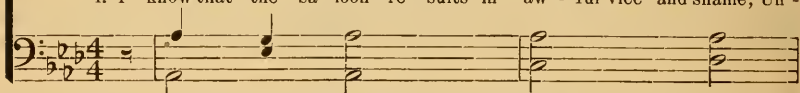
Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

Thoro Harris.

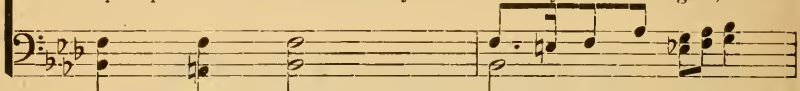
SOLO.



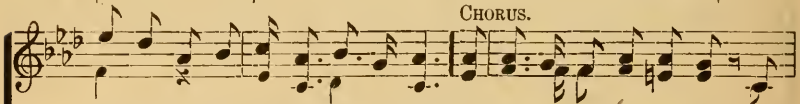
1. I think I have re - lig - ion, though I'm not a shin - ing light; I  
2. I al - ways had a con - science, but it's ver - y qui - et now, It  
3. I go to church and wor - ship there a few times in a year; I  
4. I know that the sa - loon re - sults in aw - ful vice and shame; Un -



must con - fess the e - vil one en - snares me in his nets; My  
does no more an - noy my soul, nor fright me with its threats; I've  
live in peace with all man - kind and pay my hon - est debts; I  
hap - pi - ness and mis - e - ry it ev - 'ry - where be - gets; And

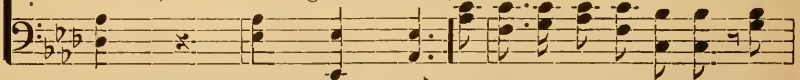


name is on the church roll, I'm supposed to do the right; I guess I am a  
steeled my heart against it, to its calls I do not bow, And so, tho' called a  
hope I'm on my way to heav'n and will be welcomed there, I may be dis - ap -  
I shall vote for pro - hi - bi - tion at the prop - er time, But for the pres - ent,

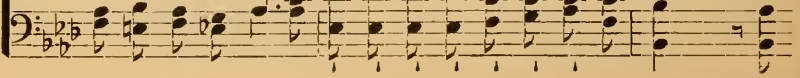


CHORUS.

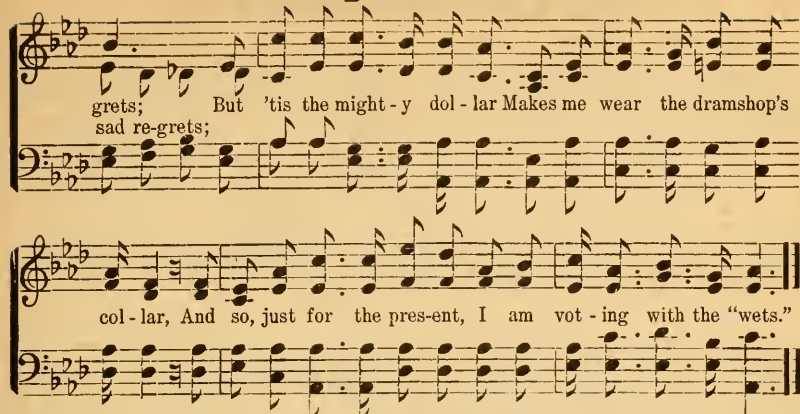
Christian, but I'm vot - ing with the "wets."  
Christian, I am vot - ing with the "wets." Oh, no! I do not love them, I  
point - ed, since I'm vot - ing with the "wets."  
broth - er, I am vot - ing with the "wets,"



do not love the "wets;" I chum with them, and train with them Too oft with sad re -  
with



# I'm Voting With the Wets.



grets; But 'tis the might - y dol - lar Makes me wear the dramshop's  
sad re-grets;

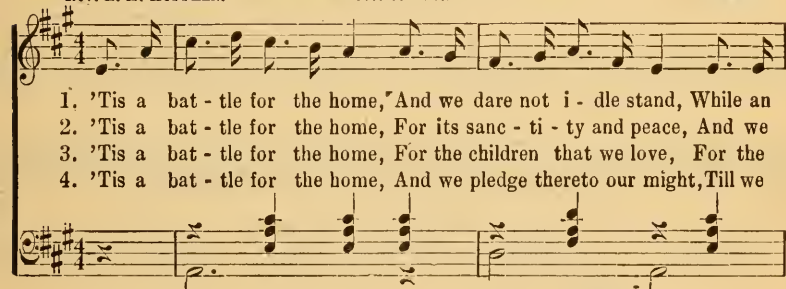
col - lar, And so, just for the pres - ent, I am vot - ing with the "wets."

## No. 60. Stand by the Home.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

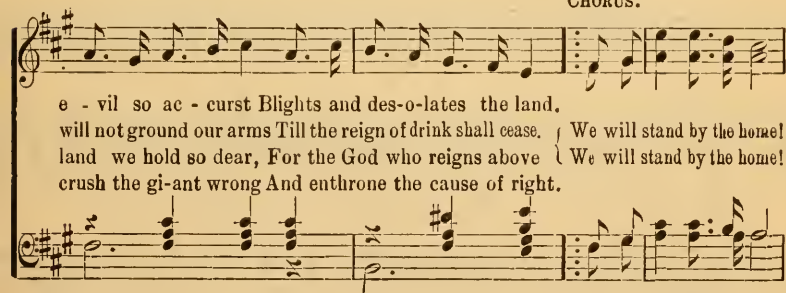
Solo or Duet.

J. H. TENNEY.

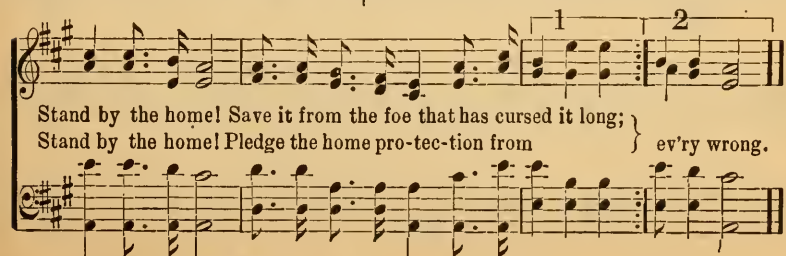


1. 'Tis a bat - tle for the home, "And we dare not i - dle stand, While an  
2. 'Tis a bat - tle for the home, For its sanc - ti - ty and peace, And we  
3. 'Tis a bat - tle for the home, For the children that we love, For the  
4. 'Tis a bat - tle for the home, And we pledge thereto our might, Till we

CHORUS.



e - vil so ac - curst Blights and des-o-lates the land.  
will not ground our arms Till the reign of drink shall cease. { We will stand by the home!  
land we hold so dear, For the God who reigns above { We will stand by the home!  
crush the gi - ant wrong And enthrone the cause of right.

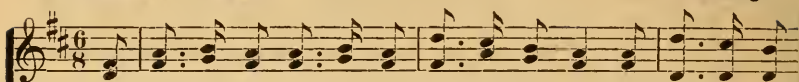


Stand by the home! Save it from the foe that has cursed it long;  
Stand by the home! Pledge the home pro - tec - tion from } ev'ry wrong.

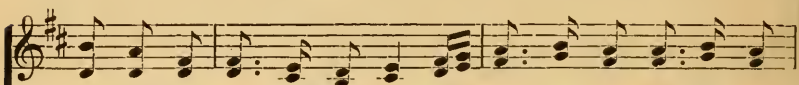
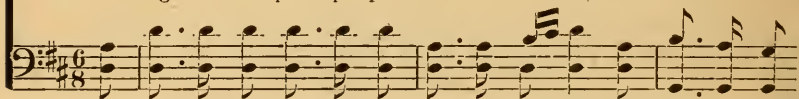
# No. 61. As Long as the People Permit.

Rev. Ellisha A. Hoffman, Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman,

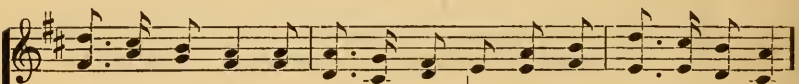
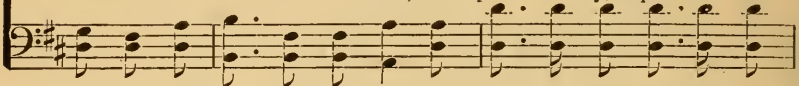
W. B. Manning.



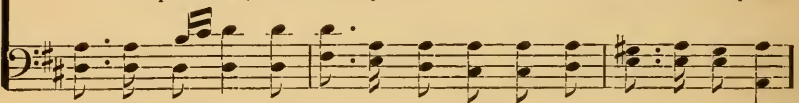
1. As long as the peo - ple per-mit the sa - loon, The drink that brings  
2. As long as the peo - ple per-mit the sa - loon, Some boys will be  
3. As long as the peo - ple per-mit the sa - loon, The land that we



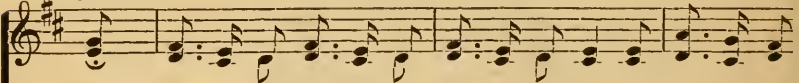
ru - in and woe will be sold, A thou - sand great e - vils will  
hope-less - ly ru - ined by drink, And march in the ranks of the  
love will be un - der a curse, And pov - er - ty, squal - or and



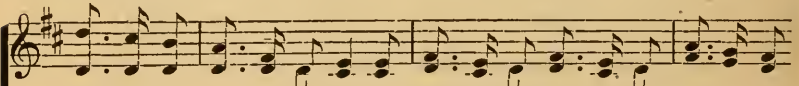
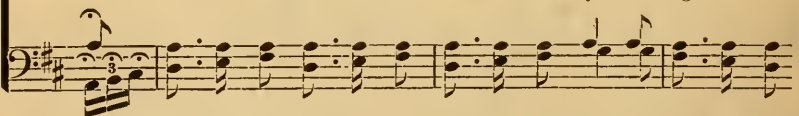
threat-en our homes, And hearts will be bleed-ing with an - guish un - told.  
drunk-ards a - way, Soul-doomed, to the shore of e - ter - ni - ty's brink.  
crime will pre - vail, And mon - ey will fat - ten the drink-sell - er's purse.



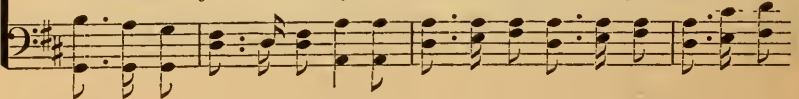
## CHORUS.



'Tis all in the hands of the vo - ters to - day, And things will be



car - ried on just as we say; Sa - loons will re-main if per - mit - ted to





# As Long as the People Permit.

stay, Or go if the vo - ters shall want it that way, Tell them to go.

## No. 62.

## Give it a Blow.

E. A. H.

Copyright, 1916, E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. The sa - loon must sure - ly go, We must work its o - ver-throw;  
 2. Hit it at the bal - lot box, Give it hard and stun - ning knocks;  
 3. Hit it with your bal - lots white, Bal - lots on - ly win the fight;  
 4. Hit it with a tell - ing blow, Hit it, and no mer - cy show;

Be our he - roes brave and staunch, And kill the busi-ness root and branch.  
 Let us all be pa-triots true, And help put Pro - hi - bi - tion through.  
 If each loy - al vote be cast, The tri - umph will be ours at last.  
 Ev - 'ry com - prom-ise de - ny, And let this thing of e - vil die.

### CHORUS.

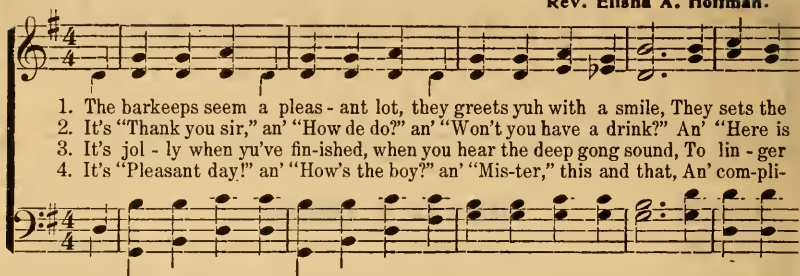
Give it a tell - ing blow, Give it a stun - ning blow,  
 Blow, blow, blow, Blow, blow, blow,

Give it a good, hard blow, En - com - pass its o - ver-throw.  
 Blow, blow, blow,

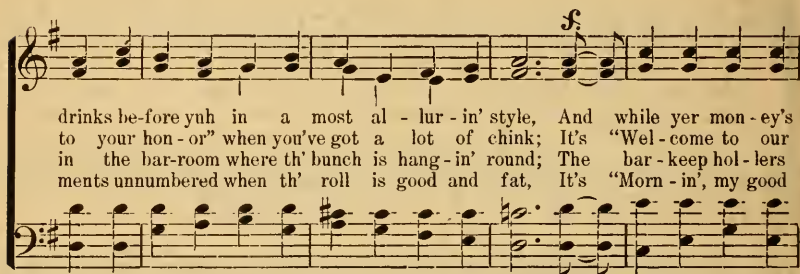
# No. 63. That's Quite a Different Thing.

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Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

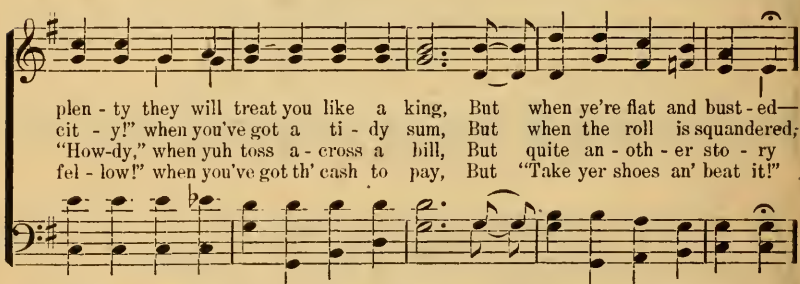


1. The barkeeps seem a pleas - ant lot, they greets yuh with a smile, They sets the  
 2. It's "Thank you sir," an' "How de do?" an' "Won't you have a drink?" An' "Here is  
 3. It's jol - ly when yu've fin - ished, when you hear the deep gong sound, To lin - ger  
 4. It's "Pleasant day!" an' "How's the boy?" an' "Mis - ter," this and that, An' com - pli -



drinks be - fore yuh in a most al - lur - in' style, And while yer mon - ey's  
 to your hon - or" when you've got a lot of chink; It's "Wel - come to our  
 in the bar - room where th' bunch is hang - in' round; The bar - keep hol - lers  
 ments unnumbered when th' roll is good and fat, It's "Morn - in', my good

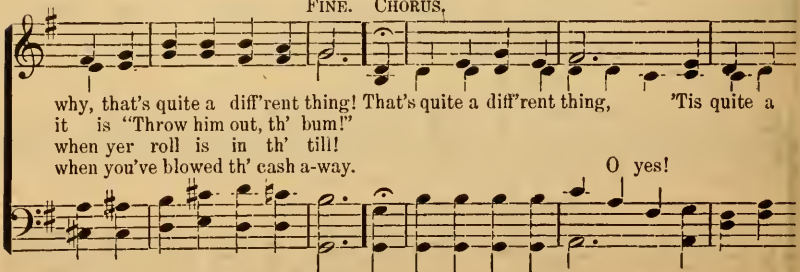
*D. S.*—But when in - to the



plen - ty they will treat you like a king, But when ye're flat and bust - ed—  
 cit - y!" when you've got a ti - dy sum, But when the roll is squandered;  
 "How - dy," when yuh toss a - cross a bill, But quite an - oth - er sto - ry  
 fel - low!" when you've got th' cash to pay, But "Take yer shoes an' beat it!"

cash - drawer yuh no dimes or nick - les swing, It is "hus - tle out, yuh loaf - er,"

FINE. CHORUS,



why, that's quite a diff'rent thing! That's quite a diff'rent thing, 'Tis quite a  
 it is "Throw him out, th' bum!"  
 when yer roll is in th' till!  
 when you've blown th' cash a-way.

O yes!

oh, that's quite a diff'rent thing!

# That's Quite a Different Thing.

D. S.

diff'rent thing! All right when yuh have money in - to the till to bring;  
you bet!

## No. 64. God's Time is Now.

Rev. Ellsha A. Hoffman. Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. L. L. Pickett.

1. The tramp of march-ing ar-mies, The ban-ners flam-ing far,  
2. Take part in this great strug-gle, This Ar-ma-ged-don fight,  
3. Ad-vanc-ing are the le-gions From near and from a-far;  
4. No long-er shall in-tem-p'rance Our fair-es-cutch-eon mar;  
5. Ad-vance, ye con-q'ring ban-ners! Shine forth, each stripe and star!

The sil-ver bu-gles blow-ing An-nounce an ear-nest war.  
And give your life, if need be, To vin-di-cate the right.  
They chal-lenge us to meet them In a de-ci-sive war.  
To make it pure and stain-less We wage this ho-ly war.  
And lead Je-ho-vah's ar-mies To vic-t'ry in the war.

### CHORUS.

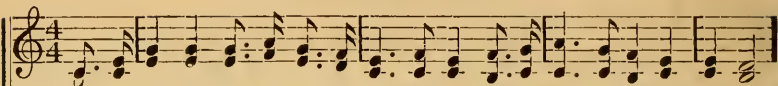
The time to strike is now, (is now,) The time to strike is now, (is now;)

God's clock the hour an-nounc-es, The time to strike is now. (is now).

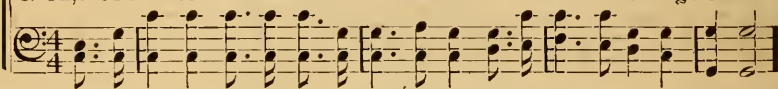
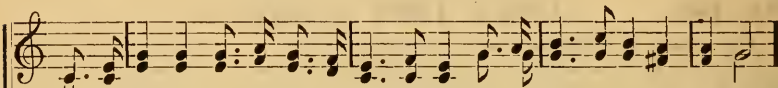
# No. 65. Can the Lord Depend on You?

E. A. H.

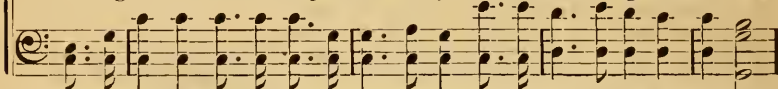
Copyright, 1894, by the Hoffman Music Co. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.



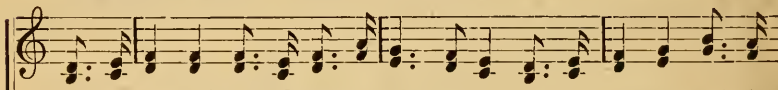
1. May the Lord, our Master, count on you, my friend, In the hour when some are failing?  
 2. Oh, we dare not falter when the war is on, And the bat-tle fiercely rag-ing?  
 3. Oh, the Lord needs soldiers who are brave and true To the standard float-ing o'er them

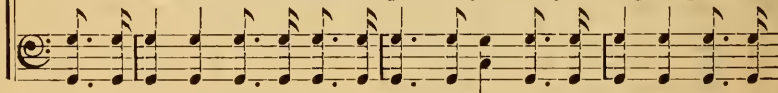

Some may faithless prove, will you be true, my friend, Trusting in the All-pre-vail-ing?  
 Ev-'ry man to du-ty, then, for God and right In the earnest fight en-gag-ing.  
 He will give to such the strength for vic-to-ry, And himself will go before them.



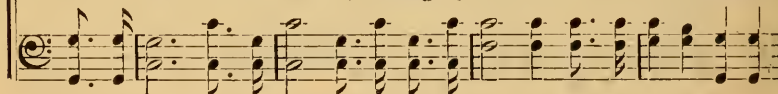
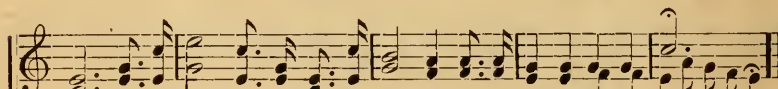
## CHORUS.



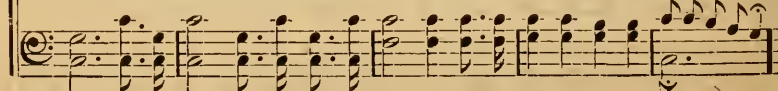
Can the Lord with confidence de-pend on you, On your help to push the

bat-tle thro'? In the con-flict, the mighty conflict, He will need brave souls and

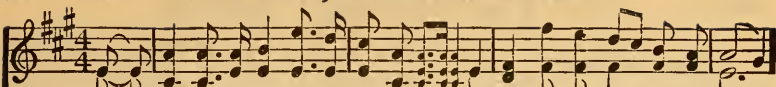



true; In the conflict, the mighty conflict, Can the Lord depend on you?  
 depend on you?

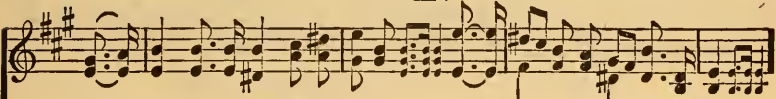
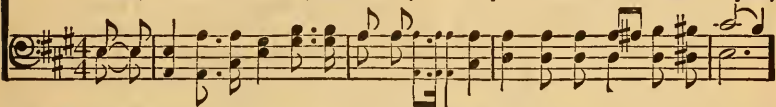




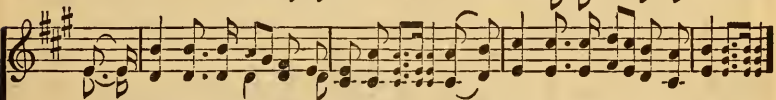
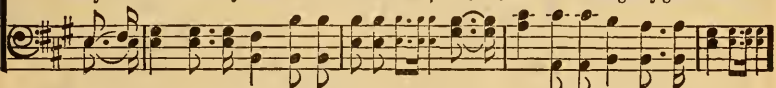
# No. 66. The Red, White and Blue.



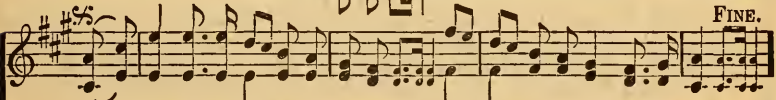
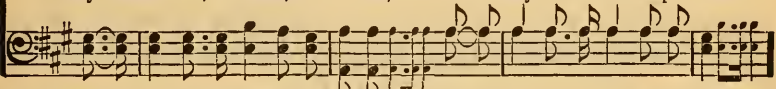
1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean,      The home of the brave and the free;
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion,      And threatened the land to de-form,
3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither,      And join in our nation's sweet hymn;



The shrine of each patriot's de-vot-ion,      A world offers homage to thee.  
The ark then of freedom's foundation,      Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm;  
May the wreaths they have won never wither,      Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!

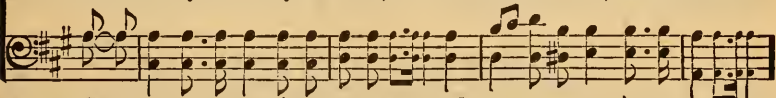


Thy mandates make heroes assemble,      When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;  
With her garlands of vic-t'ry around her,      When so proudly she bore her brave crew,  
May the serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er,      But they to their col-ors prove true!

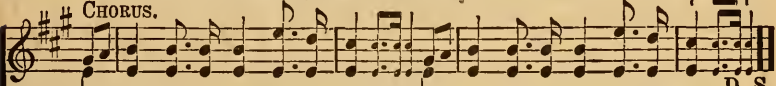


FINE.

Thy banners make tyr-an-ny tremble,      When borne by the red, white and blue.  
With her flag proudly waving before her,      The boast of the red, white and blue.  
The Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er,      Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

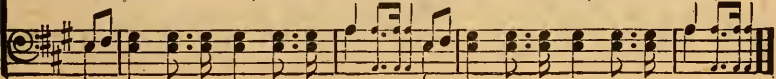


CHORUS.



D. S.

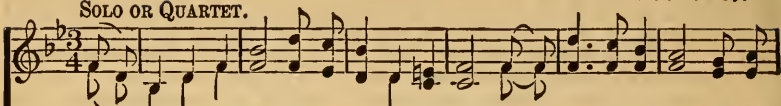
When borne by the red, white and blue,      When borne by the red, white and blue;  
The boast of the red, white and blue,      The boast of the red, white and blue;  
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,      Three cheers for the red, white and blue;



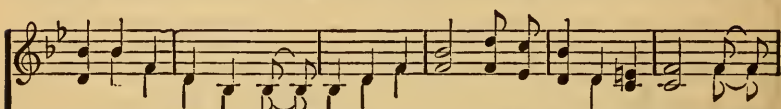
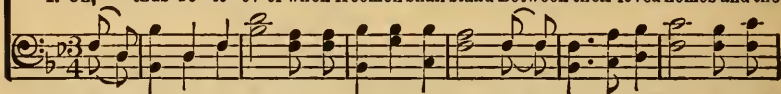
# No. 67. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

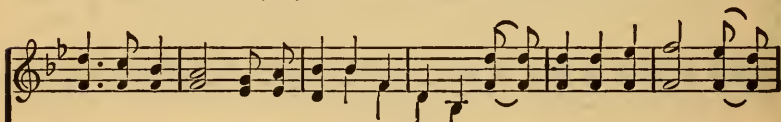
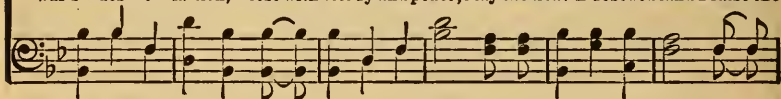
SOLO OR QUARTET.



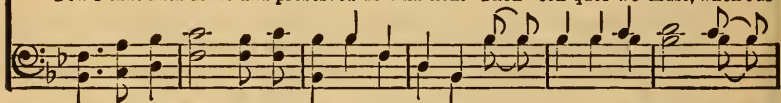
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore, That the havoc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the



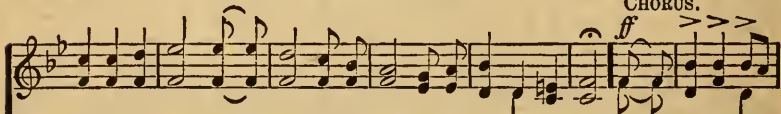
twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the  
 si - lence re-pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it  
 bat - tle's con - fu-sion, A home and a coun-try should leave us no more? Their  
 war's des - o - la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the



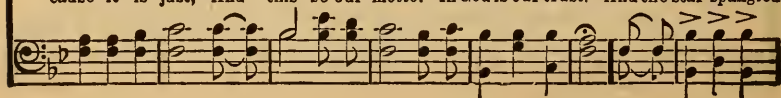
ramparts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs  
 fit - ful-ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the  
 blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No ref-uge could save the  
 Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion. Then con-quer we must, when our



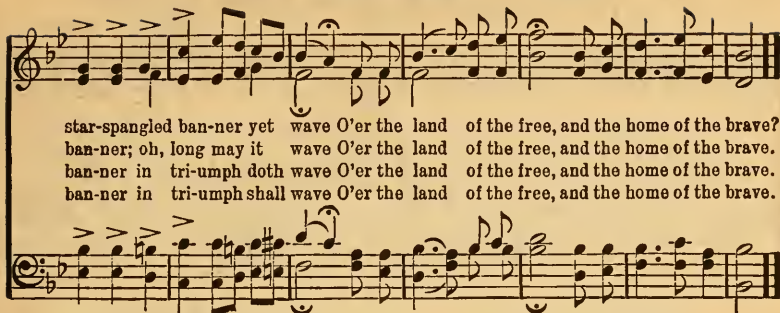
CHORUS.



burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that  
 morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled  
 hireling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled  
 cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled



## The Star-Spangled Banner.

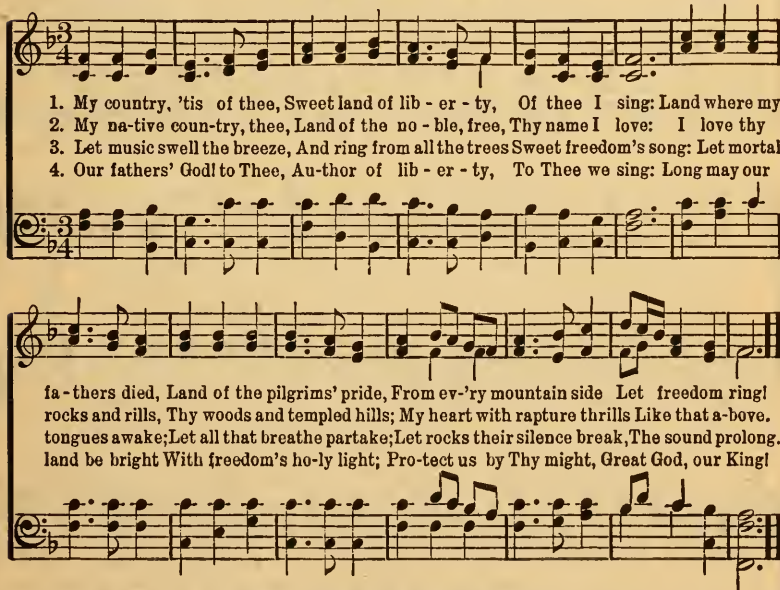


## No. 68. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith.

The National Song of America.

English.



## God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1.

God save our gracious King,  
 Long live our noble King,  
 God save the King:  
 Send him victorious,  
 Happy and glorious,  
 Long to reign over us;  
 God save the King.

2.

Through every changing scene,  
 O Lord, preserve our King;  
 Long may he reign:  
 His heart inspire and move  
 With wisdom from above,  
 And in a nation's love  
 His throne maintain.

3.

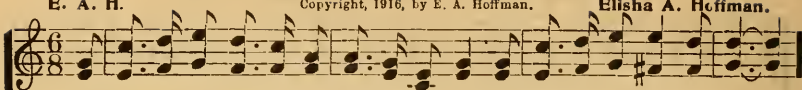
Thy choicest gifts in store,  
 On him be pleased to pour;  
 Long may he reign:  
 May he defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause  
 To sing with heart and voice  
 God save the King.

# No. 69. Vote For the Man That is Dry.

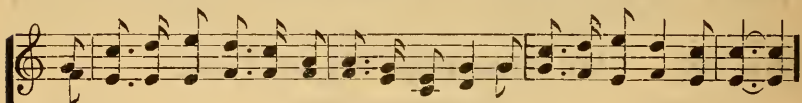
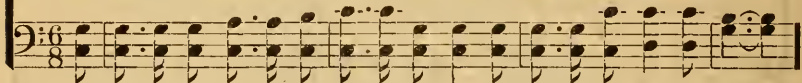
E. A. H.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

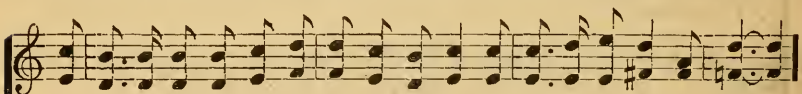
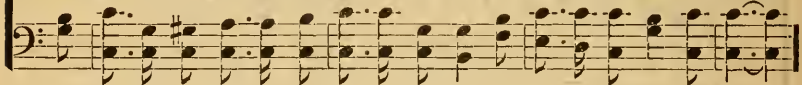
Elisha A. Hoffman.



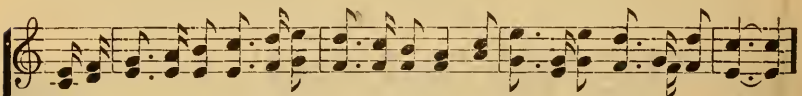
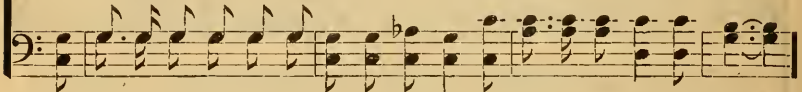
1. You pur-pose to cast a good bal-lot, my friend, When dawns the e-lec-tion day,
2. Your bal-lot will count in the choice of the men E - lect-ed to make our laws;
3. Be thoughtful and earnest, be loy - al and brave, Your duty with courage do;



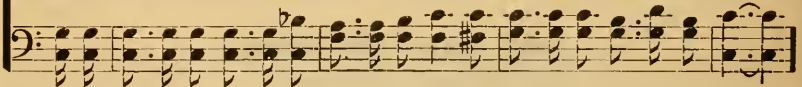
And we are concerned that you cast it a - right, We want you to vote our way;  
To cast it to meet the ap-prov - al of God, May well make you think and pause;  
To friends that you love, all the dear ones at home, To God and the land be true;



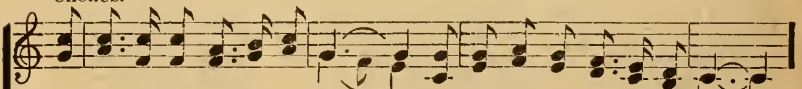
Look well at the name of the can-di-date "wet," In qui - et-ness pass it by;  
But you will be safe, when you see a "wet" name, To qui - et - ly pass it by;  
The plea of the "wet" man to give him your vote With gracious regard de - ny;



Let his name be unmarked by a cross in the square, And vote for the man that is "dry."



## CHORUS.



Yes, vote for the man that is "dry," The "wet" man pass si-lent-ly by;





# Vote For the Man That is Dry.

To God, to your home, to your country be true, And vote for the man that is "dry."

No. 70.

## The Cause Is God's.

E. A. H.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Why should we fal - ter, faint or fear? Our ho - ly cause, it must pre-vail;  
 2. The strug-gle may be hard and long, The tri - umph may seem far a - way,  
 3. Our coun-try's hon - or is at stake, The ru - ined homes make strong appeal,  
 4. We bat - tle in a right-eous cause; God has de - creed it shall pre-vail;

The hour of reck - on - ing is near, The cause is God's and can - not fail.  
 But in Je - ho - vah we are strong, And a - ble well to win the day.  
 And o - ver all this fa - vored land To God in pray'r the mil - lions kneel.  
 That word has come from heav-en's throne, And God's sure word can nev - er fail.

CHORUS.

In faith we press the bat - tle on, While weaklings cringe and cow - ards quail;

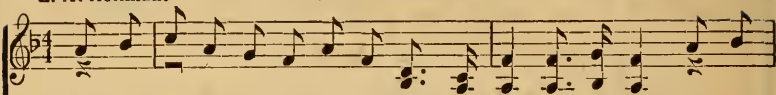
With God we know we must pre-vail; The cause is His, and can - not fail.

# No. 71. Going Away From Tennessee66.

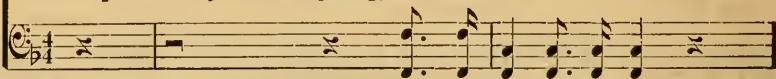
TUNE—"Baby Mine."

E. A. Hoffman.

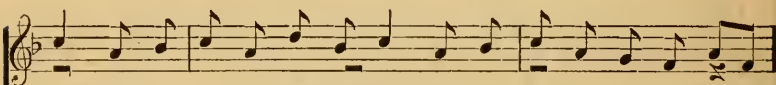
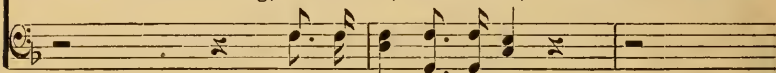
Used by permission of E. A. Hoffman.



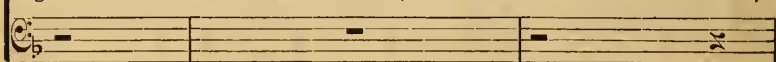
1. Said a man the oth - er day a - down in old Ten - nes - see, "I am
2. They have banished the sa - loon a - down in old Ten - nes - see; It has
3. Ten - nes - see has closed her barrooms, So can we, so can we, Leaves no
4. O your vict - ry is in - spir - ing, Ten - nes - see, Ten - nes - see! You have



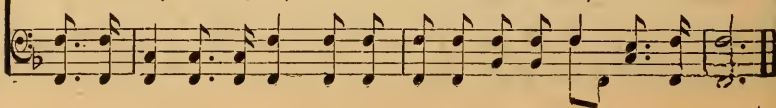
go - ing far a - way from my be - loved Ten - nes - see, It is hard to say good -  
proved a wondrous boon to folks in old Ten - nes - see, Lower tax - es, emp - ty  
dramshops as her heirlooms, Nor should we, nor should we; We must all to - geth - er  
shown a zeal un - tir - ing, So will we, so will we, The sa - loon at last must



by, But you know the rea - son why, Things are get - ting far too dry  
jails, Business bet - ter, lar - ger sales, Law and or - der now pre - vail  
stand, Take the bal - lot in the hand, Vote the traf - fic from the land  
go With its crime and with its woe; God in heav - en de - crees it so,



down in old Ten - nes - see, O, I find it ve - ry dry in Ten - nes - see!  
down in old Ten - nes - see, Law and or - der now prevail in Ten - nes - see.  
as in old Ten - nes - see, Vote the traf - fic from the land, so must we.  
So do we, so do we, God in heav'n de - crees it so, so do we.



# No. 72.

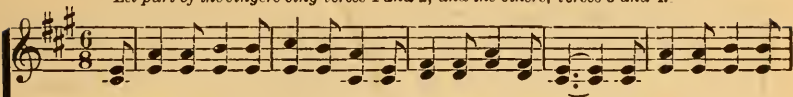
# The Blind Pig Man.

Tune—Ortonville.

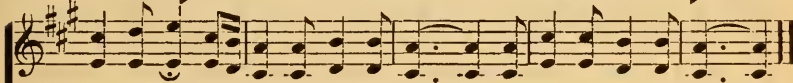
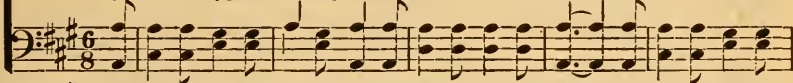
By Permission.

Thomas Hastings.

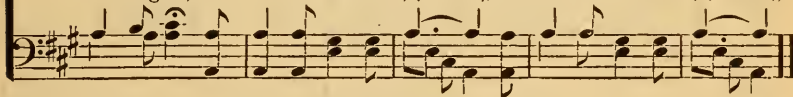
Let part of the singers sing verses 1 and 2, and the others, verses 3 and 4.



1. There was a man in our good town, And he was wondrous wise; He went up to the
2. And when he found that they had won, He danced a doz-en jigs; The day the law went
3. But that same man in that same town, Is now more truly wise; The law-a-bid-ing
4. They took that "pig man" to the pen, Where he had time to think; He wrote the brewer,



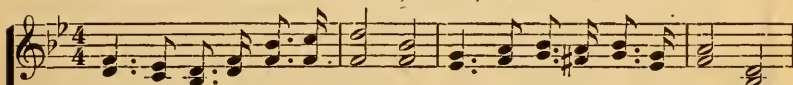
polls one day, And voted with the drys, (the drys), And voted with the drys, (the drys.)  
in - to force, He opened three blind pigs, (he did), He o-pened three blind pigs, (he did.)  
cit-i - zens Have opened both his eyes, (they have,) Have opened both his eyes, (they have)  
"Ne'er again, Will I dole out a drink, (a drink,) Will I dole out a drink, (a drink,)"



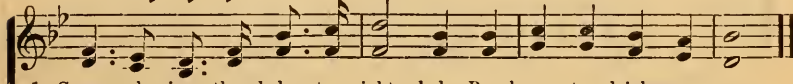
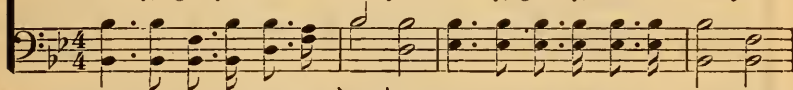
# No. 73.

# Sign the Pledge.

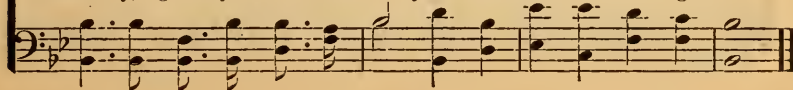
Tune—Chorus of "GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH!"



1. Come and sign the pledge to-night, lads, Come and sign the pledge to-night, lads,
2. God will give you strength to keep it, God will give you strength to keep it,
3. It will glo-ri - fy your man-hood, It will glo-ri - fy your man - hood,
4. It will save you from temp-ta - tion, It will save you from temp-ta - tion,
5. Life will have more joy and glad-ness, Life will have more joy and glad-ness,
6. We will aid you in your ef - fort, We will aid you in your ef - fort,
7. Glo - ry, glo-ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



1. Come and sign the pledge to - night, lads, Be slaves to drink no more.
2. God will give you strength to keep it, If you His help im - plore.
3. It will glo - ri - fy your man - hood, If you will keep your vow.
4. It will save you from temp-ta - tion, If you main - tain your pledge.
5. Life will have more joy and glad - ness, If you re - nounce the cup.
6. We will aid you in your ef - fort To be a man a - gain.
7. Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! God's cause is mov - ing on!



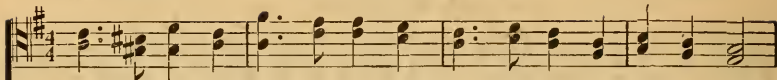
## No. 74.

## Prohibition Bells.

JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Lis - ten, lis - ten, wea - ry com - rades! From the dis - tance mu - sic comes,
2. O, what strength their voi - ces give us! How they cheer our spir - its on!
3. Vic - to - ry shall sure - ly crown us, From our coun - try Rum must go!



Fill - ing ev - 'ry heart with glad - ness, Bright'ning man - y drea - ry homes.  
 Bright - er grows the goal be - fore us, For the shad - ows all have gone;  
 Free - born men shall not be fet - tered By this blight - ing, aw - ful foe.



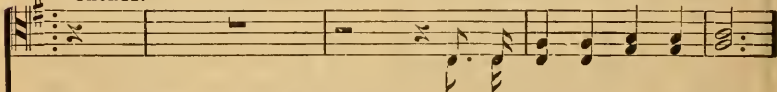
Like the song of her - ald an - gels, In the throb - bing air it swells:  
 Loud and loud - er swells the mu - sic O - ver mountains, plains and dells;  
 On - ward, on - ward, faith - ful com - rades! Cour - age new each bos - om swells;



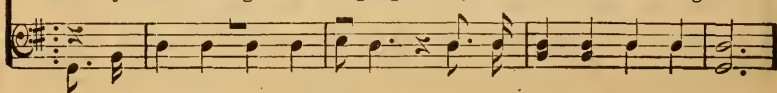
'Tis the soul - up - lift - ing mu - sic Of the pro - hi - bi - tion bells!  
 Lis - ten to their notes of free - dom, Bless - ed pro - hi - bi - tion bells!  
 Let us bat - tle to the mu - sic Of the pro - hi - bi - tion bells!



## CHORUS.



Don't you hear those glad bells ring - ing? Yes, we hear their voi - ces grand!





# Prohibition Bells.

*ff*

Com-ing near-er, grow-ing clear-er, Spreading freedom o'er our land.

## No. 75.

## Hurrah!

E. A. Hoffman.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

J. H. Tenney.

1. Come, boys, and pledge your heart and hand, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!....
2. Let us go forth with cheer and song, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!....
3. Three cheers for those who press the fight, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!....
4. Be-neath the Red, and White, and Blue, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!....

For temp'rance let us firm-ly stand, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!....  
 In our cru-sade a-against the wrong, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!....  
 And pledge their service to the Right, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!....  
 We'll push the earnest battle through, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!....

### CHORUS.

We need the help of ev-'ry one That we may push the cru-sade on,

And we'll all hur-rah When vic-to-ry shall be won.

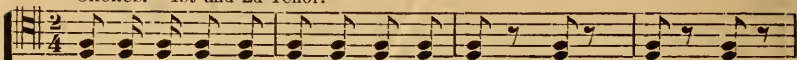
# No. 76. Hurrah for the Temperance Legion.

Rev. Ellsha A. Hoffman.

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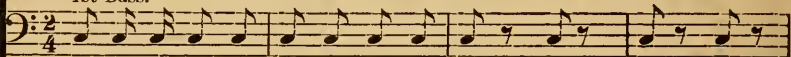
J. B. Herbert.

CHORUS. 1st and 2d Tenor.



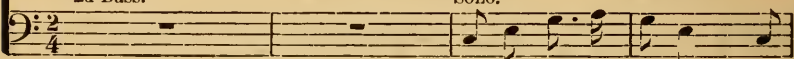
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

1st Bass.

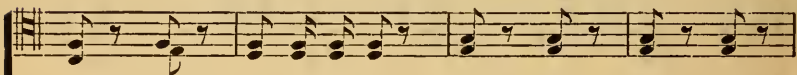


2d Bass.

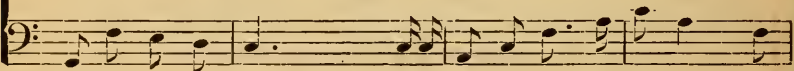
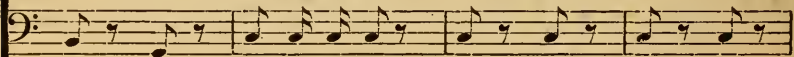
SOLO.



1. Fall in - to the ranks, lads, and
2. Fall in - to the ranks, lads, there's
3. Fall in - to the ranks, lads, and

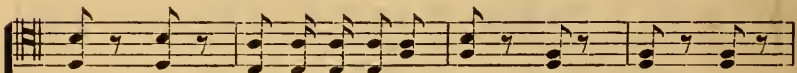


la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

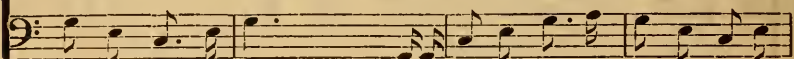
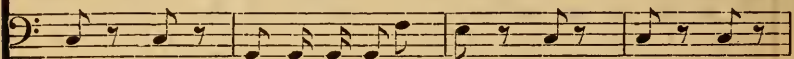


cour-age with you bring,  
ear - nest work to do,  
be in pur - pose strong,

Let us gai - ly sing to-geth - er the  
There's a foe-man keen and wi - ly, let  
Let us do a worth - y serv - ice to



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



songs we love to sing,  
us be thought-ful, too,  
help the cause a - long,

Let us sing them with a fer - vor that will  
Let us face the might - y strug-gle with a  
And the Lord will give us vict-'ry o'er this

# Hurrah for the Temperance Legion.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

make the wel - kin ring;  
 cour - age tried and true;  
 gi - ant sin and wrong;

Hur - rah for our no-ble Temp'rance  
 Hur - rah for our no-ble Temp'rance  
 Hur - rah for our no-ble Temp'rance

## FULL CHORUS. 1st Tenor.

la, la, la, la, la, la. Hur-rah! hur-rah! ac-claim your bat-tle song; Hur-  
 2d Tenor.

## 1st and 2d Bass.

Le - - - gion. Hur-rah! hur-rah! ac-claim your bat-tle song; Hur-

rah! hur-rah! and the good cause speed a - long; Be loy - al, true and

faith-ful, be val-iant and be strong; Hurrah! lads, for our Temp'rance Legion!

faith-ful, be val-iant and be strong; Hurrah! lads, for our Temp'rance Legion!

# No. 77.

# Hip, Hip, Hurrah!

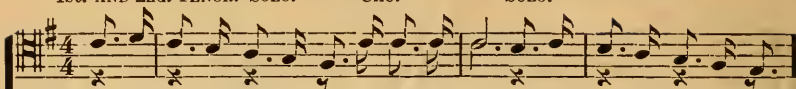
Rev. Ellsha A. Hoffman. Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman

J. B. Herbert.

1st. AND 2nd. TENOR. SOLO.

CHO.

SOLO.



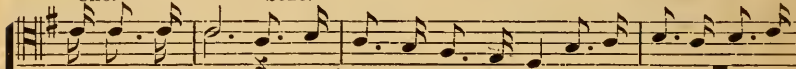
1. We're a brave and sturdy crew, Hip, hip, hurrah! And will loy - al ser-vice do,
2. Lo, a bat - tle we must fight, Hip, hip, hurrah! In de - fense of truth and right,
3. Let the sheeted lightnings break, Hip, hip, hurrah! And the hills with thunder shake,
4. To your posts, ye valiant ones, Hip, hip, hurrah! To your posts, Co-lumbia's sons,

1st. AND 2nd. BASS.

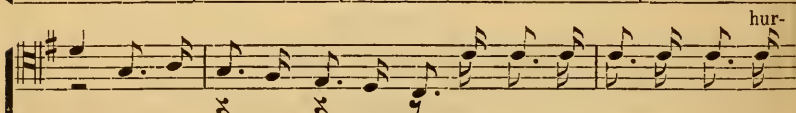
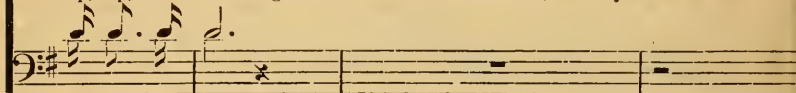


CHO.

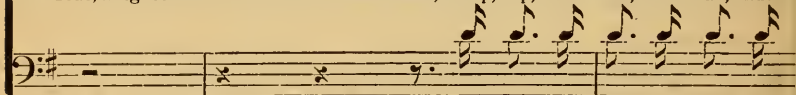
SOLO.



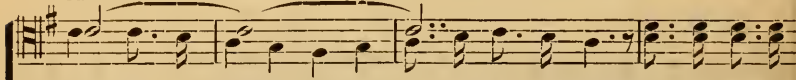
Hip, hip, hur - rah! To de - fend this ho - ly cause, To up - hold the na-tion's  
Hip, hip, hur - rah! And we will not cow-ards be, Nor the call to du - ty  
Hip, hip, hur - rah! We will bear our ban - ner on, Till a vic - to - ry is  
Hip, hip, hur - rah! Fling the col - ors to the breeze, Till they wave o'er lands and



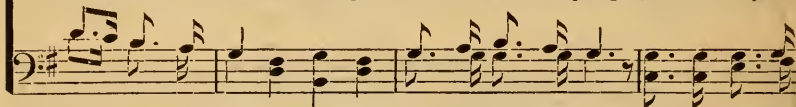
laws, And to push the con-flict through, Hip, hip, hur - rah, hur - rah, hur -  
flee, But will ral - ly in our might, Hip, hip, hur - rah, hur - rah. hur -  
won, And our foes the field for - sake, Hip, hip, hur - rah, hur - rah, hur -  
seas, Brighter than a thou - sand suns, Hip, hip, hur - rah, hur - rah, hur -



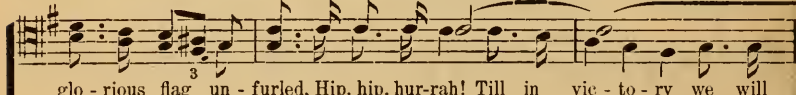
rah ..



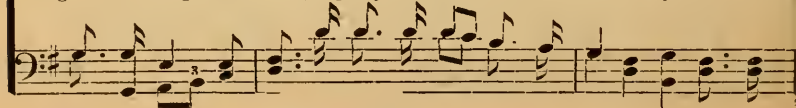
rah! To the cause of home pro - tec - tion we are pledged; We will keep the



hur - rah....



glo - rious flag <sup>3</sup> un - furled, Hip, hip, hur-rah! Till in vic - to - ry we will





# Hip, Hip, Hurrah!

.....

sing the ju - bi - lee, And flash the joy - ous news a-round the world!

3

## No. 78.

## I Voted That Way.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. { Did you vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion? I vot - ed that way; }  
 { For the bar - room's ab - o - li - tion? I vot - ed that way; }  
 2. { For I've boys at home a plen - ty, I vot - ed that way; }  
 { And a girl who's al - most twen - ty, I vot - ed that way. }  
 3. { Do you prize your na - tions glo - ry? I vot - ed that way; }  
 { Wrong is wrong, tho' old and ho - ry: I vot - ed that way. }  
 4. { God is with us, - we will beat them, I vot - ed that way; }  
 { Gam - blers, drink - ers, we'll un - seat them, I vot - ed that way. }  
 5. { Brew - er, 'tis no time for laugh - ter, I vot - ed that way; }  
 { You're the fel - low we are af - ter, I vot - ed that way. }

### CHORUS.

Did you vote as you pray on E - lec - tion Day, Or like a

cring - ing cow - ard did you sneak a - way, Leav - ing all the bums and

*molto accel.*

rum - mies there to win the fray? I vot - ed that way.

# No. 79.

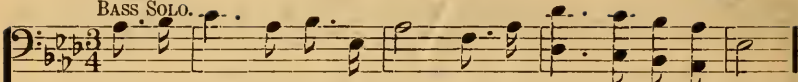
# Drink and Danger.

J. C. Newsom.

Used by permission of E. A. Hoffman.

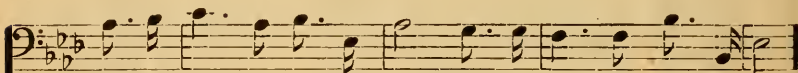
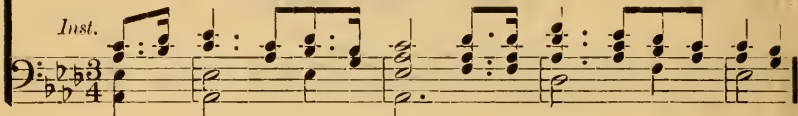
J. H. Tenney.

BASS SOLO.

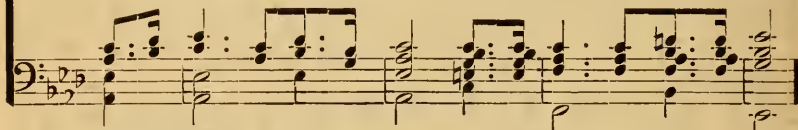


1. Write it on the liq - uor store, Write it on the pris - on door,
2. Write it on the work-house gate, Write it on the school-boys' slate,
3. Write it on the church-yard mound, Where the rum-slain dead are found;
4. Write it on the na - tion's laws, Blot-ting out the license clause,
5. Write it on the Christian home; Ma - ny thou - sand drunkards roam,

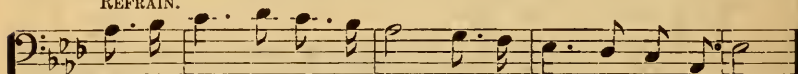
*Inst.*



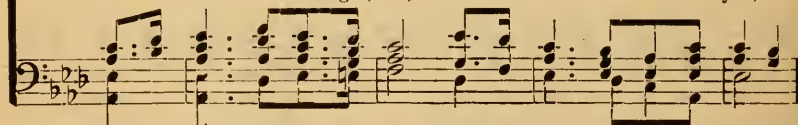
Write it on the gin - shop fine, Write, aye, write this truth - ful line:  
 Write it on the co - py - book, Where the young may oft - en look.  
 Write it on the gal - lows high, Write it for all pass - ers - by.  
 Write it on each bal - lot white, So it can be read a - right.  
 Year by year, from God and right, Prov - ing with re - sist - less might:



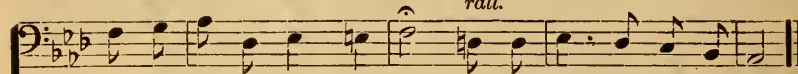
REFRAIN.



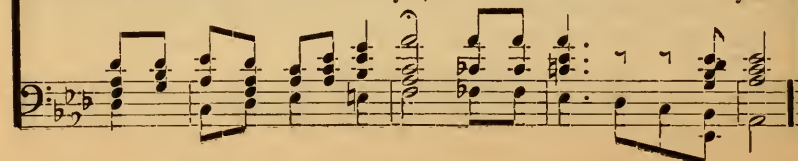
Where there's drink there's danger, too, To ab - stain is best for you,



*rall.*



To ab - stain is best for you, To ab - stain is best for you.

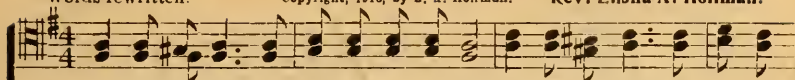


## No. 80. My Glass Shall be Turned Down.

Words rewritten.

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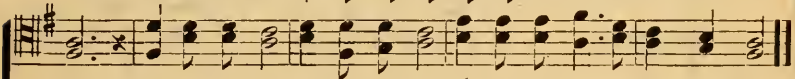
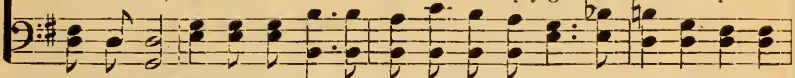
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



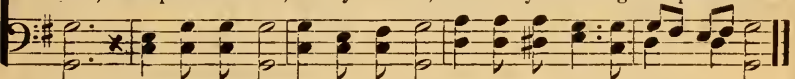
1. I will not drink, my comrades, I re - fuse, Tho' you may laugh and all my
2. When asked to drink where woman's hand serves wine, In the large city or the
3. The jeers and sneers of guilty men who drink, Will not my fixed and ho - ly
4. I on - ly wish that ev - 'ry hon - est soul, Tempted to drink in cit - y



friends may frown; I'll not be swerved from doing what is right, My glass shall be turned  
coun - try town, Shall a - ny one at - tempt to fill my glass, I'll turn it up - side  
pur - pose down; Why should I be ashamed to keep my pledge? My glass shall be turned  
or in town, When offered wine would take the empty glass And turn it up - side



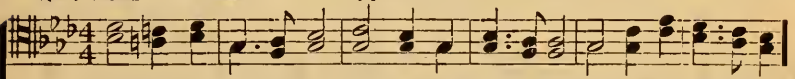
down; Laugh if you choose, I still re - fuse, My glass shall always be turned down.  
down; Tho' they may smile, it is my style, I'll bravely turn it up - side down.  
down; And they may jeer, taunt me and sneer, My glass shall always be turned down.  
down; Tempted and tried, calmly de - cide, And turn your wine-glass upside down.



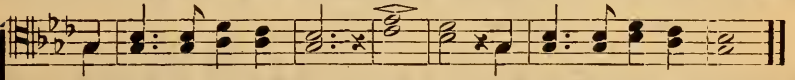
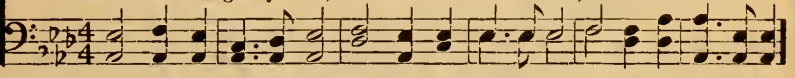
## No. 81. Be Strong to Dare and Do.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

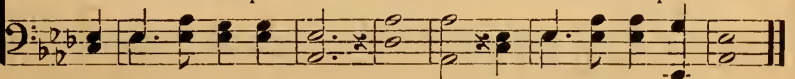
By permission.



1. Be strong to dare and do, Be to thy purpose true; Thy good with others share,
2. Why should a Christian fear, With help so very near? Dread not to meet the foe,
3. Earn - est and faith - ful be, Thy God will be with thee; He is the foe of sin,
4. Held in His might - y arm, No sin can do thee harm; E - vil can not as - sail



And God for thee will care. Fear not! thy God for thee will care.  
And seek his o - ver - throw. Fear not! thy God will with thee go.  
And will the bat - tle win. Fear not! the vic - t'ry He shall win.  
And o - ver thee pre - vail. Fear not! Je - ho - vah will pre - vail.



# No. 82.

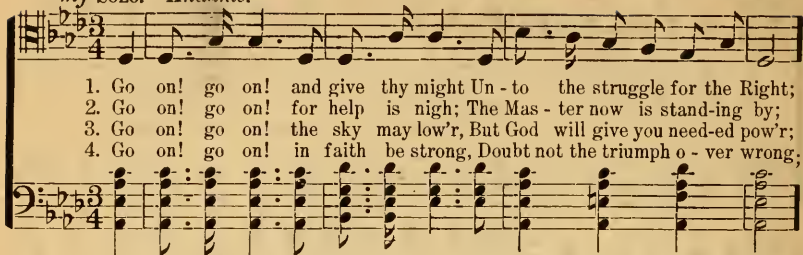
# Go Bravely On!

Rev. Ellisha A. Hoffman.

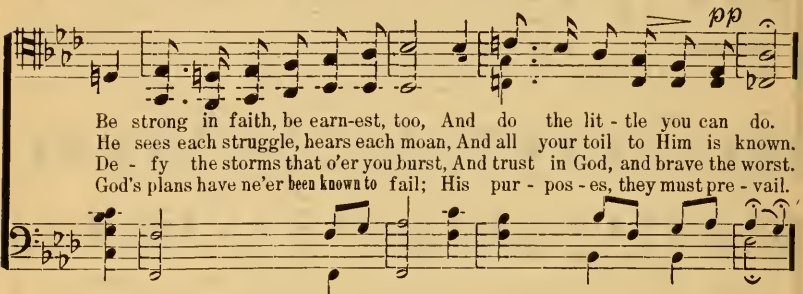
Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

Ira O. Hoffman.

*mf* SOLO. *Andante.*

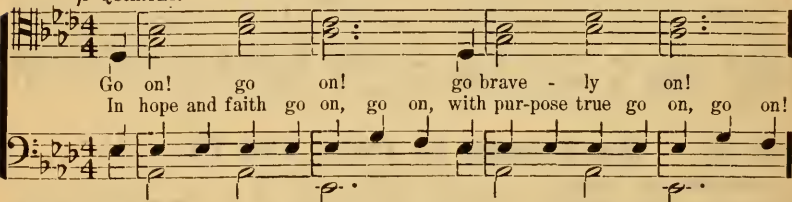


1. Go on! go on! and give thy might Un - to the struggle for the Right;  
 2. Go on! go on! for help is nigh; The Mas - ter now is stand - ing by;  
 3. Go on! go on! the sky may low'r, But God will give you need - ed pow'r;  
 4. Go on! go on! in faith be strong, Doubt not the triumph o - ver wrong;

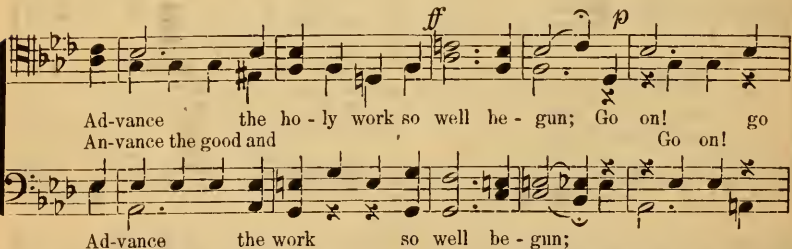


Be strong in faith, be earn - est, too, And do the lit - tle you can do.  
 He sees each struggle, hears each moan, And all your toil to Him is known.  
 De - fy the storms that o'er you burst, And trust in God, and brave the worst.  
 God's plans have ne'er been known to fail; His pur - pos - es, they must pre - vail.

*p* QUARTET.

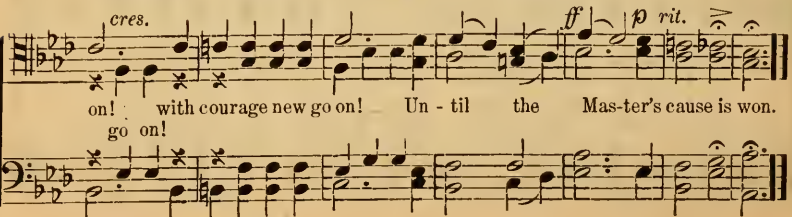


Go on! go on! go brave - ly on!  
 In hope and faith go on, go on, with pur - pose true go on, go on!



Ad - vance the ho - ly work so well be - gun; Go on! go  
 An - vance the good and Go on!

Ad - vance the work so well be - gun;



*cres.* on! with courage new go on! Un - til the Mas - ter's cause is won.  
*ff* *p rit.* go on!



# No. 83.

# Quit You Like Men.

E. A. H.

Copyright, 1900, by Henry Date.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Quit you like men! O be brave and strong! Go to the fight, on your
2. Blood-less the bat-tle, though rag-ing long, But right must con-quer and
3. Quit you like men! And for jus-tice stand! Fight for the right with a
4. God's wrath is kind-led a- gainst the wrong, In-spired by Him let us

lips a song; Charge with your comrades the wi-ly foe, Com-pass the en-crush the wrong; Stay in the fight till the world shall see Our splend-id flag cour-age grand; The bat-tle-line, push it on and on, Till with the Lord march a-long: Let all our fears to the winds be cast, God's cause shall tri-

## CHORUS.

e-my's o-ver-throw. Quit you like men! Be strong!..... The borne to vic-to-ry. you the field have won. umph o'er sin at last.

Be strong!

fight may be fierce and long,..... But in God's strength we shall ver-y long,

win at length; Then quit you like men! Be strong!.....

Be strong!

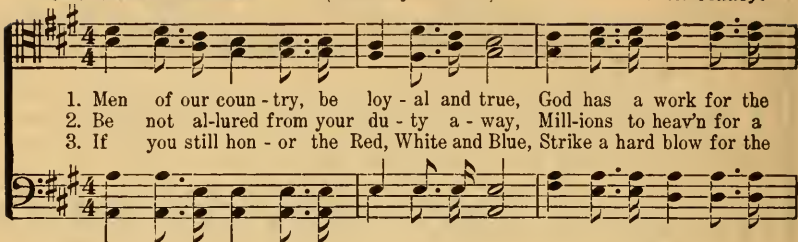
# No. 84. Men of Our Country, Be True.

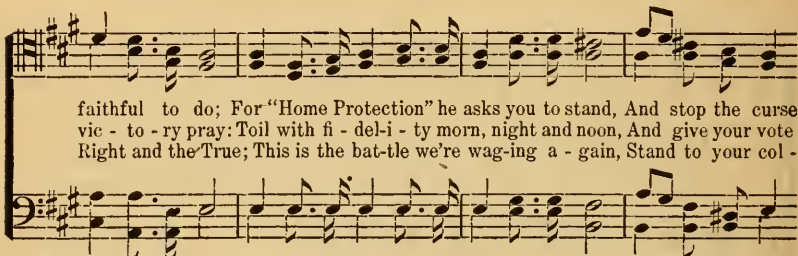
Rev. Ellsha A. Hoffman.

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(MALE QUARTET.)

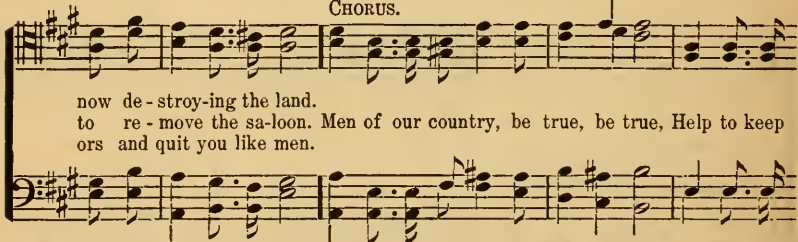
J. H. Tenney.

- 
1. Men of our coun - try, be loy - al and true, God has a work for the
  2. Be not al-lured from your du - ty a - way, Mill-ions to heav'n for a
  3. If you still hon - or the Red, White and Blue, Strike a hard blow for the



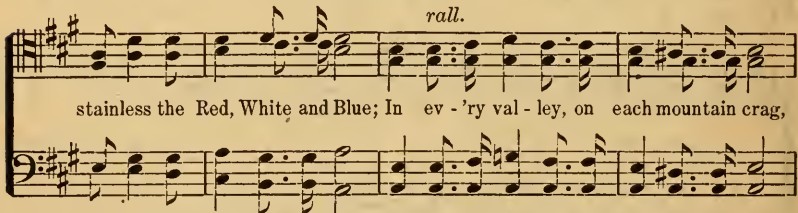
faithful to do; For "Home Protection" he asks you to stand, And stop the curse  
vic - to - ry pray: Toil with fi - del-i - ty morn, night and noon, And give your vote  
Right and the True; This is the bat-tle we're wag-ing a - gain, Stand to your col -

## CHORUS.




now de-destroy-ing the land.  
to re-move the sa-loon. Men of our country, be true, be true, Help to keep  
ors and quit you like men.

*rall.*



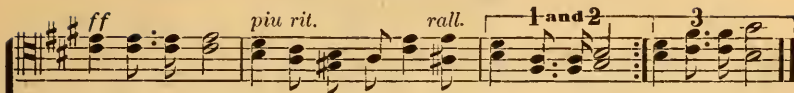
stainless the Red, White and Blue; In ev - 'ry val - ley, on each mountain crag,

*a tempo.*

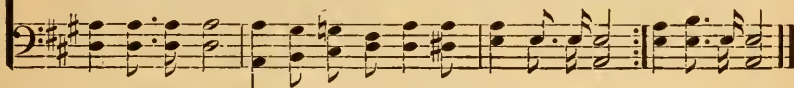


Float for protection our beau-ti-ful flag,..... Our beau-ti-ful flag, our  
beau - ti-ful flag,

# Men of Our Country, Be True.



beau-ti - ful flag, Float for pro-tec-tion, our beau-ti - ful flag, beau-ti-ful flag!

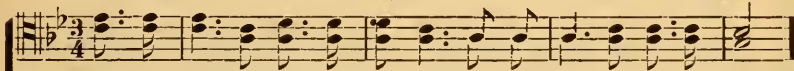


## No. 85. Alcoholic Drinks are Poison.

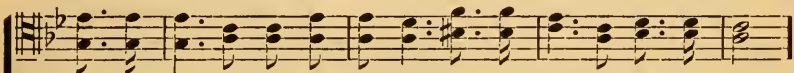
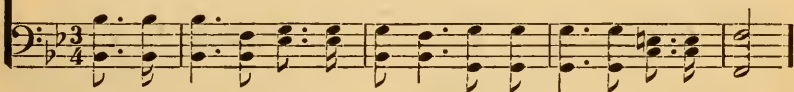
Mrs. J. M. Hunter.

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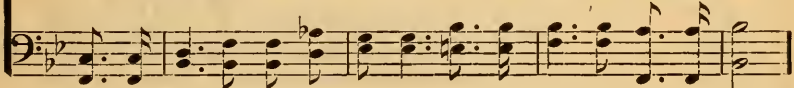
R. H. Cornelius.



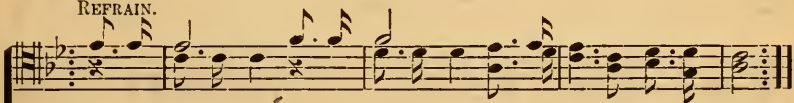
1. Al - co - hol - ic drinks are poi - son! I be - seech you, boys, be-ware!
2. Al - co - hol - ic drinks are poi - son! Soul and bod - y they de - stroy,
3. Al - co - hol - ic drinks are poi - son! See the drunk-ard reel-ing on;
4. Al - co - hol - ic drinks are poi - son! They in - cite to vice and crime;



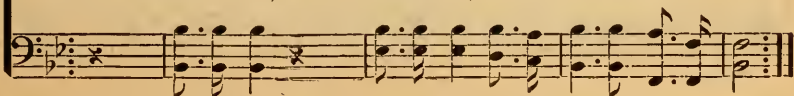
The sa - loons are traps of e - vil, En - ter not their dead - ly snare.  
 Chang - ing man in - to a de - mon, Rob - bing life of all its joy.  
 All his mon - ey he has squandered, All his so-called friends are gone.  
 O the deep re - morse and an - guish You can buy with one poor dime!



### REFRAIN.



Keep a - way, keep a - way, En - ter not the dead - ly snare;  
 Keep a - way, keep a - way,  
 Touch it not, touch it not, Of the drunkard's cup be-ware.  
 Touch it not, touch it not,

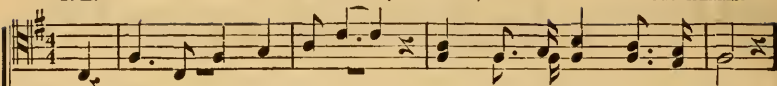


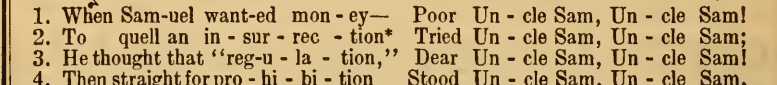
Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

T. H.

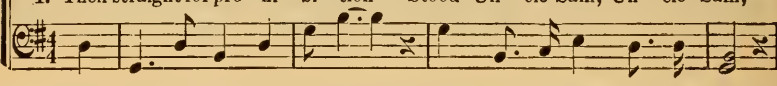
Male Trio. (in Uniform.)

THORO HARRIS.

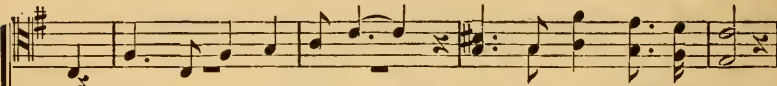
- 
1. When Sam-u-el want-ed mon-ey— Poor Un-cle Sam, Un-cle Sam!
  2. To quell an in-sur-rec-tion\* Tried Un-cle Sam, Un-cle Sam;
  3. He thought that "reg-u-la-tion," Dear Un-cle Sam, Un-cle Sam!
  4. Then straight for pro-hi-bi-tion Stood Un-cle Sam, Un-cle Sam,



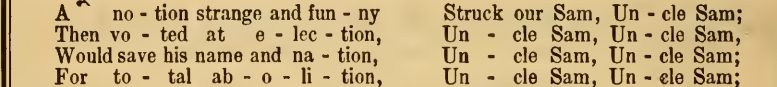
A no-tion strange and fun-ny Struck our Sam, Un-cle Sam;  
 Then vo-ted at e-lec-tion, Un-cle Sam, Un-cle Sam,  
 Would save his name and na-tion, Un-cle Sam, Un-cle Sam;  
 For to-tal ab-o-li-tion, Un-cle Sam, Un-cle Sam;



He laid a tax-say, ain't it queer, This rev-e-nue on wine and  
 To li-cense reb-els ev-'ry day, For that was Un-cle Sam-u-el's  
 But when re-bel-lion bold-er grew, At last he found out what to  
 He vot-ed for the temp'rance cause, For clean-er men and right-eous



beer? Un-cle Sam (Sam?) Un-cle Sam (Sam) He must have needed  
 way, Un-cle Sam (Sam?) Un-cle Sam (Sam) It caused him sore de-  
 do, Un-cle Sam (Sam?) Un-cle Sam (Sam) He'd done with reg-u-  
 laws, Un-cle Sam (Sam?) Un-cle Sam (Sam) He stood for pro-hi-



mon-ey, Poor Un-cle Sam, Un-cle Sam. Un-cle Sam - u - el.  
 jec-tion, Our Un-cle Sam, Un-cle Sam. Un-cle Sam - u - el.  
 la-tion, Our Un-cle Sam, Un-cle Sam. Un-cle Sam - u - el.  
 bi-tion, Our Un-cle Sam, Un-cle Sam. Un-cle Sam - u - el.

Sam - u - el.

Sam, Sam, Sam.



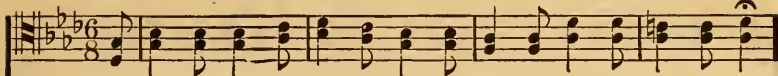
## No. 87.

## They're After Him.

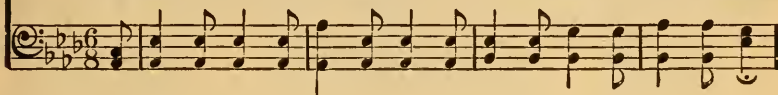
Rev. W. C. Poole.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

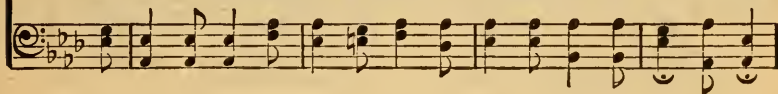
Samuel W. Beazley.



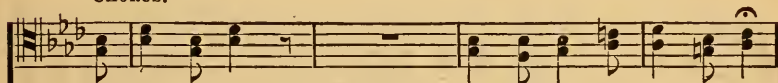
1. The liq - uor deal - er once was boss, He nev - er knew de - feat or loss,
2. The "female" of the spe - cies takes Her dead - ly weap - ons and she makes
3. The gro - cer who is yet un - paid By drink - ers who their cash have laid
4. The children and the grown men strong Are aft - er him with all his wrong;
5. The press is turn - ing 'round at last, It's bring - ing to the time quite fast
6. The big U. S. with all its might Is aft - er him—O what a sight!



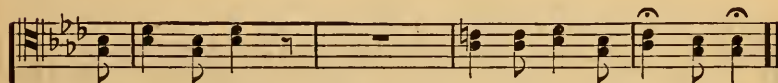
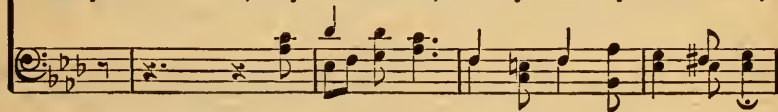
But now at last the day has come When he is get - ting on the bum.  
 Him run to hide him - self in shame To own his work, his deeds and name.  
 On bars to fill the keep - er's till, Are aft - er him with might and will.  
 In time of need he has no friend, Ex - cept for pay, who will de - fend.  
 When pa - pers will no more de - fend A cause un - wor - thy of a friend.  
 The pol - i - ti - cians join in glee To be right in the vic - to - ry.



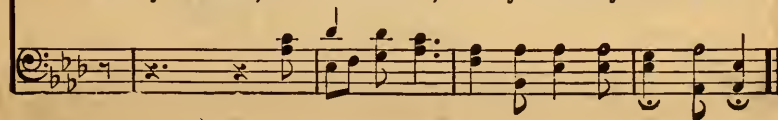
## CHORUS.



They're aft - er him, They're aft - er him, Ev - 'ry - where they're aft - er him;



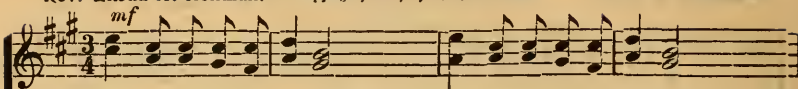
His day is done, He's on the run, Ev - 'ry - where they're aft - er him.



Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

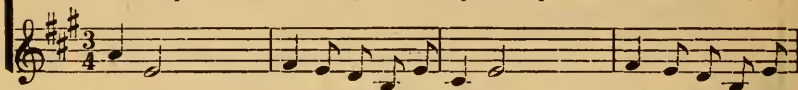
Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

Ira. O. Hoffman.



1. O God! hear Thou our pleading,  
 2. All homes of sorrow brighten,  
 3. O God! protection send them,

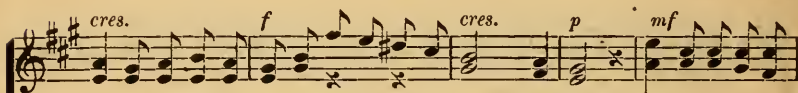
For hearts with sorrow bleeding,  
 Their woes and burdens lighten,  
 Thy arm of pow'r defend them,



1. O God!  
 2. All homes,  
 3. O God!

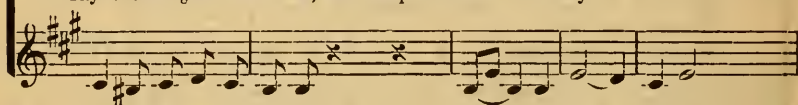
God, hear our pleading For hearts,  
 homes, Father, brighten, Their woes,  
 protection send them! Thy arm,

hearts that are bleeding,  
 woes, Father, lighten,  
 right arm defend them,



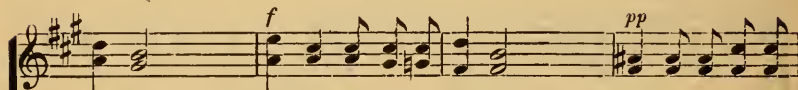
For hearts Thy comfort needing, In their anguish day,  
 The wrongs that crush them righten, Cheer their sad and lone -  
 Thy love and grace attend them, And their portion be

by day. To heaven they are  
 ly way.  
 al-way.



For hearts Thy comfort needing  
 The wrongs that crush them righten,  
 Thy love and grace attend them,

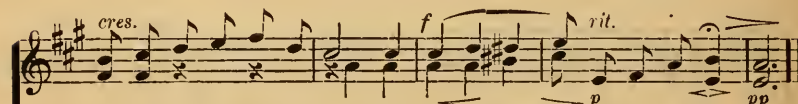
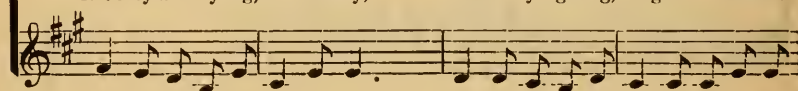
day by day. To heav'n,  
 cheer their way.  
 Lord, al-way.



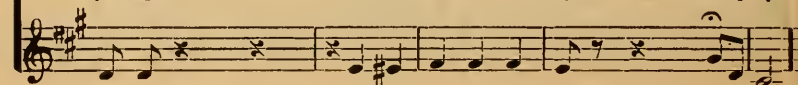
cry - ing,  
 Lo! they are cry-ing,

For mer-cy they are sigh-ing,  
 For mer-cy,

No good to them de -  
 For mercy sigh-ing, No good to them de -



ny - ing, Show Thy fav - or, Lord, to - day; . . . . . Thy fav - or, we pray.  
 Show Thy fav - or to - day;  
 ny - ing, Show Thy fav-or to - day, we pray.



# No. 89. God of Love, Hear Our Prayer.

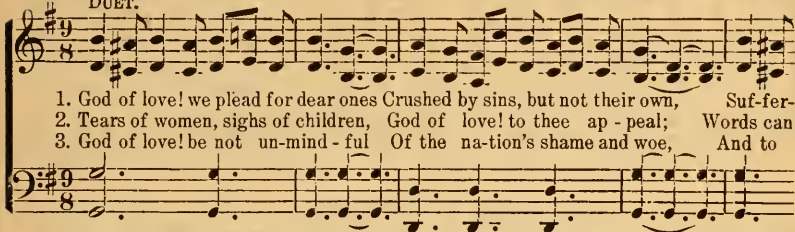
Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

(A Duet and Trio for Ladies' Voices.)

Rev. Ellsha A. Hoffman.

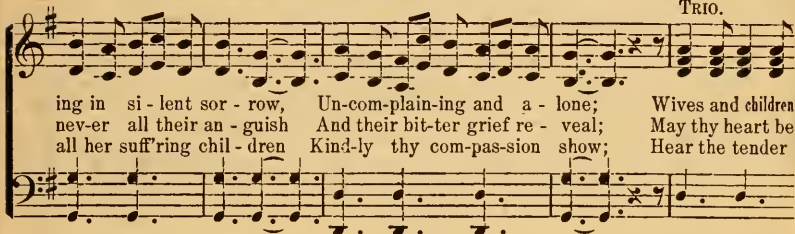
Mrs. Amanda S. Barlow.

DUET.

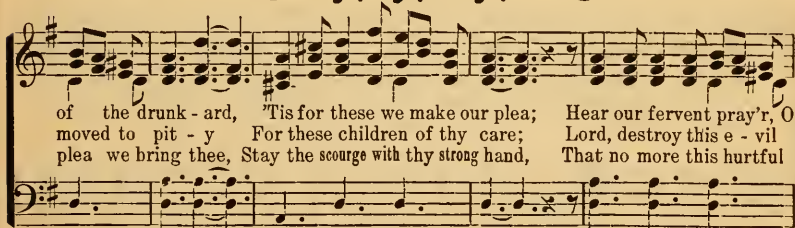


1. God of love! we plead for dear ones Crushed by sins, but not their own, Suf-fer-  
 2. Tears of women, sighs of children, God of love! to thee ap - peal; Words can  
 3. God of love! be not un-mind - ful Of the na-tion's shame and woe, And to

TRIO.

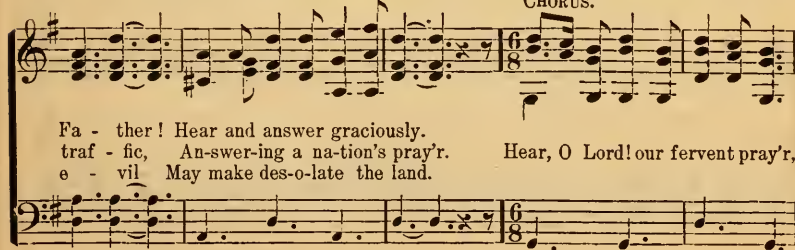


ing in si - lent sor - row, Un-com-plain-ing and a - lone; Wives and children  
 nev-er all their an - guish And their bit-ter grief re - veal; May thy heart be  
 all her suff'ring chil - dren Kind-ly thy com-pas-sion show; Hear the tender

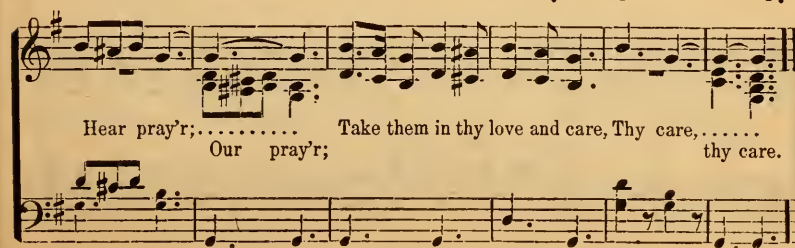


of the drunk - ard, 'Tis for these we make our plea; Hear our fervent pray'r, O  
 moved to pit - y For these children of thy care; Lord, destroy this e - vil  
 plea we bring thee, Stay the scourge with thy strong hand, That no more this hurtful

CHORUS.



Fa - ther! Hear and answer graciously.  
 traf - fic, An-swer-ing a na-tion's pray'r. Hear, O Lord! our fervent pray'r,  
 e - vil May make des-o-late the land.



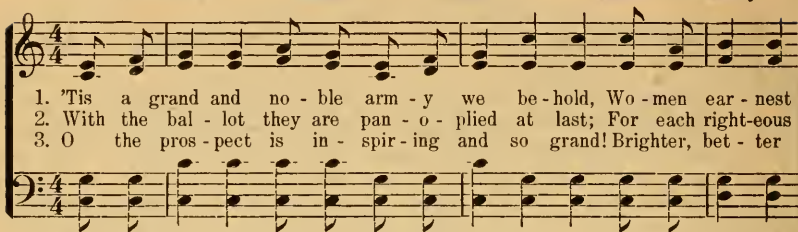
Hear pray'r;..... Take them in thy love and care, Thy care,.....  
 Our pray'r; thy care.

# No. 90. Salute the Women Voters.

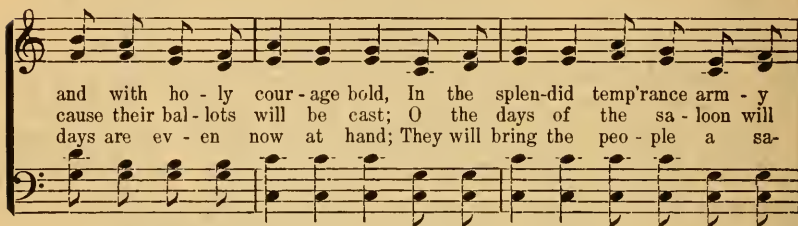
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

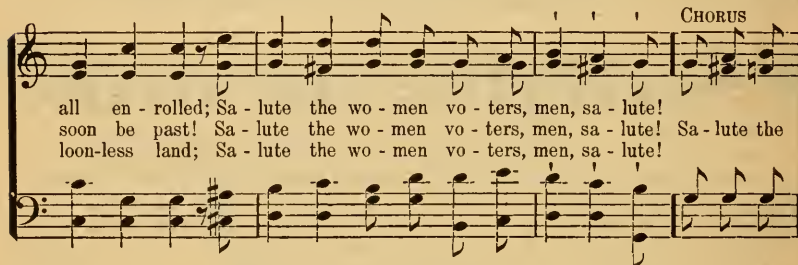
Samuel W. Beazley.



1. 'Tis a grand and no - ble arm - y we be - hold, Wo - men ear - nest  
 2. With the bal - lot they are pan - o - plied at last; For each right - eous  
 3. O the pros - pect is in - spir - ing and so grand! Brighter, bet - ter

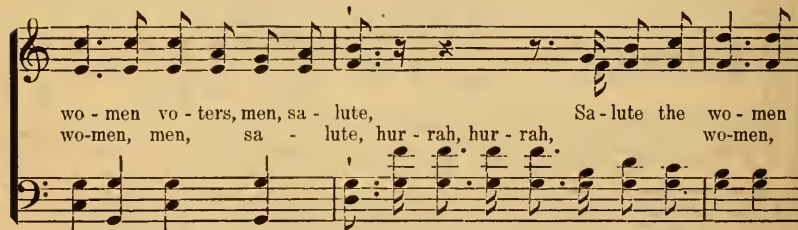


and with ho - ly cour - age bold, In the splen - did temp'rance arm - y  
 cause their bal - lots will be cast; O the days of the sa - loon will  
 days are ev - en now at hand; They will bring the peo - ple a sa -

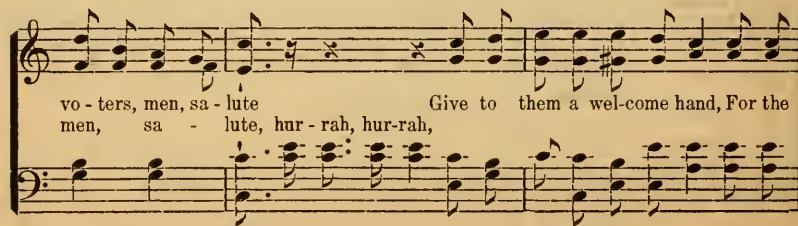


CHORUS

all en - rolled; Sa - lute the wo - men vo - ters, men, sa - lute!  
 soon be past! Sa - lute the wo - men vo - ters, men, sa - lute! Sa - lute the  
 loon - less land; Sa - lute the wo - men vo - ters, men, sa - lute!



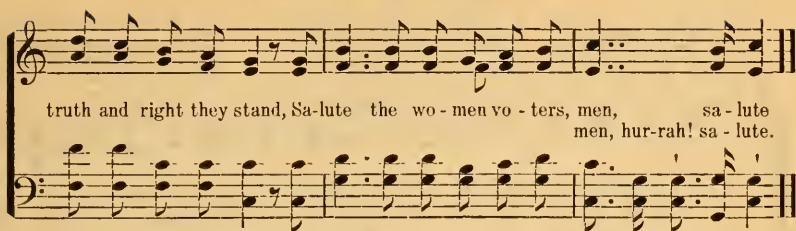
wo - men vo - ters, men, sa - lute, Sa - lute the wo - men  
 wo - men, men, sa - lute, hur - rah, hur - rah, wo - men,



vo - ters, men, sa - lute Give to them a wel - come hand, For the  
 men, sa - lute, hur - rah, hur - rah,



# Salute the Women Voters.



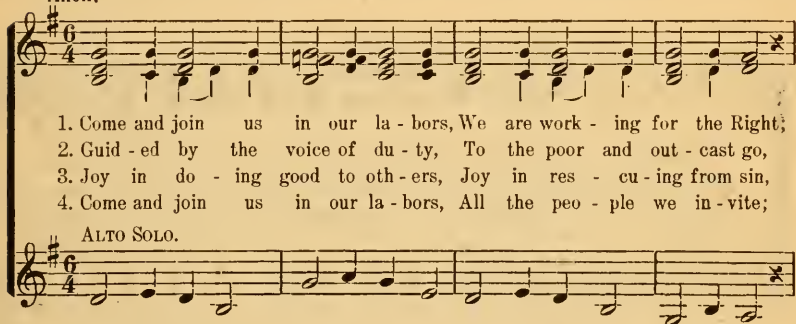
truth and right they stand, Sa-lute the wo - men vo - ters, men, sa - lute  
men, hur-rah! sa - lute.

## No. 91.

## Come And Join Us.

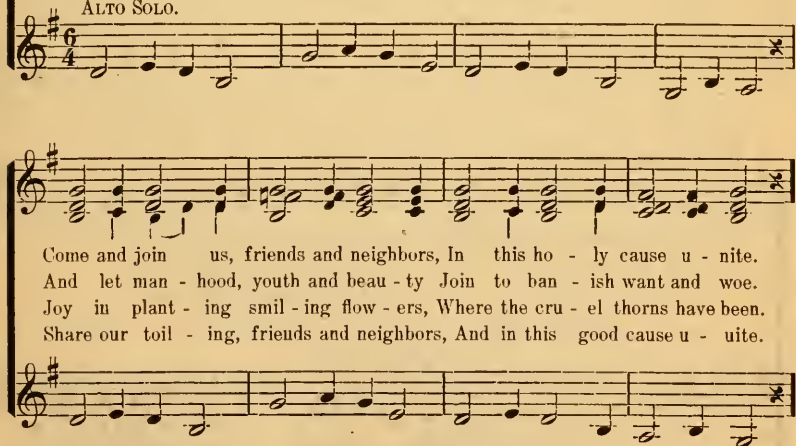
(FOR FEMALE VOICES.)

Anon.



1. Come and join us in our la - bors, We are work - ing for the Right;  
2. Guid - ed by the voice of du - ty, To the poor and out - cast go,  
3. Joy in do - ing good to oth - ers, Joy in res - cu - ing from sin,  
4. Come and join us in our la - bors, All the peo - ple we in - vite;

ALTO SOLO.



Come and join us, friends and neighbors, In this ho - ly cause u - nite.  
And let man - hood, youth and beau - ty Join to ban - ish want and woe.  
Joy in plant - ing smil - ing flow - ers, Where the cru - el thorns have been.  
Share our toil - ing, friends and neighbors, And in this good cause u - nite.

REFRAIN.



God is call - ing, "Toil for me!" Lord, I'll glad - ly toil for thee.

# No. 92.

# Prayer for Power.

(TRIO AND CHORUS.)

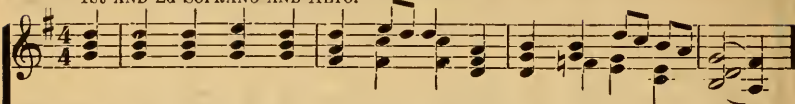
Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

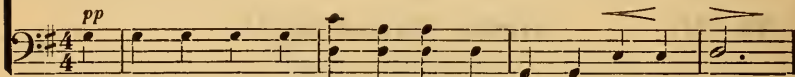
Ira Orwig Hoffman.

1st AND 2d SOPRANO AND ALTO.

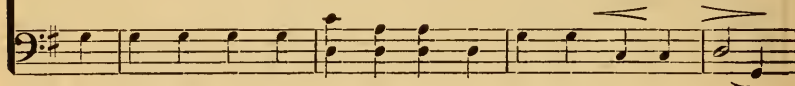
*Andante.*



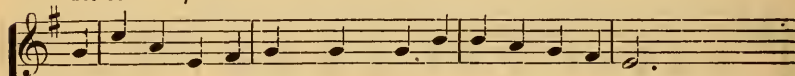
1. O God! the bat - tle is too strong for us to ov - er - come;
2. O God! if sin is in our heart, and we are shorn of pow'r,
3. Let now the Ho - ly Spir - it fall up - on thy chos - en few,



Our hands are weak, our hearts are faint, our ver - y lips are dumb;  
Re - new with us Thy cov - e - nant and seal the vow this hour;  
And let the fire of Pen - te - cost burn in our hearts a - new;



1st Sor. *mf*

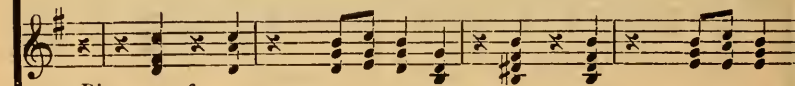


In our own strength and right-eous - ness we can-not for-ward go;  
Our sin re-move, all doubt dis - pel, all fear take thou a - way,  
Then, gird-ed with Thy ho - li - ness, thine own shall follow thee,

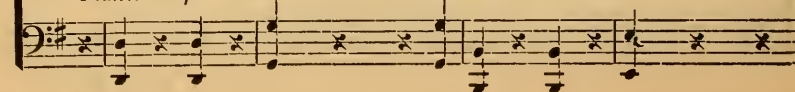
2d Sop. AND ALTO. *mf*



In our own strength and righteousness we cannot forward go;  
Our sin remove, all doubt dispel, all fear take Thou away;  
Then, gird-ed with Thy ho - li - ness, thine own shall follow Thee,



*Piano. mf*



## Prayer for Power.

We must have Thee our help to be for vic-to-ry, we know.  
And with new meas-ures of Thy grace en-due our souls to-day.  
With faith to dare, with strength to do, with pow'r for vic-to-ry....

### FULL CHORUS.

*mf*  
Cleanse Thou our hearts and make us pure in this pro-pi-tious hour,  
And gird Thy-self to lead Thy hosts re-newed in love and pow'r.

## No. 93. Another Town Goes Dry.

(TUNE ABOVE.)

1. What news is this that cheers the heart,  
And brightens every eye?  
'Tis news that's very common now:  
"Another town gone dry!"  
How comes it that our saloon friends  
Are bidding us "Good by?"  
The women have the ballot white,  
And now the towns go dry.

CHO.—Oh, this is news that cheers the heart,  
And brightens every eye;  
From everywhere we hear the news:  
"Another town gone dry!"

2. A better day has dawned at length,  
Praise to the Lord on high!

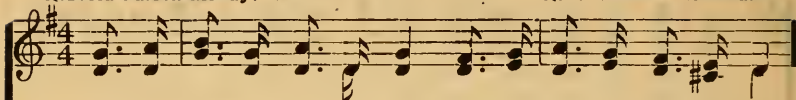
Yes, woman suffrage is all right,  
It makes the towns go dry;  
For years the dramshops fought the men,  
And did the laws defy,  
But now the women have a vote  
And every town goes dry.

3. We waited very, very long  
For this auspicious day;  
God sent no answer to our plea,  
We could but wait and pray;  
Thank God, we are rejoicing now,  
And waft our praise on high;  
The women have the ballot and  
The towns are going dry.

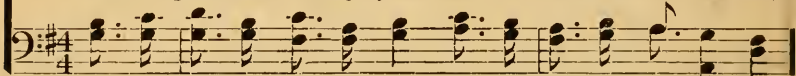
# No. 94. Not a Woman Voted Wet.

Rebecca Parson McKay. Arr. Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman.

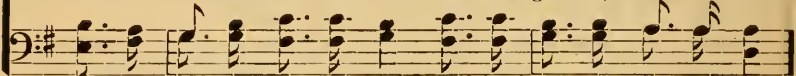
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



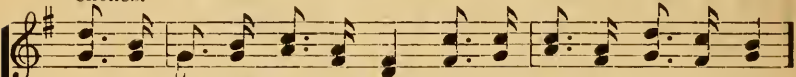
1. On the wa - ter wa - gon yet? Ring the bells and shout for joy!
2. They a fair ex - am - ple set, Thank them, ev - 'ry girl and boy!
3. All shall read these head-lines yet, "They shall hurt not, nor de - stroy!"
4. Lord of grace, do not for - get These good moth - ers and their boys;
5. 'Tis the grand - est tri - umph yet, Won with - out much stir or noise;



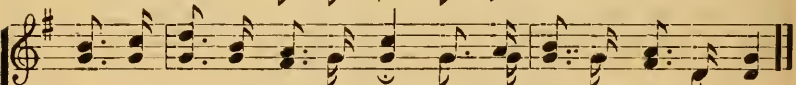
Not a wo - man vot - ed "wet" In Vir - gin - ia, Il - li - nois.



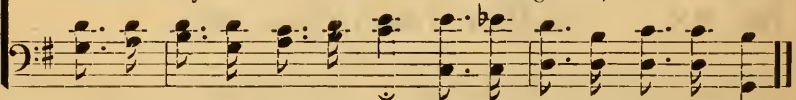
CHORUS.



Not a wo - man vot - ed "wet," Hal - le - lu - jah! shout for joy!



That's the way our sis - ters did In Vir - gin - ia, Il - li - nois.



# No. 95.

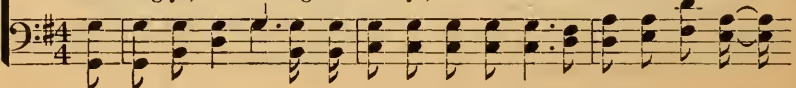
E. A. H.

# That's Why.

Copyright, 1916, by E. A. Hoffman. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



1. Our town has gone "dry," Would you know the reason why? The women vot - ed, and
2. Our town was "wet," "wet", And it would be even yet, But for the faith and
3. Then sing ye, ho! ho! Sing and shout ye, hi! hi! hi! The woman vot - er has





# That's Why.

CHORUS.

when they vote The town always goes "dry". That's why, why, Our  
 cour - age of The wo - man suf - fra - gette.  
 come to stay Till all the towns go "dry". O why! O why!

town is "dry"; When women do the vot - ing, All the saloons must die.

## No. 96.

## If I Were You.

E. A. H.

Copyright, 1905, by E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. If I were you, O earnest youth! Made strong thro' righteousness and truth,  
 2. If I were you, young maiden fair, There is one sin I would not share;  
 3. If I were you, O husband strong! Ill - treating a poor wife so long,  
 4. If I were you, O man of years! Causing my friends such bit - ter tears,

FINE.

The cup that ru - ins I would shun, And of its bit - ter fruit have none.  
 I would not, with this hand of mine, Tempt one soul with the hurt - ful wine.  
 Up - on the cup I'd place a ban, And then re - form and be a man.  
 Tho' long ad - dict - ed to the cup, In heaven's strength I'd give it up.

D.S.—And on the cup I'd place a ban, And show my - self to be a man.

CHORUS.

D. S.

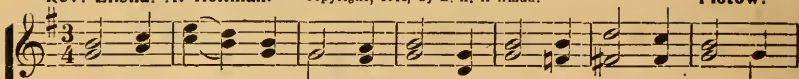
If I were you, this would I do, My vows to God I would re - new,

# No. 97. Come and Sign the Pledge.

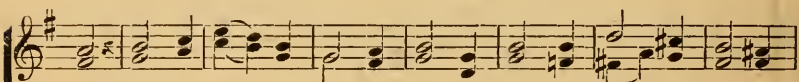
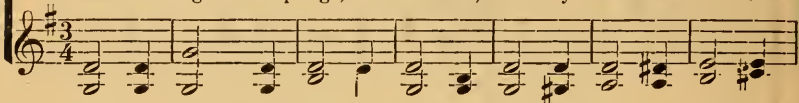
Rev. Elisha. A. Hoffman.

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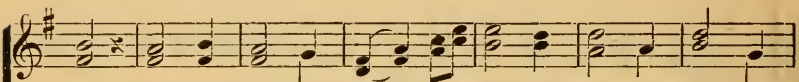
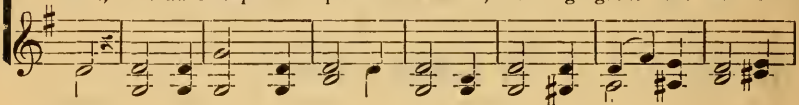
Flotow.



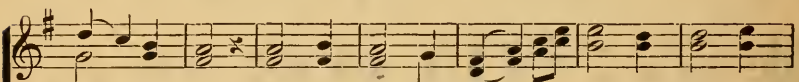
1. Come and sign the pledge, our broth-er, Sign your name there-to to -  
2. Come and sign the pledge, our broth-er, No - bler step you can - not  
3. Come and sign the pledge, our broth-er; Ma - ny thous-ands have en -



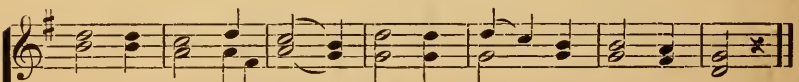
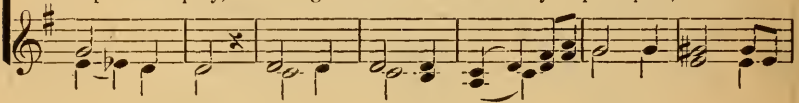
day; 'Tis not wise to wait the mor-row, 'Tis not safe to make de -  
take; Do it for your wife and child-ren, Do it for your own dear  
rolled, And have reaped a splen-did har-vest, Bless-ings great and man - i -



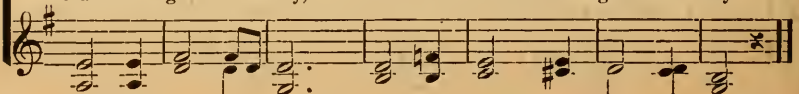
lay; Now, while you are strong in pur - pose, Now, while ma - ny  
sake; Do it in the strength of heav - en, And to God for  
fold; Put your name up - on the pa - per, And for grace to



for you pray, Take the step in faith and cour - age, And a  
cour - age pray, And the Lord of love and mer - cy Will be  
keep it pray, And go forth with ho - ly pur - pose, A free



free man be to - day, And a free man be to - day.  
with you ev - 'ry day, Will be with you all the way.  
man a - gain to - day, A free man a - gain to - day.



# No. 98. We'll Fight For Jesus To-day.

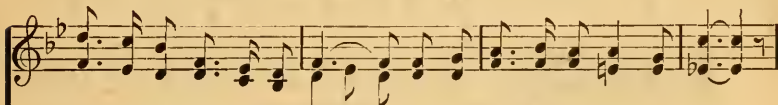
Words and music copyright, 1910, by J. P. Lowry.

J. P. L.

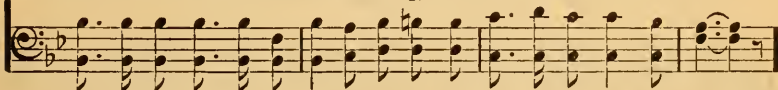
J. P. Lowry.



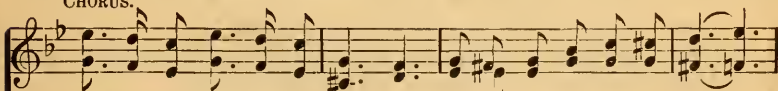
1. Shoulder to shoulder we go, . . . And we rush in the midst of the light;  
we go,
2. Loud is the din of the strife, . As the vice of the world we en-gage;  
the strife,
3. Hosts of the Lord, marching on, . Furl His banners in ev - er - y land;  
marching on,



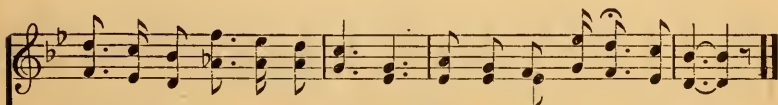
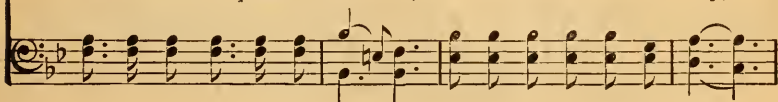
- Ban-ners are gleaming like snow, . . And the foe we will put to flight.  
like snow,  
Oft - en temp-ta-tions are rife, . . . But a glo - ri - ous fight we'll wage.  
are rife,  
Soon He will tri-umph o'er wrong, . The mil-len - ni - al day's at hand.  
o'er wrong,



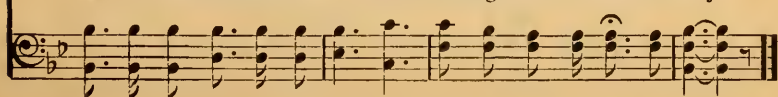
## CHORUS.



Forth to the con-quest He leads us, In-to the bat-tle ar - ray;



Un - der His stand-ard vic - to - rious We'll fight for Je - sus to - day.



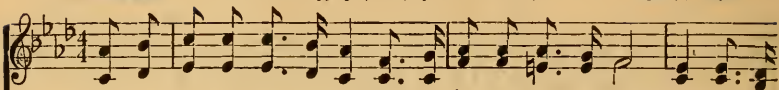
# No. 99. Arouse Ye, Good People.

TUNE—"Battle Cry of Freedom."

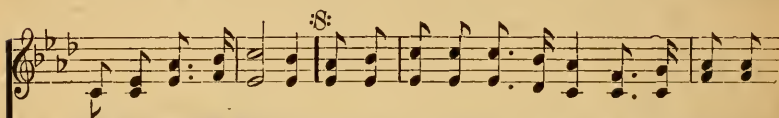
E. A. Hoffman.

Words copyright, 1909, by E. A. Hoffman.

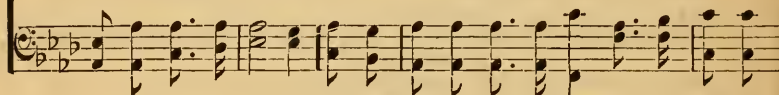
Geo. F. Root.



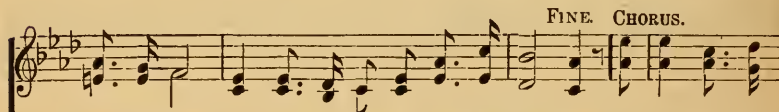
1. Are you go - ing to the polls with a bal - lot for the Right? Go in the
2. It is but a lit - tle thing you are called up-on to do, All in the
3. We can rid this fair - est land of its foul - est blot and stain, All in the



name of Truth and Freedom; Join the le-gions of re-form - ers be - neath the  
name of Truth and Freedom; Just to cast a lit - tle bal - lot to God and  
name of Truth and Freedom; We can cleanse the land of e - vil and make it

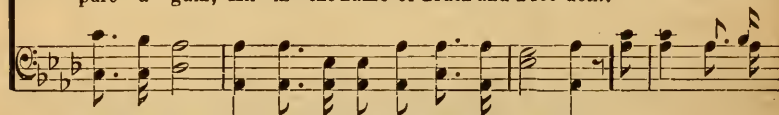


*D. S.*—For the bat - tle will be yours, on - ly push a -

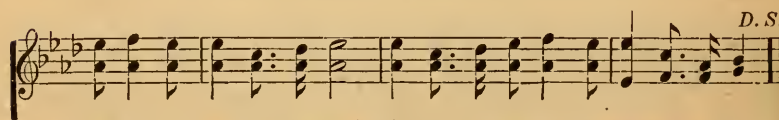


FINE. CHORUS.

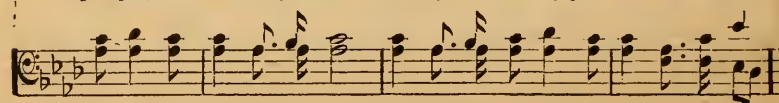
stand - ard white; Go in the name of Truth and Free - dom.  
coun - try true, All in the name of Truth and Free - dom. A - rouse ye, good  
pure a - gain, All in the name of Truth and Free - dom.



long the fight, All in the name of Truth and Free - dom.



peo - ple, a - rise in your might, Car - ry to vic - try your standard so white;



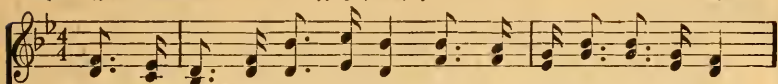


Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

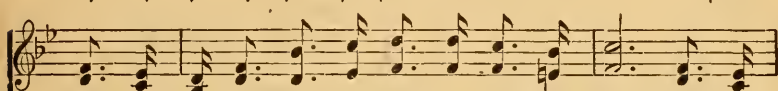
TUNE—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

Words copyright, 1909, by E. A. Hoffman.

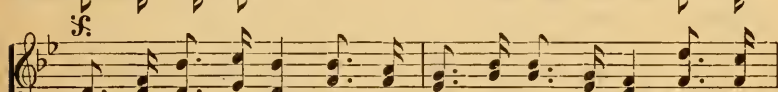
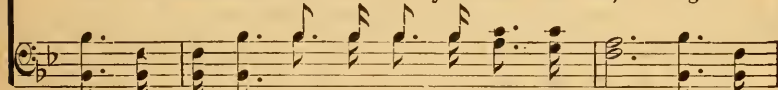
Geo. F. Root.



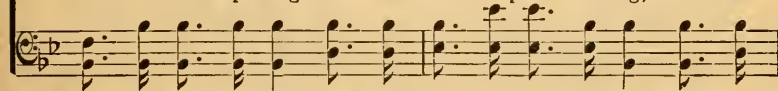
1. O the days of old are past, we are wak-ing up at last,
2. The sa-loon men stand a-ghast while our ranks are fill-ing fast,
3. Float your ban-ners in the breeze o-ver lands and o-ver seas,



To the per-ils that as-sailed the homes so long! Things were  
And they see the dread hand-writ- ing on the wall; Let us  
And let "Home and Na-tive Land" your mot-to be; Sing to



grow-ing worse and worse, thro' this bit-ter, bit-ter curse, Till we  
push the work a-long, fight with stead-y heart and strong, And the  
God a tri-umph song and the bat-tle push a-long, And the

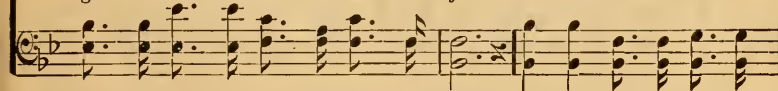


D.S.-stay the aw-ful curse grow-ing ev-'ry year the worse, For we

CHORUS.



vowed to stay this cru-el, cru-el wrong.  
e-vil traf-fic ver-y soon must fall. Vote, vote, vote, for pro-hi-  
fight will is-sue soon in vic-to-ry.

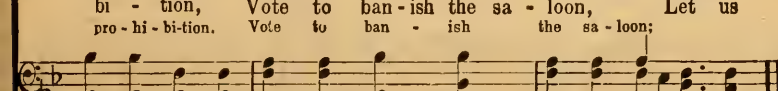


have no fur-ther use for the sa-loon.

D. S.



bi-tion, Vote to ban-ish the sa-loon, Let us  
pro-hi-bi-tion. Vote to ban-ish the sa-loon;

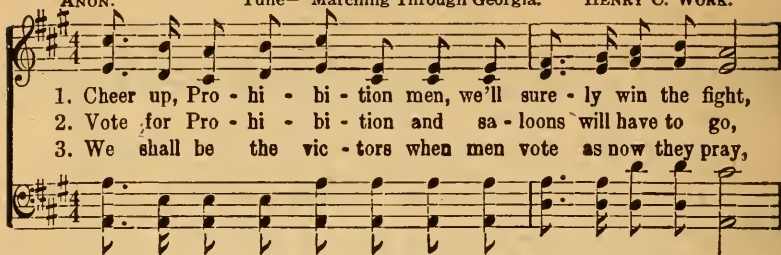


# No. 101. Cheer Up, Prohibition Men.

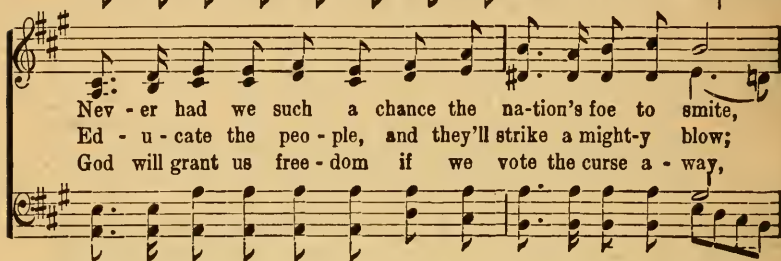
ANON.

Tune—"Marching Through Georgia."

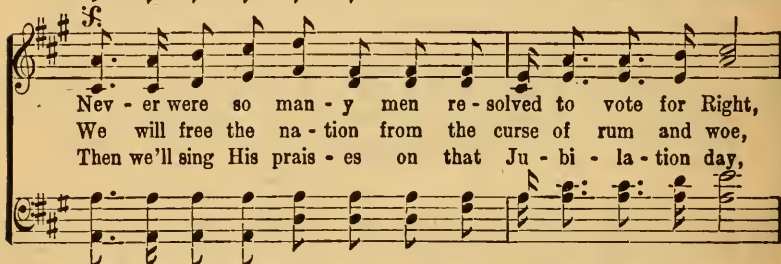
HENRY C. WORK.



1. Cheer up, Pro - hi - bi - tion men, we'll sure - ly win the fight,  
 2. Vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion and sa - loons will have to go,  
 3. We shall be the vic - tors when men vote as now they pray,



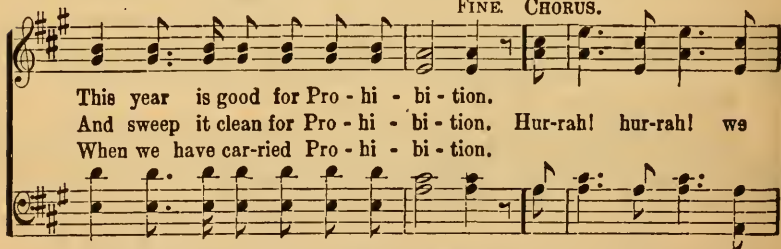
Nev - er had we such a chance the na - tion's foe to smite,  
 Ed - u - cate the peo - ple, and they'll strike a might-y blow;  
 God will grant us free - dom if we vote the curse a - way,



Nev - er were so man - y men re - solved to vote for Right,  
 We will free the na - tion from the curse of rum and woe,  
 Then we'll sing His prais - es on that Ju - bi - la - tion day,

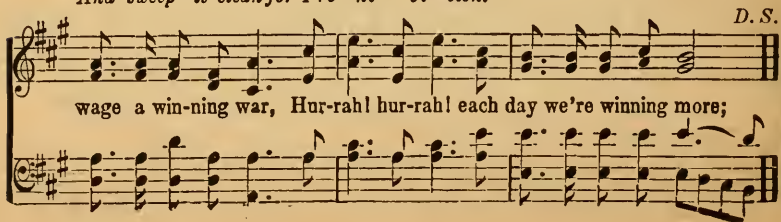
D.S.—We will fight un - til we sweep the land from shore to shore,

FINE. CHORUS.



This year is good for Pro - hi - bi - tion.  
 And sweep it clean for Pro - hi - bi - tion. Hur-rah! hur-rah! we  
 When we have car - ried Pro - hi - bi - tion.

And sweep it clean for Pro - hi - bi - tion.



wage a win - ning war, Hur-rah! hur-rah! each day we're winning more;

D. S.

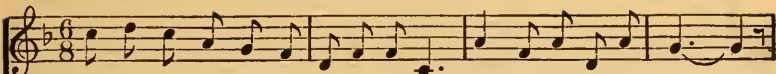
# No. 102.

# Was It You?

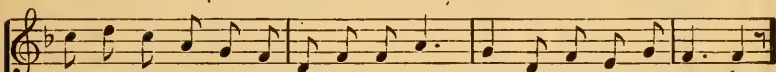
C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.  
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

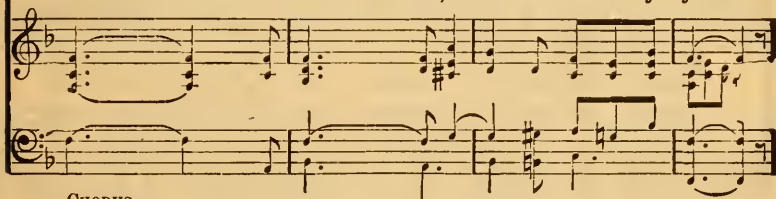
Chas. H. Gabriel.



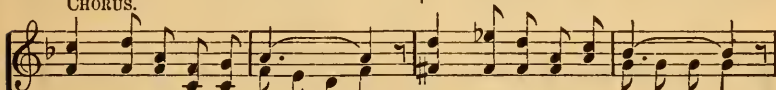
1. Some-bod-y vot-ed to ru-in my boy, Was that somebody you?
2. Some-bod-y ar-gued in fa-vor of wrong, Was that somebody you?
3. Some-bod-y turned all my day in-to night, Was that somebody you?
4. Some-bod-y li-censed an-oth-er to sell, Was that somebody you?



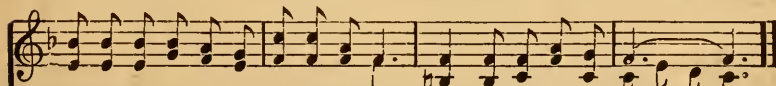
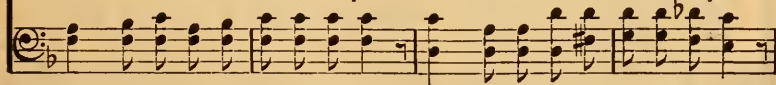
Some-bod-y helped his pure life to de-destroy, Was that some-bod-y you?  
Some-bod-y hushed in my life a sweet song, Was that some-bod-y you?  
Some-bod-y vot-ed to throt-tle the right, Was that some-bod-y you?  
That which could turn Par-a-dise in-to hell, Was that some-bod-y you?



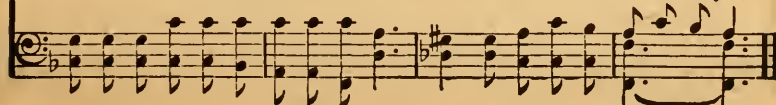
## CHORUS.



Was that some-bod-y you?..... Was that some-bod-y you?.....  
was it you? was it you?



Some-bod-y vot-ed to ru-in my boy, Was that some-bod-y you?.....  
was it you?



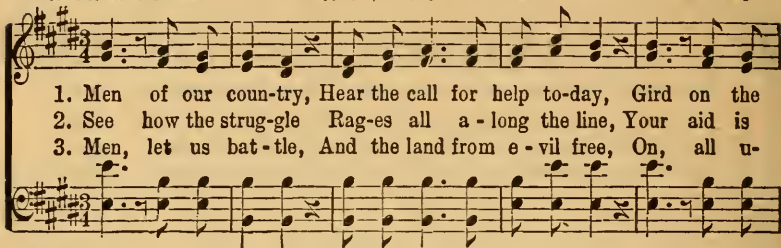
# No. 103. For Your Country Stand.

TUNE—"Juanita."

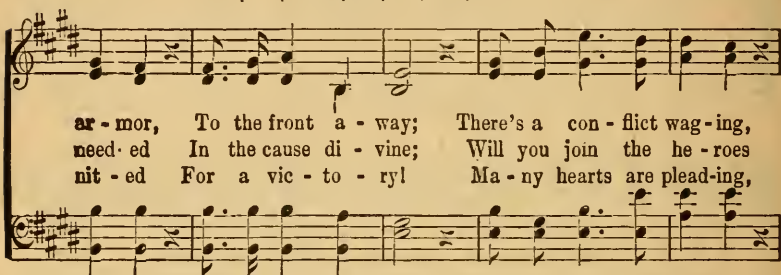
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

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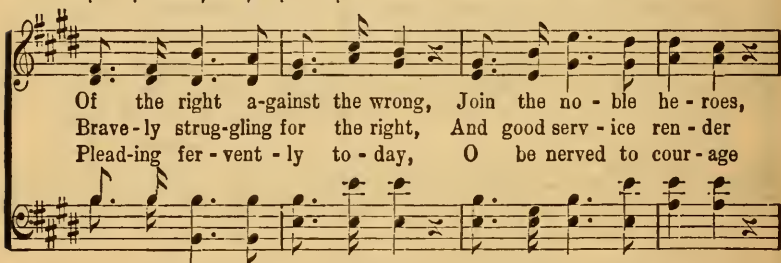
T. G. May.



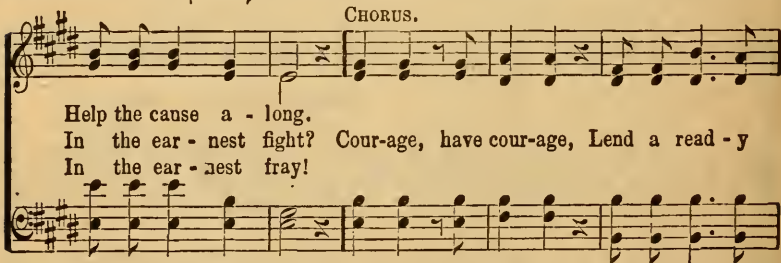
1. Men of our coun-try, Hear the call for help to-day, Gird on the  
 2. See how the strug-gle Rag-es all a-long the line, Your aid is  
 3. Men, let us bat-tle, And the land from e-vil free, On, all u-



ar-mor, To the front a-way; There's a con-flict wag-ing,  
 need-ed In the cause di-vine; Will you join the he-roes  
 nit-ed For a vic-to-ry! Ma-n-y hearts are plead-ing,

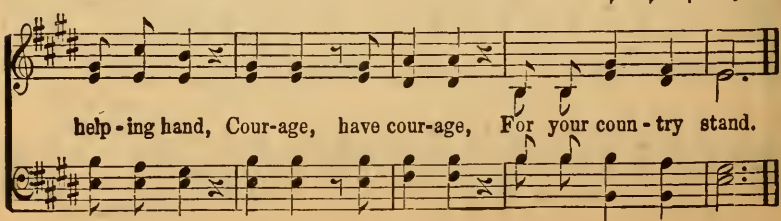


Of the right a-against the wrong, Join the no-ble he-roes,  
 Brave-ly strug-gling for the right, And good serv-ice ren-der  
 Plead-ing fer-vent-ly to-day, O be nerved to cour-age



CHORUS.

Help the cause a-long.  
 In the ear-nest fight? Cour-age, have cour-age, Lend a read-y  
 In the ear-nest fray!



help-ing hand, Cour-age, have cour-age, For your coun-try stand.



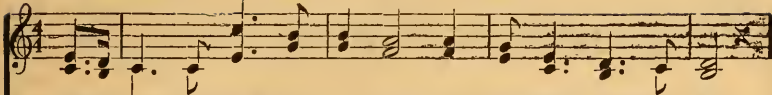
# No. 104.

# No Surrender.

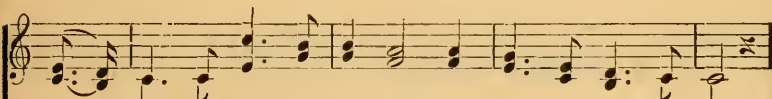
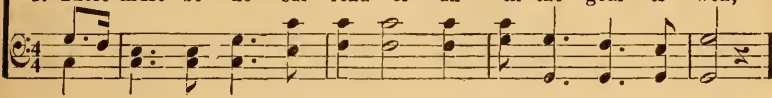
TUNE—"Annie Laurie."

E. A. Hoffman.

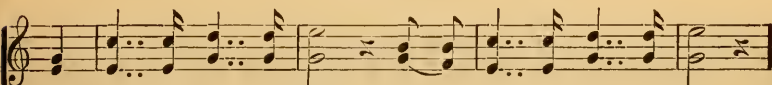
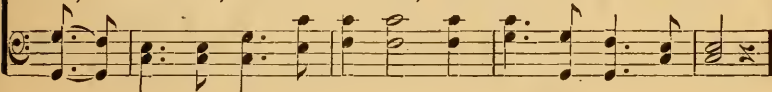
Words copyright, 1909, by E. A. Hoffman.



1. The tread of earn - est he - roes is heard through-out the land;
2. Our hosts are now u - nit - ed, in bat - tle - line ar - rayed,
3. We dare not cease the strug - gle while one sa - loon re - mains,
4. There must be no sur - rend - er un - til the goal is won;



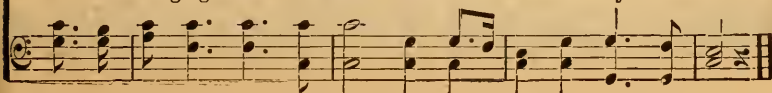
It is the tramp of sol - diers, a brave and daunt-less band;  
And though our foes are might - y, we meet them un - a - fraid;  
Nor breathe the word "sur - rend - er," while free - men are in chains;  
On, com-rades, with the bat - tle, and cow - ards be there none!



They gath - er in their might, to bat - tle for the right,  
The die is cast at length, we ral - ly in our strength,  
"No quar - ter," be the cry, but dare to do and die,  
Pass on the earn - est word. each for the con - flict gird,



And the con - flict will be wag - ing till tri - umph is at hand.  
And with chal-lenge bold and earn - est we go forth un - dis-mayed.  
Till in vic - t'ry we are sing - ing the con - quer-ing re - frains;  
We must strug - gle as do he - roes till vic - tor - y is won.



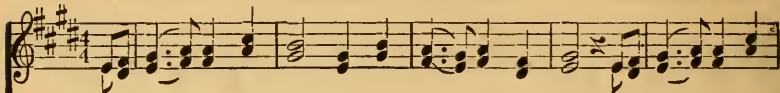
# No. 105. The Plea of Mothers and Children.

TUNE—"Home, Sweet Home."

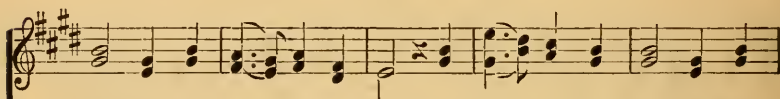
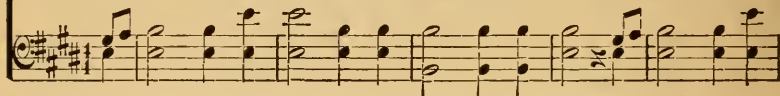
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Used by permission of E. A. Hoffman.

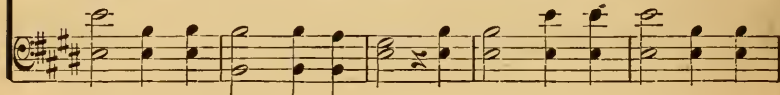
John Howard Payne.



1. O men of our country, ye loy - al and true! Your wives and your
2. You hold in your pow'r both our weal and our woe, You can by your
3. Our homes are un - hap - py, our chil - dren un-fed, We suf - fer for
4. Why should we thus suf-fer, our chil - dren and we, In this blessed



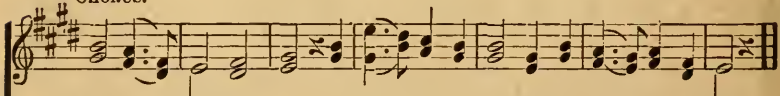
child - ren are plead - ing with you; The curse of the drink - shop we  
votes the sa - loon o - ver-throw; By all of the sor - row and  
com - fort, we suf - fer for bread; O see how in dust and in  
land of the brave and the free? O come to our re - cue and



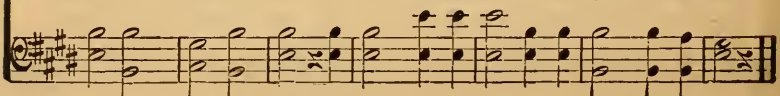
bit - ter - ly feel, And for your pro - tec - tion and help we ap-pear.  
pain that we feel, For help and pro - tec - tion to you we ap-appear.  
ash - es we keel And, bathed in our tears, for pro - tec - tion ap-appear.  
vote for our weal! It is to God's free-men the wom - en ap-appear.



## CHORUS.



Hear us, patriots leal, For help and pro-tection to you we ap-appear.



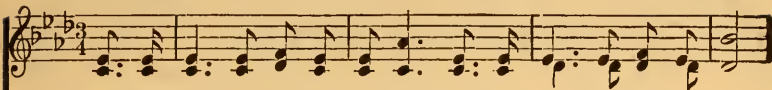
# No. 106. Pray On, Christian Mother.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

(SOLO.) TUNE—"Vacant Chair."

Words copyright, 1909, by E. A. Hoffman.

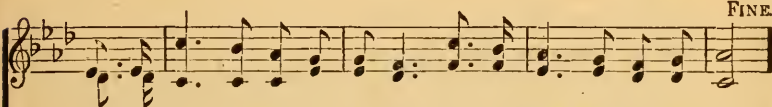
G. F. Root.



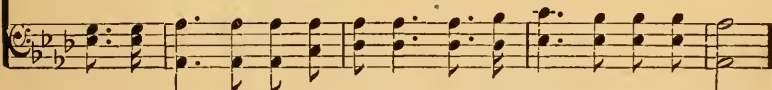
1. Moth-er-lips, I hear you pray-ing For your fall - en, wand'ring boy,
2. The sa - loon your boy has stol-en, Robbed him of his pur - i - ty;
3. Long this sin of drink has cursed us, And has filled the land with woe;



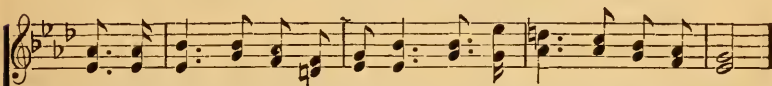
CHO.—Still pray on, O Christian moth-er, God will hear your pit-eous cry;



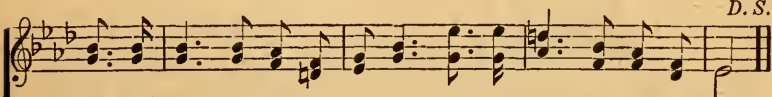
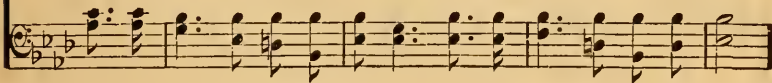
Walk-ing now in paths of e - vil, Once your pride and hope and joy.  
Took from him his no - ble manhood, Sor - row gave and mis - e - ry.  
But a bet - ter day is com-ing, Long-er it shall not be so.



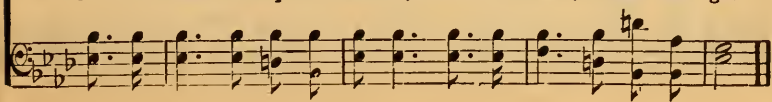
Lo! a bet - ter day is dawn-ing And will greet you by and by.



In his in - fan-cy you taught him To be pure and true and right,  
But the peo - ple are a - ris - ing In their might and maj-es - ty,  
For the peo - ple have de - ter-mined On the fi - nal o - ver-throw



But the years have bro't you sor-row And he's lost to you to - night.  
And de - clare these e - vil plac-es From the land shall banished be.  
Of the bane - ful liq - uor traf - fic, The sa - loon at last must go.



## No. 107.

## Only One Mother.

SOLO. *Expressivo.*

Copyright, 1899, by Ira O. Hoffman.

IRA O. HOFFMAN.

1. You have on - ly one moth-er, my boy, Whose heart you can  
 2. You have on - ly one moth-er to pray That in the good  
 3. You have on - ly one moth-er to make A home ev - er  
 4. You have on - ly one moth-er, just one; Re - mem - ber that

glad-den with joy, Or cause it to ache 'Till read - y to break-  
 path you may stay; For you she'll not spare Self - sac - ri - fice rare-  
 sweet for your sake, Who t il's day and night For you with de-light-  
 al - ways, my son, None can or will do What she has for you-

## CHORUS.

So cher - ish that moth-er, my boy.  
 So hon - or that moth-er, al-way. Then cherish that mother, my  
 Then nev - er that moth-er for-sake.  
 Leave noth-ing for moth-er un-done.

boy, And help her this life to en - joy; She'll love you, although

The world is your foe, Be kind to your mother, my boy.



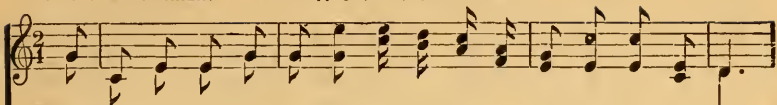
# No. 108.

# I Told You So.

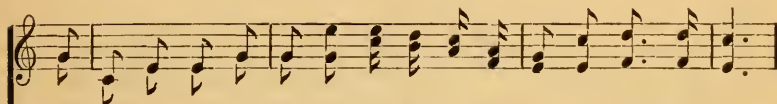
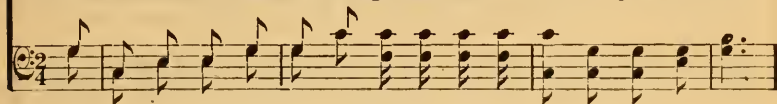
TUNE—"Kingdom Coming."

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Words copyright, 1909, by E. A. Hoffman.



1. Good peo-ple, have you heard the ti-dings As they come from far and near?
2. We look in - to the chil-dren's fac-es, And they could not bright-er be;
3. Good peo-ple all, sing hal-le-lu-jah! Put a-way the bat-tle-sword;
4. Let friend and foe-man now to-geth-er In a sol-id phalanx stand,



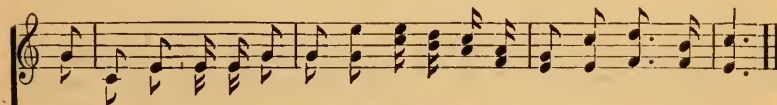
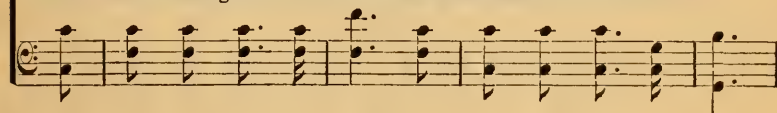
The news is glo-rious and en-thrill-ing, And it fills our heart with cheer.  
 Something has happened! they are hap-py O'er the glo-rious vic-to-ry.  
 The day of con-flict now is o-ver, It is time to praise the Lord.  
 And do the best to keep all e-vil From our fair and glo-rious land.



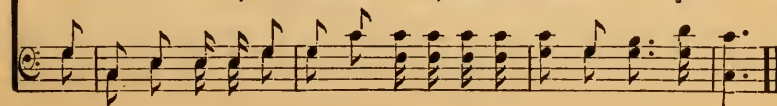
## CHORUS.



What means this grand "Hur-rah?" What means the bland "Ho! Ho!"



The votes are counted, we've won the bat-tle; Praise the Lord! I told you so.



# No. 109.

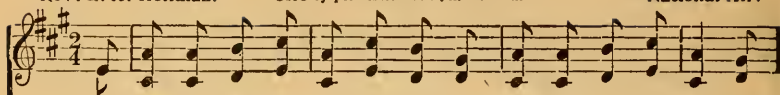
# Free Your Town.

TUNE—"Yankee Doodle."

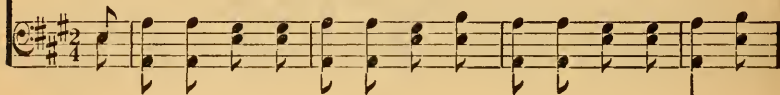
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Used by permission of E. A. Hoffman.

National Air.



1. { We'll vote the curse of liq - uor down, The peo - ple's ru - in - a - tion;  
 { We to the polls will ear - ly go, The friends of Lo - cal Op - tion,\*
2. { 'Tis not the man of the sa - loon We temp'rance folks are af - ter;  
 { For men who like our-selves, have souls We have a kind - ly feel - ing,
3. { Too long we have sub - mit - ted to The traf - fic's dom - i - na - tion;  
 { The mon - ey that for harm - ful drink So long has been ex - pend - ed



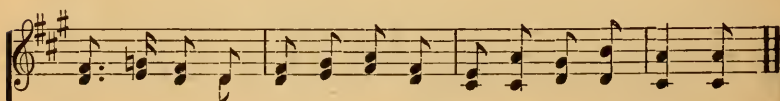
We'll vote the e - vil from our town, And from our no - ble na - tion; }  
 As - sured we have the peo - ple's votes To car - ry its a - dop - tion. }  
 It is the traf - fic we con - demn, A rob - ber and a graf - ter; }  
 But we are tired of the sa - loon, The trade in which they're dealing. }  
 At last we hurl at the sa - loon Our wrath and con - dem - na - tion; }  
 Shall to the hon - est business man From hence - forth be ex - tend - ed. }



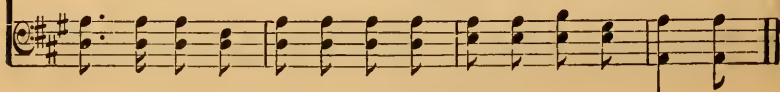
## CHORUS.



We've re - solved to free the town, And to free our na - tion,



From the curse that caus - es on - ly Crime and ru - in - a - tion.



\*Or Prohibition.

# No. 110.

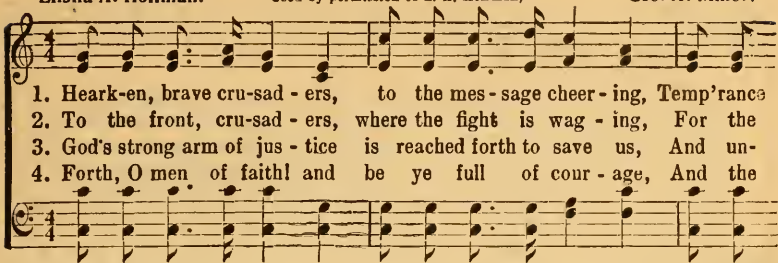
# Going Dry.

\*Where the blanks occur, sing the name of your state, county or town.

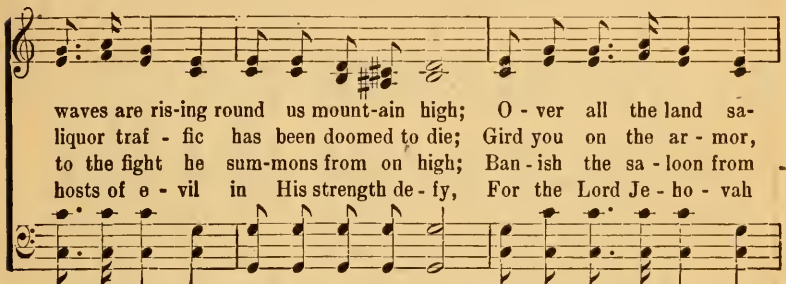
Elisha A. Hoffman.

Used by permission of E. A. Hoffman,

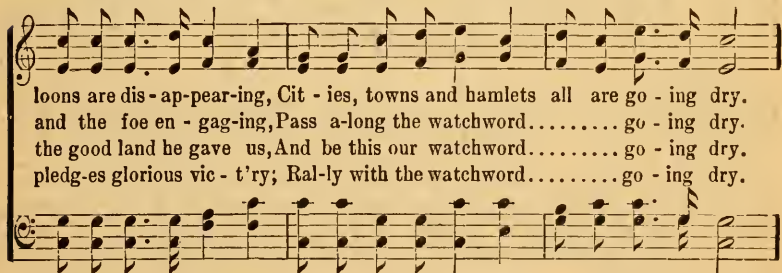
Geo. A. Minor.



1. Hearn-en, brave cru-sad - ers, to the mes-sage cheer-ing, Temp'rance  
 2. To the front, cru-sad - ers, where the fight is wag - ing, For the  
 3. God's strong arm of jus - tice is reached forth to save us, And un-  
 4. Forth, O men of faith! and be ye full of cour - age, And the



waves are ris-ing round us mount-ain high; O - ver all the land sa-  
 liquor traf - fic has been doomed to die; Gird you on the ar - mor,  
 to the fight he sum-mons from on high; Ban-ish the sa - loon from  
 hosts of e - vil in His strength de - fy, For the Lord Je - ho - vah

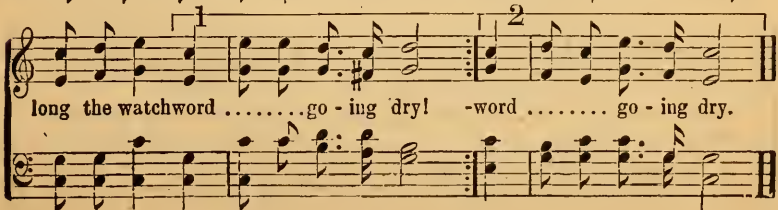


loons are dis-ap-pear-ing, Cit - ies, towns and hamlets all are go - ing dry.  
 and the foe en - gag-ing, Pass a-long the watchword..... go - ing dry.  
 the good land he gave us, And be this our watchword..... go - ing dry.  
 pled-ges glorious vic - t'ry; Ral-ly with the watchword..... go - ing dry.

## CHORUS.



..... go - ing dry, ..... go - ing dry, Pass a-



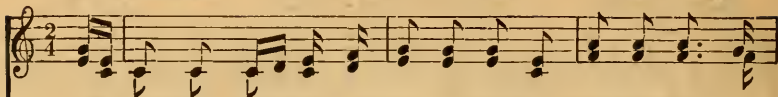
long the watchword ..... go - ing dry! -word ..... go - ing dry.

# No. 111. The Saloon Must Be Going.

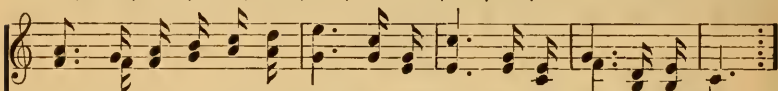
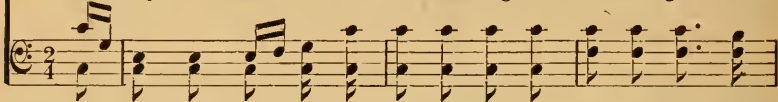
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Used by permission of E. A. Hoffman.

Tune—Dixie Land.



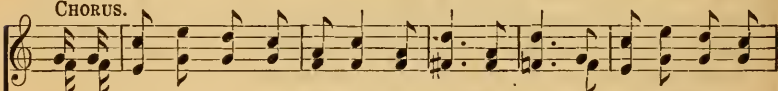
1. { All o'er the land there's a great com-mo-tion, And the peo - ple  
They've seen e-nough of its shame and sor-row, And re-solved that
2. { North, south, east, west, there is strong con - vic-tion The best cure would  
At this great sin peo - ple have been wink-ing, Now they've done some
3. { With - in our own wide - ex - tend - ed bor-ders Have gone forth the  
The cry of each no - ble son and daugh-ter Is to give the



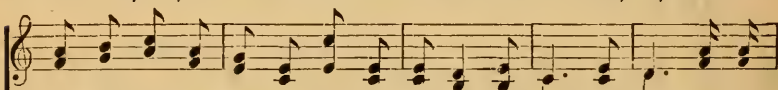
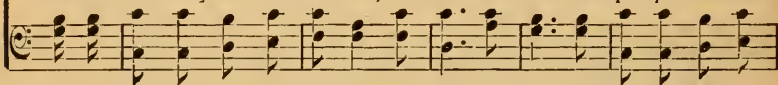
have the no - tion The sa - loon, it must go, it must go, it must go; }  
with the morrow The sa - loon, it must go, it must go, it must go. }  
be e - vic - tion The sa - loon, it must go, it must go, it must go. }  
strenuous thinking, The sa - loon, it must go, it must go, it must go. }  
peo - ple's or - ders, The sa - loon, it must go, it must go, it must go. }  
foe "No quarter," The sa - loon, it must go, it must go, it must go. }



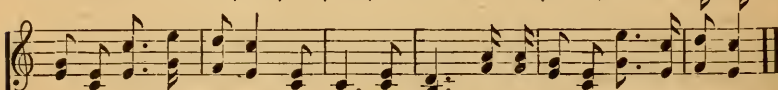
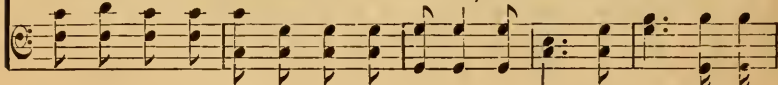
## CHORUS.



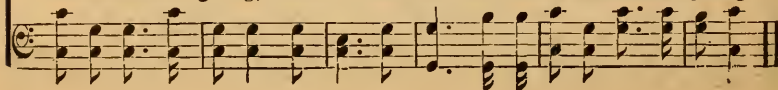
There's a won - der - ful com-mo-tion, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! The peo-ple have the



no - tion The sa - loon should be in mo-tion; Hur-rah! Hur-rah! the sa -



loon it must be go-ing; Hur-rah! Hur-rah! the sa-loon it must be go-ing.





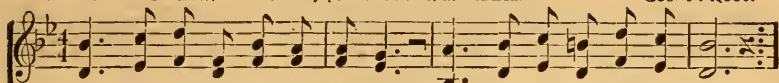
# No. 112. Our Trust is in the God of Battles.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

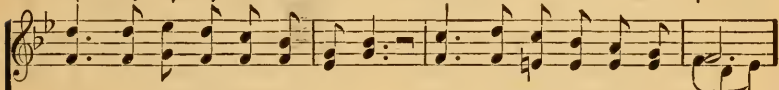
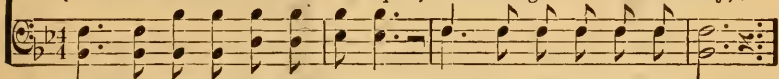
TUNE—"Just before the Battle."

Used by permission of E. A. Hoffman.

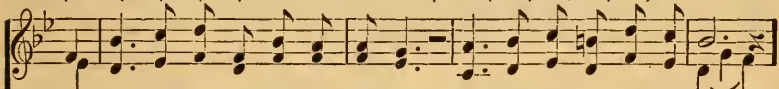
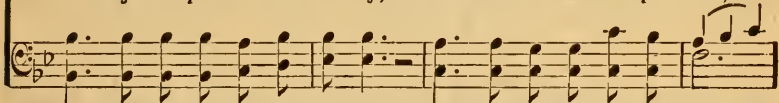
Geo. F. Root.



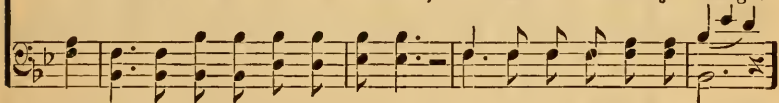
1. { As we go to bat-tle, com-rades, Let us sing an-oth-er song, }  
 { That will nerve to faith and courage In the struggle with the wrong; }
2. { Earn-est-ly the fight is wag-ing All a-long the line to-day; }  
 { Let us all, the foe en-gag-ing, Act as he-roses in the fray; }
3. { Vic-to-ry will crown our banners In the hour not far a-way; }  
 { God has willed that we shall con-quer, And will give to us the day; }



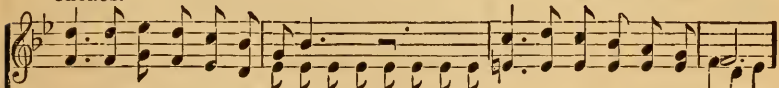
Earn-est we must be and loy-al, To our country brave and true;  
 Cow-ards all around are falt'-ring, Men who fear to dare and do,  
 Ev-'ry man per-form his du-ty, And the bat-tle-line pur-sue;



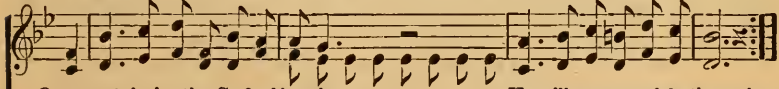
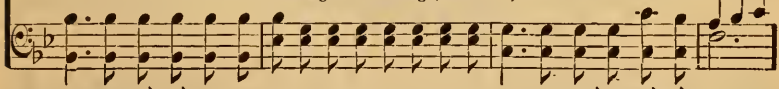
Our trust is in the God of bat-tles, He will see us safe-ly through.  
 But we will trust the God of bat-tles, He will see us safe-ly through.  
 Our trust is in the Lord Je-ho-vah, He will see us safe-ly through.



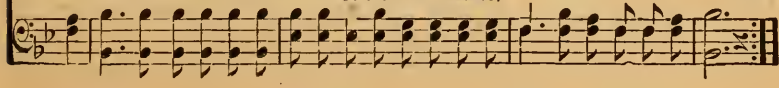
CHORUS.



Look to God for strength and courage, At his throne your faith renew;  
 strength and courage, comrades,



Our trust is in the God of battles, He will see us safely through.  
 in the God of battles,



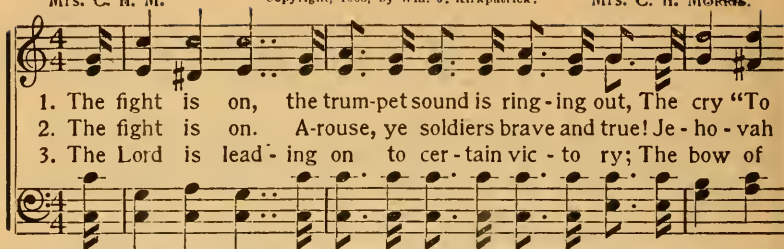
# No. 113.

# The Fight is On.

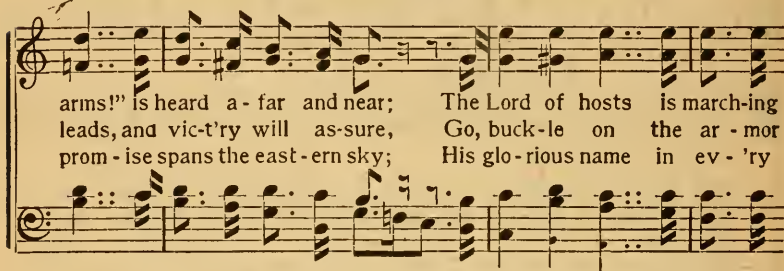
Mrs. C. H. M.

Copyright, 1905, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

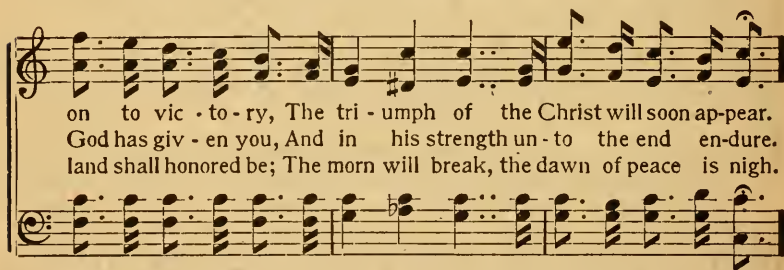
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To  
2. The fight is on. A-rouse, ye soldiers brave and true! Je-ho-vah  
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of

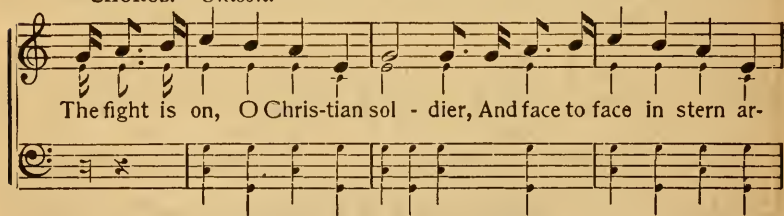


arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing  
leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure, Go, buck-le on the ar-mor  
prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry

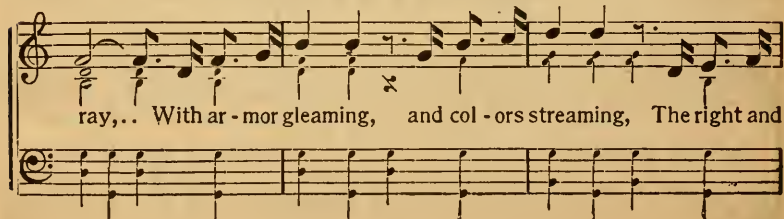


on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.  
God has giv-en you, And in his strength un-to the end en-dure.  
land shall honored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

## CHORUS. Unison.



The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-



ray,.. With ar-mor gleaming, and col-ors streaming, The right and

# The Fight is On.

Harmony.

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not

wear - y; Be strong, and in his might hold fast; If God be

for us, his banner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!  
vic - try! vic - try!

## No. 114.

## Stand Up for Jesus.

Tune:—WEBB. 7, 6.

G. DUFFIELD.

1. { Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; }  
{ Lift high His roy - al ban-ner, It must not *Omit.* } suf - fer loss;  
D. C.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.

2. { Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The strife will not be long; }  
{ This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the *Omit.* } vic-tor's song;  
D. C.—He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter-nal-ly.

*D. C.*  
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm-y shall He lead,  
To Him that o-ver-com - eth A crown of life shall be;

## No. 115.

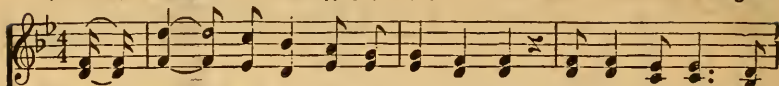
## Praying To-night.

TUNE—"Tenting On The Old Camp Ground."

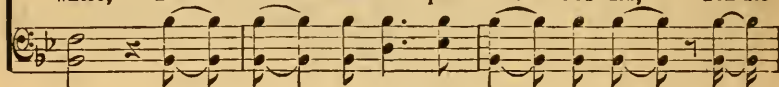
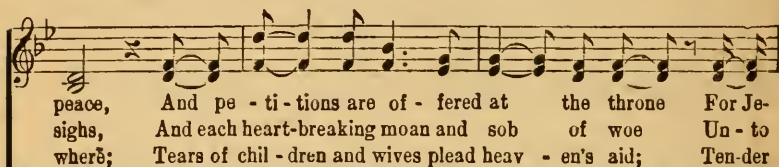
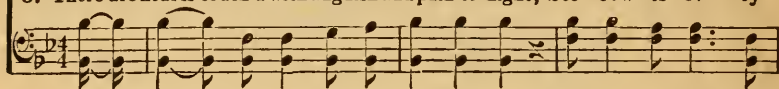
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Words copyright, 1909, by E. A. Hoffman.

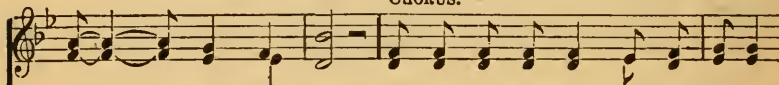
Walter Kittredge.



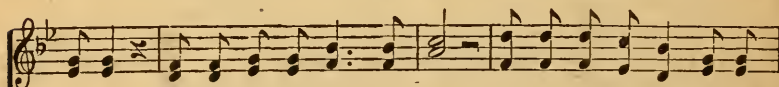
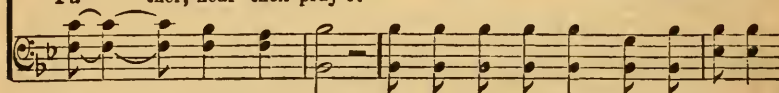
1. There are hearts bow'd in sor-row and tears to - night, Plead-ing for heav - en's
2. Ma - ny fire - sides are shad-ed with grief to - night, Ma - ny their tears and
3. There are hearts touch'd with anguish and pain to-night, Sor - row is ev - 'ry-



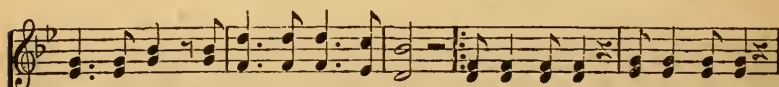
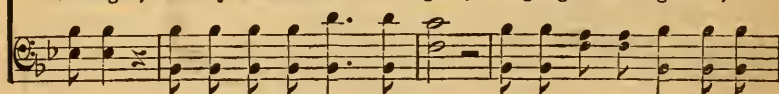
## CHORUS.



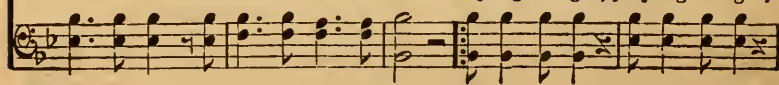
hov - ah to send re - lease.  
heav-en for mer - cy cries. Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea-ry  
Fa - ther, hear their pray'r.



to - night, Wea-ry with their woe and grief, Long-ing for a bright-er, a



bet - ter day, And pray-ing for re - lief; Pray-ing to-night, pray-ing to-night,  
Pray-ing to-night, pray-ing to-night,





# Praying To-Night.

*Last time ppp*

Pray-ing for the scourage to cease.  
 [Omit.....] Pray-ing God to send re - lease.

## No. 116. Drive the Saloon Away.

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Words copyright, 1909, by E. A. Hoffman.

Robert Burns.

1. What stir is this through-out the land? What does the tu - mult mean?  
 2. Each face is res - o - lute and firm, Each heart is brave and true;  
 3. All have grown wea - ry of the curse That ruled the land so long,

What men of earn - est face are these Who ev - 'ry-where are seen?  
 They look like men of pur - pose strong, Like men of cour - age, too.  
 And have re-solved to put a - way This great and cru - el wrong.

CHORUS.

These are the hosts of Tem - per-ance, Con - tend-ing in the fray To

close for - ev - er the sa - loon, And drive the drink a - way.

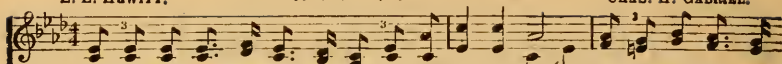
## No. 117.

## Victory Bells.

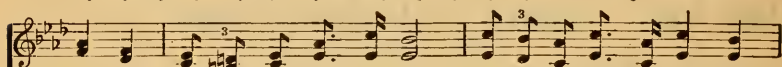
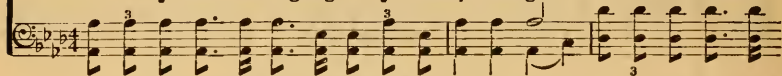
E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1907, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

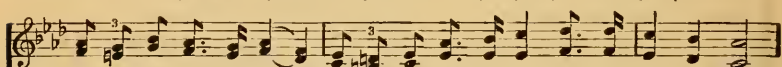
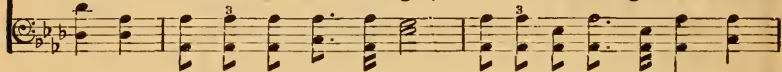
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



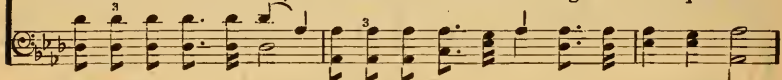
1. Vic-to-ry bells are ring-ing o-ver the land we love, Ju - bi-lant voic - es
2. Vic-to-ry bells are ring-ing, hast-en-ing on the hour, Bring-ing a glad de-
3. Vic-to-ry bells are ring-ing! ral-ly to help the right! Work till the stars of



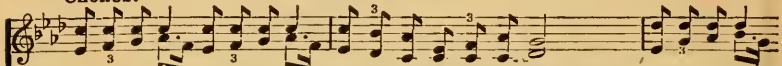
sing - ing prais - es to God a - bove; Vig - i-lant hosts are marching  
liv - rance, crush-ing the li - quor pow'r; Up, and be do - ing, com - rades,  
free - dom shine with a clear - er light; "Al - co-hol must go un - der!"



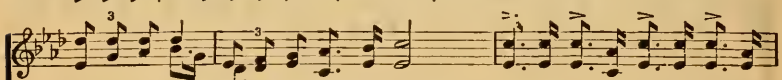
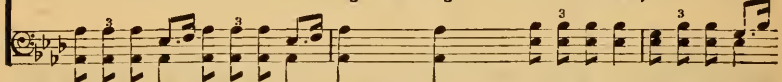
for - ward to meet the foe, Fighting the li - quor traf-fic to o - ver-throw.  
bat-tling a-against the wrong, Working for pro - hi-bi-tion with mar-tial song!  
ech-oes from vale to hill; States in-to lines are forming—we'll conquer still.



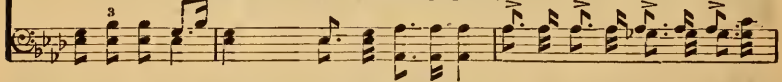
## CHORUS.



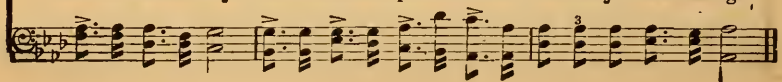
Vic-to-ry bells, vic-to-ry bells ringing all o-ver the land, Vic-to-ry bells,  
ring - ing o-ver the land,



vic-to - ry-bells, hail-ing a tri-umph grand; Pro-hi - bi-tion! pro-hi-bi-tion!  
hail - ing a tri-umph grand;



shout the battle cry! Pro-hi-bi-tion! pro-hi-bi-tion! vic-to-ry draw-eth nigh!

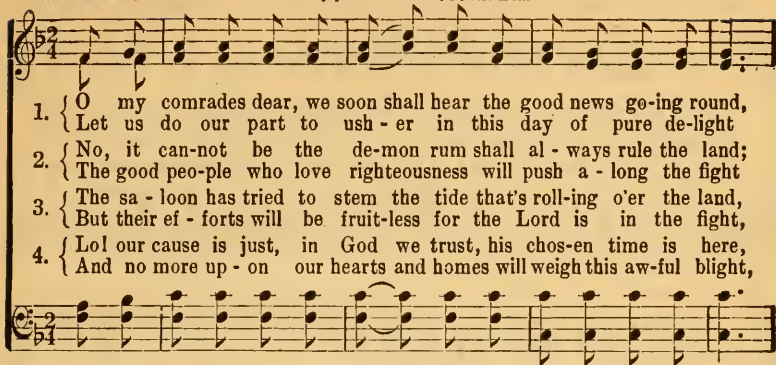


# No. 118. Make the Map All White.

TUNE—"Wearing of the Green."

Used by permission of E. A. Hoffman.

Words arr.



1. { O my comrades dear, we soon shall hear the good news go-ing round,  
Let us do our part to ush - er in this day of pure de-light

2. { No, it can-not be the de-mon rum shall al - ways rule the land;  
The good peo-ple who love righteousness will push a - long the fight

3. { The sa - loon has tried to stem the tide that's roll-ing o'er the land,  
But their ef - forts will be fruit-less for the Lord is in the fight,

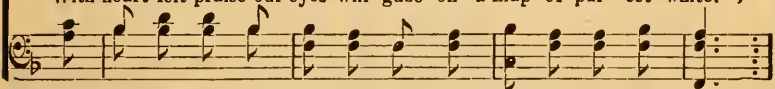
4. { Lol our cause is just, in God we trust, his chos-en time is here,  
And no more up - on our hearts and homes will weigh this aw-ful blight,

*D.C.—Help to make the map all white, Work to make the map all white,*



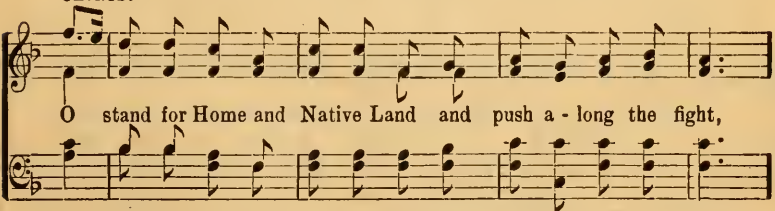
FINE

No more in this fair land of ours shall the sa - loon be found; }  
And work to-geth - er heart and hand to make the map all white. }  
No, God will mete out jus - tice and re - veal his might - y hand; }  
And drive the bane - ful e - vil out and make the map all white. }  
The brewery and dis - till - er - y are work-ing hand in hand, }  
And he will be with those who strive to make the map all white. }  
He has de - creed that from our land sa - loons shall dis - ap - pear, }  
With heart-felt praise our eyes will gaze on a map of pur - est white. }



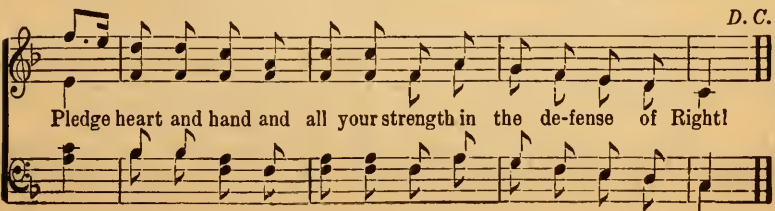
*God speaks the doom of the sa - loon, O make the map all white!*

CHORUS.



O stand for Home and Native Land and push a - long the fight,

*D. C.*



Pledge heart and hand and all your strength in the de-fense of Right!

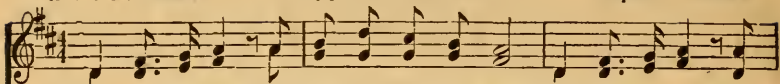
# No. 119. The Doom of the Saloon.

TUNE—"Old Black Joe."

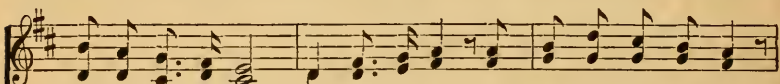
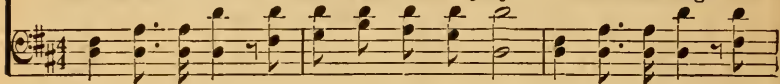
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Used by permission of E. A. Hoffman.

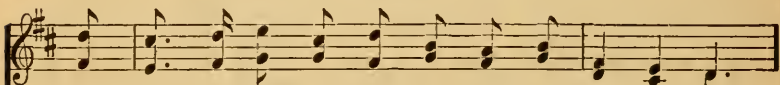
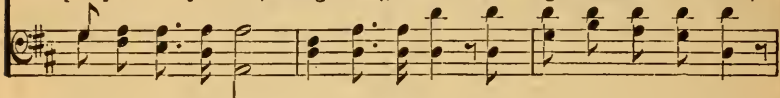
Stephen C. Foster.



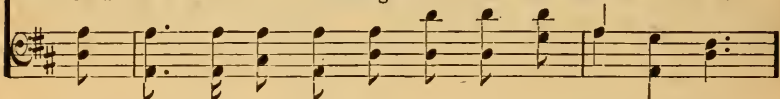
1. Patient and long we wait - ed for the day When the sa-loons should
2. Long have we prayed with fa-vor un - to God Swift - ly to speak with
3. Now at the last in an - swer to our pray'r God moves among the



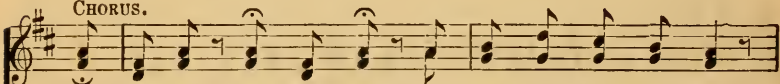
all be wiped a-way, When all this woe and drunk-en-ness should cease,  
sword and chast'ning rod, To bare his arm and in his wrath to come  
peo-ple ev-'ry-where, Strength'ning their hearts for righteousness to stand,



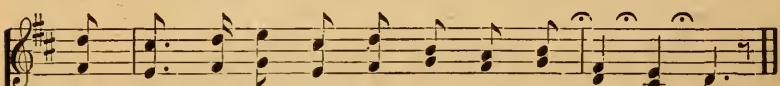
And all the homes with - in our bor - ders should have peace.  
And strike with death this cru - el foe of ev - 'ry home.  
And drive this e - vil thing from our be - lov - ed land.



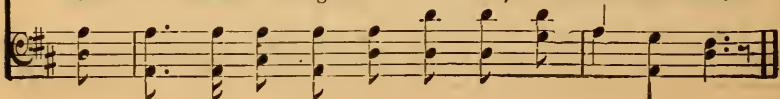
## CHORUS.



'Tis com-ing, 'tis com - ing, The doom of the sa - loon;



See God's hand - writ-ing on the wall, It must die soon.





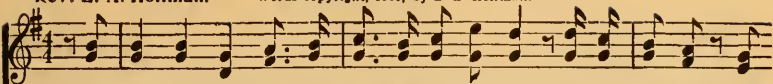
# No. 120.

# A Stainless Banner.

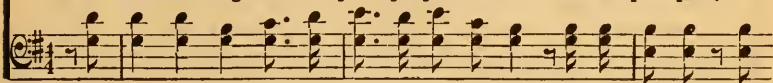
TUNE—"My Old Kentucky Home."

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Words copyright, 1909, by E. A. Hoffman.



1. A stain-less flag! o'er our coun - try may it wave, O'er our coun-try, the
2. The e - vils reign-ing with - in our bor-ders long, Let us right-eous-ly
3. A stain-less flag o'er a peo - ple pure and true! O the pros-pect, how



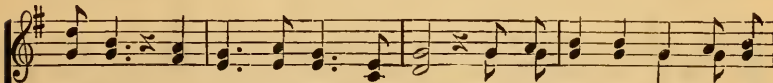
land of the free; Be - neath its folds may a peo - ple pure and brave  
ban - ish a - way, And free the land from in - jus - tice and from wrong;  
glo - rious and bright! For this we la - bor with hope and cour-age new,



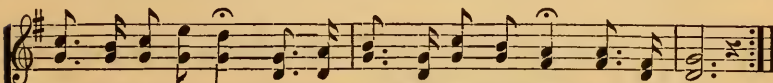
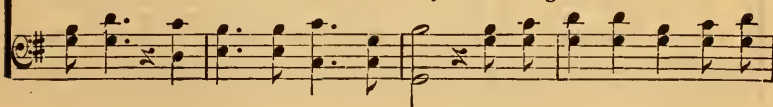
## CHORUS.



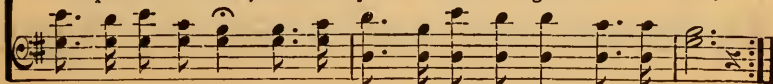
Share the bless-ings of per - fect lib - er - ty.  
God of heav-en! speed on the hap - py day. May the flag of  
Sure that God is with us in the fight.



Free-dom a stain-less ban - ner be, Wav - ing o'er a land from in-



tem-per-ance and vice, From in - jus - tice and from greed ev - er free.



# No. 121. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

CORONATION.

Edward Perronet.

Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem,  
 2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe,  
 4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song,  
 And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

# No. 122. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould.

Arthur Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore;  
 2. At the sign of tri-umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic-to-ry!  
 3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod;  
 4. Onward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;  
 Christ the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle, See His ban-ner gol-Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.  
 We are not di-vid-ed; All one bod-y we, One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.  
 Glo-ry, laud and hon-or Un-to Christ, the King, This thro' count-less a-gea Men and angels sing.  
 REPRAIN.  
 Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

# No. 123. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som  
While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is  
D. C. Safe in - to the hav - en guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at

fly, high; } { Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, }  
last. } { Till the storm of life is past; }  
Fine. D. C.

2 Other refuge have I none ;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me ;  
All my trust on thee is stayed ;  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in thee I find ;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind ;  
Just and holy is thy name ;  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
Vile and full of sin I am—  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

# No. 124. Rock of Ages.

Dr. T. Hastings.

1. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me; Let me hide my-self in thee!  
D. C. Be of sin the double cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side which flow'd,  
D. C.

2 Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow—  
All for sin could not atone :  
Thou must save, and thou alone !  
Nothing in my hand I bring ;  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,—  
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee !

## No. 125. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }  
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }  
 D.C. - *Whisper ring softly, "waud' rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home!"*

*D. C.*  
 Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice

2 Ever present, truest Friend,  
 Ever near, Thine aid to lend,  
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
 Groping on in darkness drear.  
 When the storms are raging sore,  
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
 Whisper softly, "wanderer, come,  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
 Waiting still for sweet release,  
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
 Wondering if our names are there;  
 Wading deep the dismal flood,  
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;  
 Whisper softly, "wanderer, come,  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

## No. 126. Come, Holy Spirit.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kindle a

flame of heav'nly love In these cold hearts of ours; In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these earthly toys;  
 Our souls, how heavily they go  
 To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;  
 In vain we strive to rise;  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

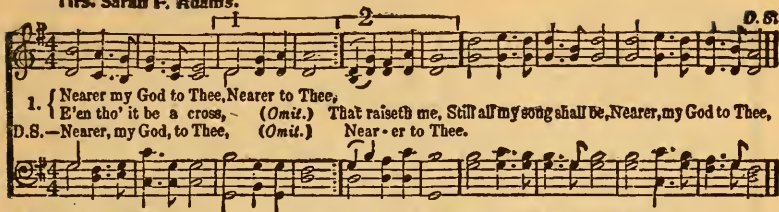
4 Father! and shall we ever live  
 At this poor, dying rate,  
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
 And Thine to us so great.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quickening powers,  
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.



## No. 127. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.



1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,  
E'en tho' it be a cross, - (Omit.) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,  
D.S. - Nearer, my God, to Thee, (Omit.) Nearer - er to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee;  
Nearer to Thee!

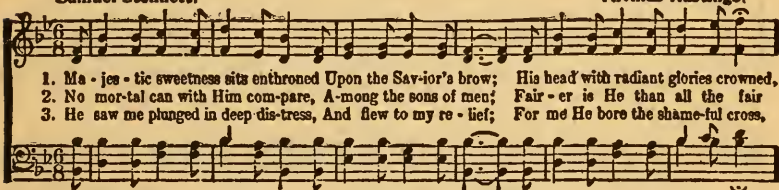
3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee;  
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

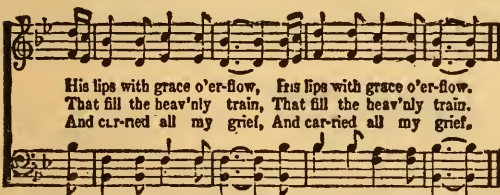
## No. 128. Malestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett.

Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav - ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,  
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair  
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross,



His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.  
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.  
And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have:  
He make me triumph over death,  
And saves me from the grave.

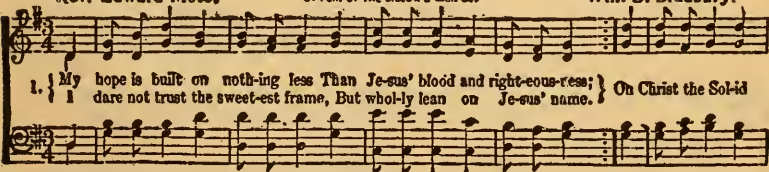
5 Since from His bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be thine.

## No. 129. The Solid Rock.

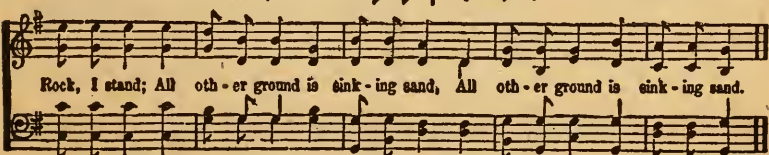
Rev. Edward Mote.

BY PER. OF THE BLOW & BAIN CO.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. { My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness; } On Christ the Sol - id  
I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.



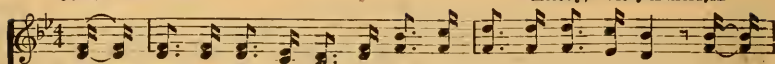
Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face; 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood; 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound  
I rest on His unchanging grace; Support me in the whelming flood; O may I then in Him be found,  
In every high and stormy gale, When all around my soul gives way. Drest in His righteousness alone,  
My anchor holds within the veil. He then is all my hope and stay. Faultless to stand before the throne.

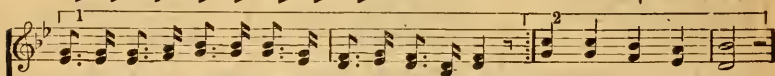
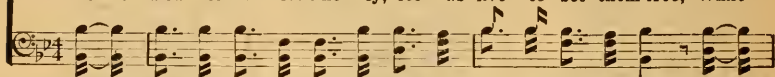
# No. 130. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

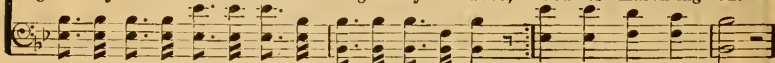
Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



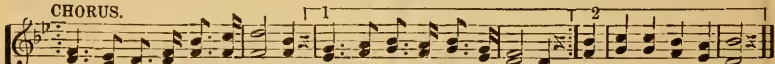
1. { Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is  
He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His
2. { I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His
3. { He has sound - ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is  
O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our
4. { In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a  
As He died to make men ho - ly, let us live to set them free; While



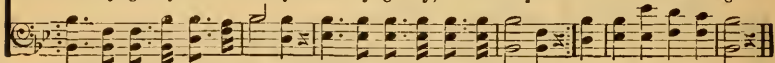
trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stor'd; truth is march - ing on.  
build - ed Him an al - tar in the evening dews and damps; day is march - ing on.  
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat. God is march - ing on.  
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; God is march - ing on.



## CHORUS.



Gle - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.



# No. 131.

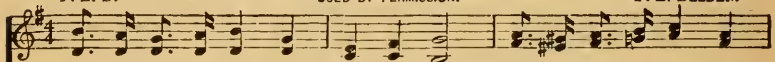
## Choose Now.

F. E. B.

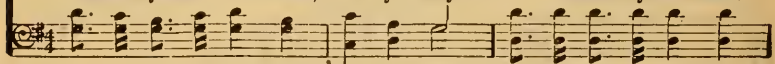
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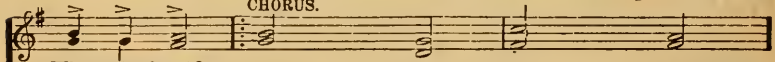
F. E. BELDEN.



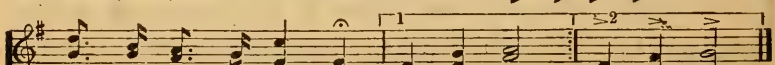
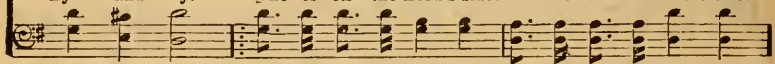
1. Are you on the Lord's side? Al - ways true? There's a right and wrong side;
2. Thousands on the wrong side Choose to stand; Yet 'tis not the strong side,
3. Come and join the Lord's side; Ask you why? 'Tis the on - ly safe side



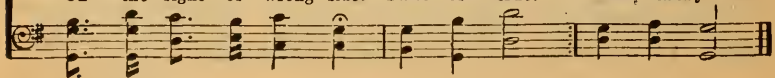
## CHORUS.



Where stand you?  
True and grand. Choose now, Choose now:  
By and by. Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?



On the right or wrong side? False or true? Where stand you?



# No. 132.

# Lord, Dismiss Us.

WALTER SHIRLEY.

GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.

ROUSSEAU.

FINE.



1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
D. c.—O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wilderness,
2. Thanks we give, and ad-o-ra-tion, For the gos-pel's joy-ful sound;  
D. c.—May Thy presence, May Thy presence With us ev-er-more be found.
3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv-en Us from earth to call a-way,  
D. c.—May we ev-er, May we ev-er Reign with Christ in endless day.



D. C.



Let us each Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace.  
May the fruits of Thy Sal-va-tion In our hearts and lives abound.  
Borne on an-gels' wings to heav'n, Glad the summons to o-bey.



# No. 133.

# Doxology.

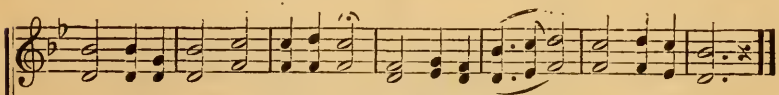
THOS. KEN.

SESSIONS. L. M.

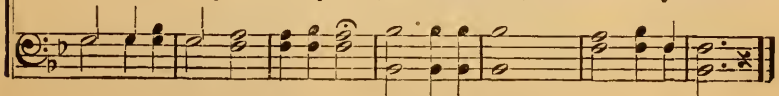
L. O. EMERSON.



Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;



Praise Him above ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.



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